America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September
25c

IS THIS THE PERFECT SCREEN FACE?

Created by Rolf Armstrong

See Page 18

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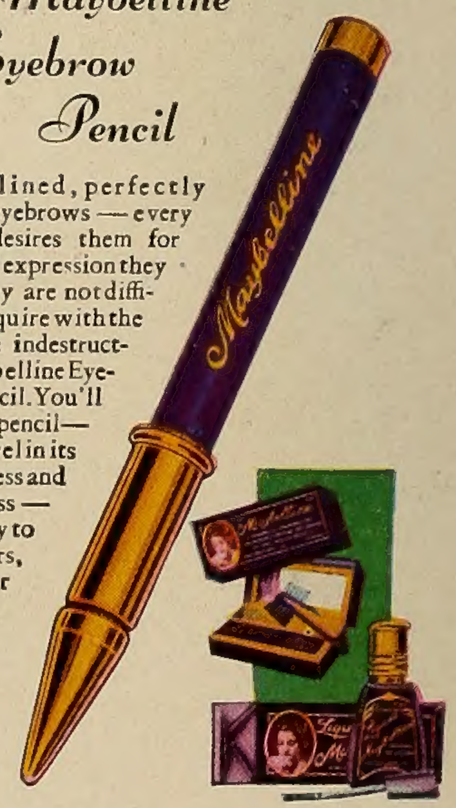

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A year and a half of the talking comedy has proved how much funnier and more entertaining the short comedies can be, and they are a bigger and more vital part of screen entertainment now than ever before. The theatres that sincerely wish you a "happy new year" in this entertainment will be planning to show you the best of the short talking comedies as well as good feature pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre *now* if ***Educational's Talking Comedies*** are on his schedule of productions for the coming season.

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

SEPTEMBER, 1930 VOL. XXI, No. 5

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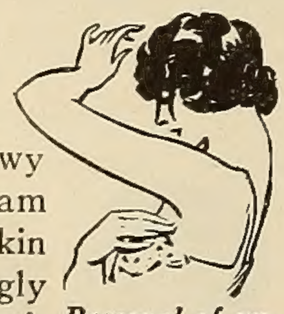

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Sound News

By Evelyn Ballarine

An ear and eyeful of forthcoming films

Is there a scarcity of original screen stories in Hollywood? There shouldn't be with most of the well-known writers such as Louis Bromfield, P. G. Wodehouse, Stephen Vincent Benet, Booth Tarkington and others contributing their genius. Maybe not—but it seems that most of the old silent successes are being remade into talkers.

D. W. Griffith is going to direct the talking version of none other than "The Birth of a Nation," for Triangle Pictures. Of course, you know he directed the silent film. This same company has plans for the vocal transcription of "Broken Blossoms" and wanted Richard Barthelmess for the lead again. It is said that Mr. Barthelmess won't consider it because he doesn't want to try to repeat a former success. "Tol'able David," another of Richard's silent hits, is being remade by Columbia Pictures. Three of Norma Talmadge's silent screen successes are also being remade but Norma isn't in any of the casts. Joan Bennett is making "Smilin' Thru," Mary Pickford will next be seen in "Secrets" which Mary has retitled "Forever Yours"; and Dolores Del Rio will heroine it in "The Dove." Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" is being vocalized by Gary Cooper. "Resurrection," with Lupe Velez, is another silent film being resurrected for the talkers; and also "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

A huge welcome with sound effects for the return of a few prodigal foreign accents! Victor Varconi is back in our midst with a nice new contract from Warner Brothers. "The Gay Caballero" will be his initial talker.

Lily Damita will play opposite Al Jolson in "Sons o' Guns," the Broadway stage play in which Lily made such a sensational hit.

However, Vilma Banky is making "Renegade" for Fox Films and this will be her swan song. Vilma is content to be Mrs. Rod La Rocque in the future.

It has been rumored and re-rumored that Emil Jannings would be back on these shores to make American talkers for Paramount but he hasn't put in his appearance as yet. Where, oh, where, is Emil? We want Emil Jannings! It looks like a case for *Philo Vance.*

Adolphe Menjou is doing very nicely for himself. He has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in which he will be called upon to make talkies in three or four languages, including the American.

Richard Dix is all set to start work on Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" but the feminine lead hasn't been selected. It's a case of *cherchez la femme* and the right femme. RKO are looking for a charming young girl who can successfully portray phases of a woman's life from 18 to 80!

And Evelyn Laye, the British stage star signed by Samuel Goldwyn, has an original story called "Lilli" written for her by Louis Bromfield all ready for production except for the male lead. What to do? What to do? Too bad these stars aren't with the same company. Incidentally, Miss Laye played a very young girl, as she really is, and an old woman in "Bitter Sweet," the Ziegfeld operetta.

Maureen O'Sullivan, the little Irish colleen imported from Ireland for "Song o' My Heart," is making a hit in a big way. Maureen has been cast for the feminine lead opposite Charles Farrell in "The Prince and the Plumber." This picture was previously announced as a Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell opus. 'Tis whispered that little Janet Gaynor and Fox Films are not on talking terms at the present time. Which might or might not mean anything—George Bancroft was reported to have a peeve on with Paramount recently but now everything is peaceful again. They're just one big happy family!

So successful was "All Quiet on the Western Front" that Universal Pictures are going to make a sequel to it called "Kamarad." Written, of course, by Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet." The sequel will not be as grim as its brother film. Lew Ayres will play the lead again and Louis Milestone will again direct.

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Color scenes photographed by the Technicolor Process

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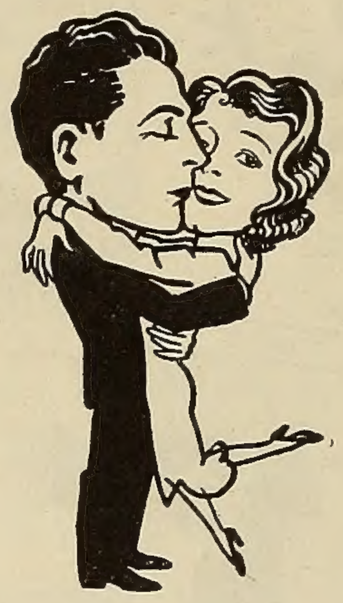
MINIATURE MASTERPIECES OF THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

You SIXTY OTHERS BE

Who made SUNNY SIDE UP the most popular motion picture of the past year? .... YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country .... Who made THE COCKEYED WORLD the runner-up? .... YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. .... Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities.... Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? ... FOX—last year with John Ford's FOUR SONS—year before last with Frank Borzage's 7th HEAVEN. .... Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? .... Nobody but YOU.... Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and



leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? ....YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like .... Will you get it? .... Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in OH, FOR A MAN!—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made SUNNY SIDE UP, David Butler.... McLaglen and Lowe chasing WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of WHAT PRICE GLORY. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up!.... Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,

AND MILLION CAN'T WRONG

in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success.... And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year — THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton....In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures — SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack — two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN — and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor — won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson — the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day — will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures — but YOU asked for them — and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!

FOX

LETTERS *from the* AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; *second prize,* $15.00; *third prize,* $10.00; *fourth prize,* $5.00. *Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes September* 10, 1930. *Letters in praise of* SCREENLAND *are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the editor. Send your Confessions to the Fan's Department,* SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 *West* 45*th Street, New York City.*

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER $20.00

I heard a brilliant educator say, "We save our souls in our idle time." I took inventory. Mentally, I agreed with her and planned upon a change.

I am growing older. The lad of my youth long gone, my children grown. At this 'awakening' time we moved near a popular picture theater. On daily errands to market, I managed to pass the theater and censored the headlines. The opportunity for salvaging idle moments was at hand. Mother was about to step out, at night, and alone.

I went. I saw, I was conquered. The talkies are a blessing, bringing our stage favorites in our choice plays and this beautiful gift we call speech as an index to cultivation. I have recaptured past joys and best of all I am humanizing my later years. I admit, unashamed, that no young modern can say with more geniune feeling, "I love that adorable Warner Baxter and his alluring voice in 'In Old Arizona!' "

Mrs. Mary A. Lallande,
1008 N. Sweetzer Avenue,
Hollywood, Cal.

Constance Bennett's intelligent interpretation of the heroine in "Rich People" inspired one girl of the audience to success.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER $15.00

Alas for those of us, who, having been born with wanderlust on our heels and not having been able to shake it off, have also not been able to meet the demands of the railroad companies. What a bonanza the movies, for us. How fine that we can see New York, Paris or Madrid in an afternon and be home in time for dinner.

Faked sets, you say? Maybe so. Maybe the Arc de Triomphe is made of paper and stands on a few feet of Hollywood soil, but so accurate is the replica that only the most discerning materialist stops to consider its authenticity.

And the romance. Not only of travel, but of lives relived. Where is the little 'grey mother' today? At home? Not at all. She's at the movies, dreaming that John Gilbert is her John, (now fat and a bit bald), or that the slim, blonde thing is herself.

The movies. Fountains of Youth, I call them. And clean ones, too, if we watch the waters we bathe in and don't muddy them ourselves.

D. Milicent Burton,
3811 Normandy,
Dallas, Texas.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER $10.00

After weeks of being friendless, jobless and near-penniless, I had neither the courage nor the desire to continue my struggle with Fate. True, I had learned the value of kindness, gained by an understanding of the hardships encountered by other girls, an appreciation of ordinary comforts of life if I ever should have them again, but the odds seemed to be against me.

One evening, after an orgy of weeping I powdered my nose and entered a theater which was showing Constance Bennett in "Rich People." I know not if this was considered a good picture, but I do know that seeing it marked the turning point in my life. Beautiful, intelligent, glamourous Constance! She inspired me as no Bible, books or advice had. I took inventory of myself, this time, not negative. What was wrong? Everything, of course, but nothing that could not be adjusted. I wasn't stupid. I had possibilities.

I am back to normal now, living comfortably, working, planning, with only a thought now and then for that insane nightmare of a few months past. And all because I went to one particular movie, on one particular night!

Iris Robinson,
435 Montgomery Street,
Portland, Oregon.
Apt. 205.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER $5.00

When I was a very little girl I lived in a story-book world. First it was fairies and then the Arabian Nights; as I grew older it was *David Copperfield, D'Artagnan, Jean Valjean and Ivanhoe.* They were so real that I could close my eyes and flash my favorite characters on the screen of my imagination. They were very real but not real enough. I wanted to know them, I wanted them to be alive.

Now, I no longer have to use my imagination. *Anna Christie* lives in Greta Garbo, *D'Artagnan* in Douglas Fairbanks, *Disraeli* in George Arliss. Yet a delightful sense of unreality, the same feeling that I used to have when reading fairy-tales, remains.

People have laughed at me for maintaining that the moving picture is an art, there are too many trashy ones, they say. That is true. But what about the poor books, poor music and poor pictures that are written, composed and painted every year? The moving picture is very young compared to the other arts, and still has many centuries in which to catch up. Those who condemn the talkies on the ground that they 'squeak' or are hard to understand fail to remember that man himself does not speak clearly until he is four or five years old. What then can one expect of a mere mechanical invention? Here's to the movies, I'm for them.

Henrietta Bruce Sharon,
836 Westover Road,
Kansas City, Mo.

A Constructive Suggestion

Before seeing a picture I read the cast of characters, but as the picture unfolds I often am struck by the sincerity and cleverness of some minor actor. I try to recall his or her name in the cast—impossible! I find others as enthusiastic over this particular actor. "Who was it?" —we ask? But no one knows.

Many years ago my wife and I saw a movie in which one of the actors so delighted us that we vowed we would go miles to see him again. If his name was on the cast it meant nothing to us for we could not recall it. We declared he would be a star of the first magnitude. It was the incomparable Charlie Chaplin.

Suggestion: Flash the cast on the screen after the movie as well as before. This will fill a long-felt want for millions of movie fans.

W. C. Morris,
Nyack, N. Y.

Praise for the Newsreel Men

We should be eternally grateful that we live in the Twentieth Century. But are we? Do we appreciate the risks men take in perfecting achievements that will be handed down through the years? Take the "Movietone News," for example. It

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

IN *The* DAWN PATROL"

GREATEST AIR EPIC EVER!

Five thousand feet up! . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate—for they must live greatly, or not at all! . . .

Forty famous stunt flyers helped Dick Barthelmess crowd "The Dawn Patrol" with more thrills than you'd get in a dozen actual flights. And the author of "Wings" has packed the story with heart-throbs such as only heroes know! "Take off" to "The Dawn Patrol" the minute it comes to town.

With
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Neil Hamilton

and 4 other stars. Directed by Howard Hawks. From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. Adaptation and dialogue by Howard Hawks, Dan Totheroh, and Seton Miller. "Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

is only a secondary affair to many picture patrons; to me, it is a schooling in itself. One doesn't need a newspaper to see or read about important events. It is only necessary to go weekly to the local theater and find there portrayed vividly and realistically the important happenings from all over the world. Yet we never stop to think how hazardous a job the cameramen may have, taking risks, flirting with death, to picture for us the news of the Universe, making it possible for us to have, if we will, this liberal education.

Elizabeth M. Sheridan,
31 Welles Avenue,
Dorchester, Mass.

Bermuda Speaking

Here's a fan letter from a little emerald isle, set in a topaz sea. A paradise! Yet, it was dull heaven. Bermuda lacked something. Yes! the talkies—now we have them.

Our evenings are now pleasantly filled with "Broadway Melodies," and we're looking forward to John McCormack with his wonderful tenor voice. Speaking of voices, too many of the actresses' voices are sadly alike. One star I have really enjoyed hearing talk was Lila Lee in "Flight." However, I'm all for talkies, and the snappier, peppier and jazzier they are the better I like them.

Technicolor makes pictures a hundred percent more attractive. It makes them so real and so beautiful.

What's wrong with movies? Plenty! Yet we all love 'em. I for one, am an out-and-out fan.

Ray Moss
"Mt. Erie,"
St. Georges,
Bermuda.

The Story's the Thing

I want to add my bit to the talk that's been going on about John Gilbert. Not because I worship at his shrine but because I believe him to be a good actor.

His two talking vehicles have been mediocre 'tis true, but through no fault of his. The fault was in giving him stories and leading women not suited to him. In "Redemption" there was one outstanding scene, the courtroom scene, which showed what he really could do if he had a chance. But why must he be continually cast in great lover rôles when, (to my mind), his two best pictures were "Cameo Kirby" and "The Big Parade?"

The story's the thing. A picture should be created as a book is written. A good plot and the story well told by characters especially chosen for their parts. The producers in their choice of a story can make or break a star. They spend weeks in producing a picture. Why not spend some time first in choosing the right story? Why not a special staff who do nothing but read plays and who specialize in choosing stories to suit the personalities of the players who are to portray the characters?

Mrs. Deston Albright,
North Street,
Delmar, N. Y.

Wants Peace at Movies

Something should be done about the habit people have of making public eating-houses and nurseries out of even the best theaters. While seeing "The Floradora Girl" I missed half the conversation because of the disturbance around me. On my right, sat a fat woman rustling a bag of candy at the most interesting moments. Across the aisle a baby was protesting noisily at being kept out after its bedtime. When the fat woman finished her candy she bestowed the bag upon her small daughter who spent the rest of the time trying to 'blow up' the bag.

Where, I ask you, should a person expect peace if not at a movie?

B. Miller,
Hotel Durant,
Berkeley, Cal.

John Gilbert's audience is a large and loyal one. Give him stories that suit him, they ask. Jack can do the rest.

"Caught Short" a Blues Chaser

Have you ever been a stranger in a strange city—walking around in a hotel room like a bird in a gilded cage? Such was my plight. In fact, the situation so got on my nerves that I was miserable. In this state I picked up a paper where I spied an entire page devoted to a picture called "Caught Short" being shown at one of the local theaters. It sounded so amusing that I went. I saw. I was cured. Did I laugh? I am still laughing. Don't tell me that pictures are not a boon! The screen puts the world before our eyes, and the poor as well as the rich can enjoy the treats.

Yes, pictures help us to keep our 'Sunny Side Up,' and to 'Paint the Clouds with Sunshine.'

"Give me a sense of humor, Lord!
Give me the grace to see a joke!
To get some happiness from life—
And pass it on to other folk."

Mrs. William H. Scherffius,
3706 North Charles Street,
Baltimore, Md.

The outstanding feature in Richard Barthelmess' art is his naturalness, his ability to live his rôles, say his admirers.

Amos 'n' Andy Preferred

Just as soon as I found myself educated to the point of having a sincere appreciation of such excellent screen plays as "Beau Geste," "Chang," "Four Sons," "The Crowd" and so on, I am confronted by the most glaring inconsistencies and all for the sake of hearing (in most instances) mediocre singing.

In one talkie, the young hero asks the girl what cute dance piece that is the orchestra is playing. She tells him and sings the first verse and chorus. Then our hero obliges with a solo (second verse and chorus), and does he know all the words? Oh, yes! Musical comedies never were rated for the excellency of their plot and we make due allowance for this, but why must we have so many of them?

Charlie Chaplin is right about the superiority of the silent picture (as conditions are today). Story has been sacrificed to the theme song.

When McCormack or Tibbett sing, the plot can thicken or disintegrate but unless they do, Im going to stay home and tune in on Amos 'n' Andy.

B. H. Christopher,
No. 2 Dell Street,
Hot Springs, Ark.

Again, Chevalier!

Who is this 1930 Prince Charming who hath laid siege to our movie-hearts? 'Tis Chevalier that naively sophisticated gentleman from gay Paree! If you have seen him in "The Love Parade," well, I know that you, too, have succumbed to his devastating smile. He is a man of the world, yet withal his is doubtless the most boyishly arresting personality seen on the screen in many a weary day.

I have moments of wishing to meet this Prince Charming, but in my heart of hearts I believe I prefer to leave him just a shadow, a fascinating illusion of the silver screen. Dreams (to the dreamer) must ever be sweeter than realities.

Monsieur Chevalier, your naive romanticism is a delight to our hearts and your boulevard accent a joy to our ears!

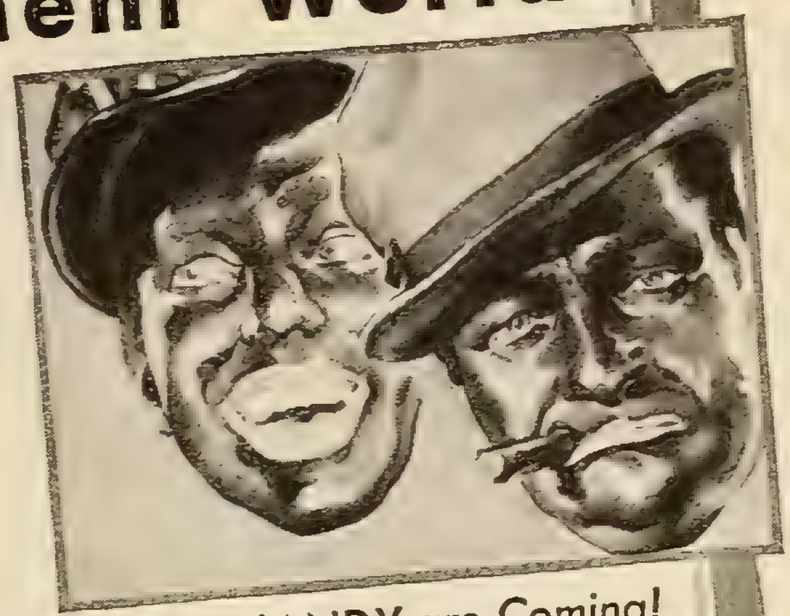
Adele Louise Simonds,
P. O. Box 1232,
Hollywood, Cal.

Sound Pictures Bring Reality

For years I had been cherishing the hope of going abroad, of traveling around the

(Continued on page 106)

RADIO PICTURES Challenge The Entertainment World!



AMOS 'N' ANDY are Coming!

PICTURE goers, this year, can look to the **Radio Pictures** trademark for the utmost in screen entertainment. Never before has there been such an array of outstanding productions.

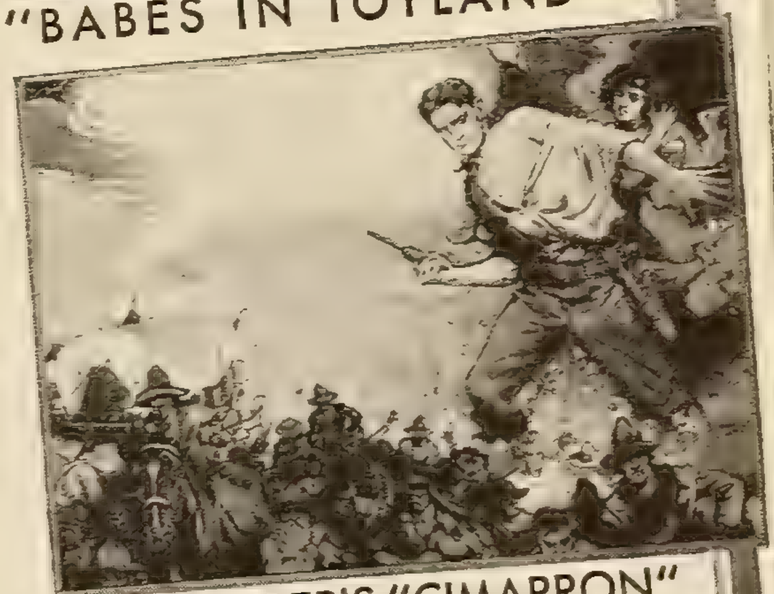
Heading the procession comes **AMOS 'N' ANDY,** invincible monarchs of the air, in their first talking picture. A red letter event in screen history!

"CIMARRON," Edna Ferber's magnificent novel, will be presented on a colossal scale. This epic of empire brings RICHARD DIX in the picturesque role of Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskin, dreamer, crusader, fighter, who helped make history in a day.

"DIXIANA," glamorous romance of old New Orleans in Mardi Gras time, presents BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's immortal **"BABES IN TOYLAND"** will be the year's supreme extravaganza. **"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"** featuring BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, promises the season's comedy sensation.

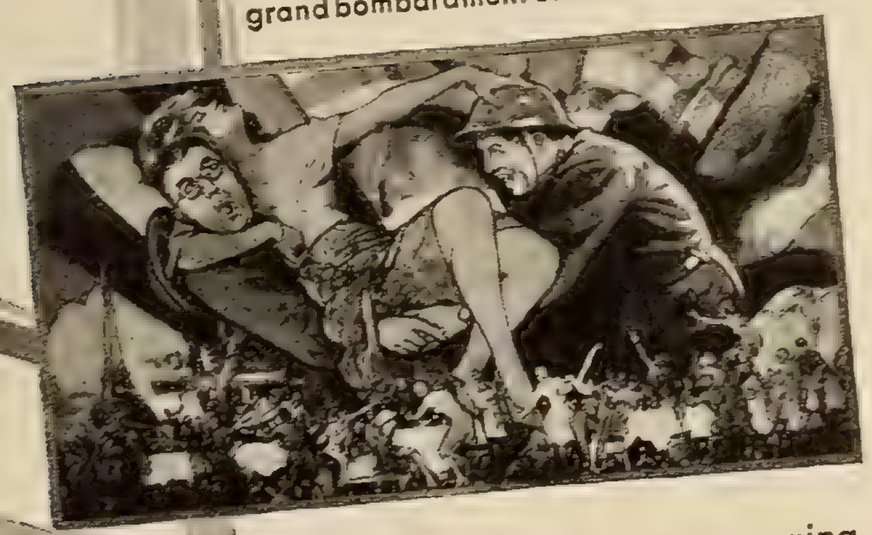
Rex Beach's **"THE SILVER HORDE"** and John Galsworthy's **"ESCAPE"** typify the high type of authorship in Radio productions. Many more attractions of equal merit await you! Millions of dollars and the creative genius of the best minds in the talking picture art are being poured into these productions, which challenge the whole world of entertainment.

"BABES IN TOYLAND"

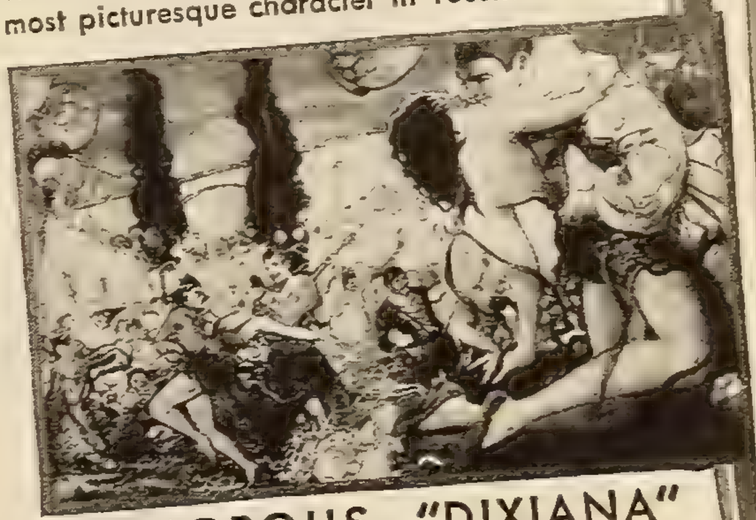


EDNA FERBER'S "CIMARRON"
With RICHARD DIX as YANCEY CRAVAT, the most picturesque character in recent fiction.

"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"
Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a grand bombardment of mirth and melody.



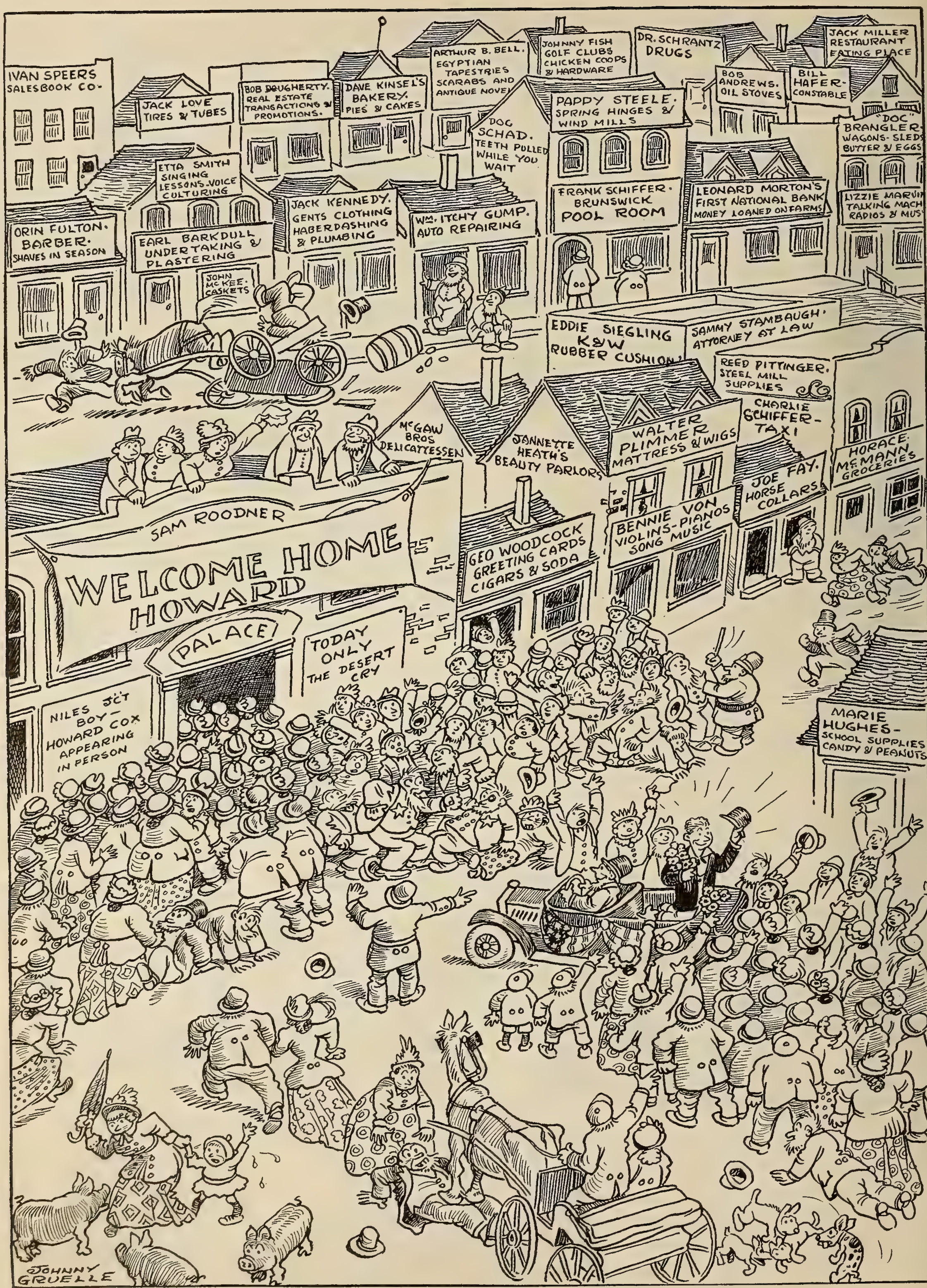
RADIO PICTURES
"TITANS OF THE SCREEN"
R K O Distributing Corporation
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 Broadway
New York City



GLAMOROUS "DIXIANA"
Brings BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL and 1,000 others in a supreme romantic spectacle

Your local theatre manager is now arranging his season's program. He is always interested in knowing your wishes and is guided by your desires in entertainment. **Tell him you want to see these outstanding Radio Pictures** at his theatre. He will appreciate your interest.

Radio PICTURES



The College Movie Star Comes to Niles Junction

By special permission of COLLEGE HUMOR

At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen

A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation; beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

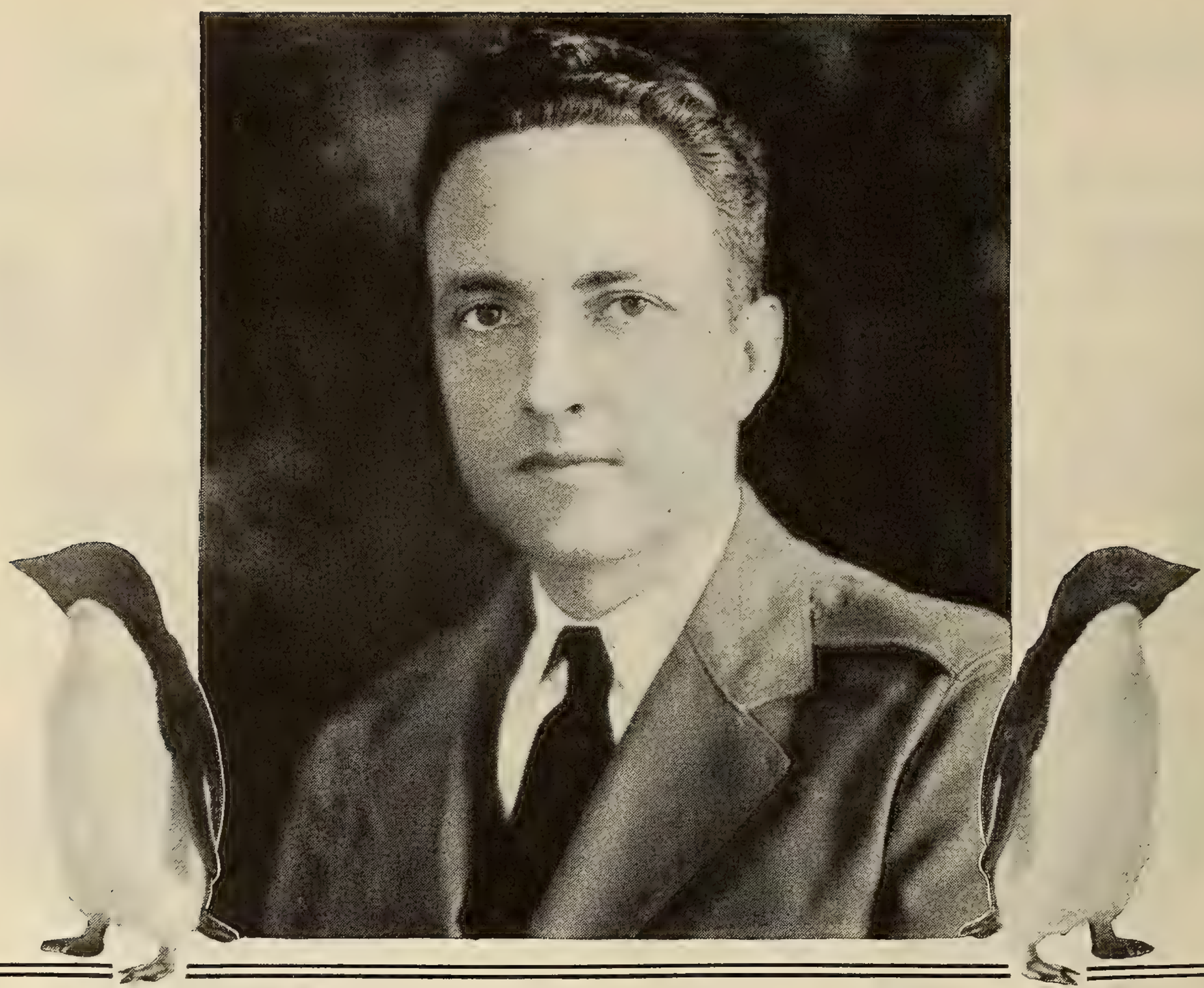
Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. *"The Best Things in Life are Free"*, *"The Varsity Drag"* and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



THIS . . . HONOR PAGE

is dedicated to

Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U. S. N.

BECAUSE: his motion picture, "With Byrd at the South Pole," will inspire the small boys of America, and the world, as no crook melodrama or 'western' has ever done; because as the star of his Antarctic epic he shares his honors with an unrivalled cast composed of gallant men, heroic huskies, and comedy penguins—those Chaplins of the bird family; and because his fine and modest screen presence sets a splendid example to the professional actors of Hollywood—and to all the rest of us.

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A MAN named Jules Verne once wrote some fantastic stories, among them "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," "A Trip from Earth to Moon," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." They rehearsed the adventures of puny Man in his battle against Mother Nature, with Man winning. Silly, some people said; but good reading.

¶ Jules wasn't so crazy. He was just far-sighted. He foresaw the invention of the airplane and the submarine; it's too bad he couldn't have stuck around long enough to take a ride in them. Even Verne, though, didn't dream of the latest developments. You could have knocked him over with a feather if you'd told him that a great explorer would one day fly over the South Pole and, almost before he had even returned from his expedition, motion pictures of his flight would be shown on a hot summer day in a theater artificially cooled to a temperature of 71½ degrees! We saw the movies of Byrd's Antarctic exploit before the confetti had been cleaned up after his Big Parade. And when I watched all those people looking and listening with such rapt attention to this great screened adventure I began to think of the screen more seriously than I ever had.

¶ It's a good thing to be reminded that all that movies is not Hollywood. "With Byrd at the South Pole" is an epic drama and its only connection with Hollywood is a couple of cameras. When you're deploring the gangster-girls-and-music-collegiate movies, don't forget that the Byrd film, too, is a motion picture. Judge the screen rather by a picture like "With Byrd to the South Pole" than by "Ingagi" and "Unguarded Girls."

¶ If you're still not convinced—the new amusement centre to be built in the heart of Manhattan should convert you. A great Radio City will rise on three square blocks between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, New York — $250,000,000 of ground values, the largest real estate project yet conceived by private interests. The site was originally assembled by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for a new Metropolitan Opera House, but the Opera decided to stay in its Old Manse on Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street; and I think it's making a big mistake. Of course, I may be wrong; but it hardly seems smart for Opera to sit back behind its old brown-stone front and let the radio-movies-television walk away with the choicest site in the world. Grand Opera had better sit up and look around or the soundies, with their modern improvements, will grab all the glory, gate receipts, and our best people. Art is so much more convincing when absorbed in comfort; and compared with the chairs at the Met, those loge seats at the Roxy are cushions in Paradise.

¶ And speaking of Roxy. He's to have a big new job when his present contract expires. He is slated for the managing directorship of the gigantic new enterprise. This centre will have a motion picture auditorium seating 5,000; another theater seating 7,000; a huge symphony hall, with Leopold Stokowski conducting a great orchestra.

¶ Dedicated to 'culture, education, and entertainment,' the four theaters of the centre will play not only to New Yorkers, but by grace of microphone and televisor will reach an additional audience of unseen millions.

¶ Do a Jules Verne! Let your imagination run riot—it can't run too far. By the time Lindy's baby is grown up enough to go to the movies, they will have changed so much that the early pictures of Lindbergh, Sr. in *The Spirit of St. Louis* will look like museum pieces. And Little Lindy will laugh and say: "Gosh, Dad—and you called those *movies!*"

D. E.

Is This *the*

Rolf Armstrong, famous artist, offers his Cover Girl as the ideal of feminine loveliness. If she could come to life would she be the super screen beauty, surpassing them all? Do you agree with Armstrong, or have you a screen favorite who eclipses her?

Miss Unknown—Armstrong's idealization of feminine beauty. She is no one woman, but the beauty of all lovely women! No one model posed for her. She is a creation of the artist's imagination. Turn to our cover and see her in color.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Rolf Armstrong is an acknowledged authority on feminine beauty. Perhaps more than any other artist in America he is noted for his exquisite cover girls. He has been drawing SCREENLAND'S vivid covers and has at one time or another painted every well-known lovely woman on the screen. Now, out of his boundless artistry and imagination, he conceives a Face—which he says approximates his ideal of beauty. We put this Perfect Beauty on our cover. We like her. We think you will like her, too! Now read Rolf Armstrong's article in which he tells you of some of the famous screen beauties he has drawn and answers some of the questions you have been asking him.

BEAUTY IS FATE

By Rolf Armstrong

What is your ideal of beauty?
Did you ever see a perfectly beautiful woman?
Are movie stars the most beautiful women?
Who is the most beautiful screen star?
What is the most important element of beauty?
Can any woman be beautiful?

THE above questions are just a few scattered shots from the barrage forever leveled at an artist who becomes known for his paintings of feminine beauty.

Years of study and analysis have convinced me that beauty is a sheer, cruel, uncontrollable accident of birth. It exists primarily in a rigid, definite combination of architecture and mathematics. It is structure — so many inches from brow to chin; from cheek bone to jaw; just so much space between the eyes — proportions immortalized centuries ago by Greek sculptors. So inspired was their standard, that it still remains the rule by which beauty is measured.

Beauty is dependent upon the caprice of the gods, who deal it out hap-

Right: Here is the Irish beauty, much of it sheer Gaelic charm, of Nancy Carroll. Armstrong says: "Her eyes were made for an artist to draw."

Above: Mary Nolan, of whom the artist says: "Her head speaks balanced structure in tenderer terms."

Right: the dusky loveliness of Evelyn Brent, one of the women of the screen selected as outstanding beauties.

Perfect Screen Face?

hazardly, with no regard for wealth, birth, or justice. They give one woman the terrible weapon of beauty, and withhold it completely from her sister. Here, they may choose to create a gargoyle, thereby dooming some lovable character to loneliness and heartbreak. Perhaps their cruellest jest is giving some woman a promise of beauty, and then contradicting it with too long a nose or upper lip, eyes close set, or a bulging forehead. But when the mood of the gods happens to be kind, they can etch a brow, or carve a mouth to make men dream. A woman is born with this beauty—or without. Beauty is Fate.

While I have never seen what I consider a flawlessly beautiful woman, many of my most vivid impressions of an approach to ultimate beauty are associated with my closely studied portraits of the screen stars.

Evelyn Brent and Ann Harding are the screen's best examples of almost perfect harmony of proportion following the classic pattern. Mary Nolan's head speaks balanced structure in tenderer terms—Billie Dove's adds prettiness.

Superlative moments of dark, romantic beauty are glimpsed in Mona Maris. Nancy Carroll's eyes were made for an artist to draw.

A new portrait of Rolf Armstrong, whose covers, gracing SCREENLAND MAGAZINE *and* COLLEGE HUMOR, *have attracted world-wide attention for their artistic interest and their warm, human quality.*

Ann Harding is one of the two best examples among screen beauties of almost perfect harmony of proportion following the classic pattern. Evelyn Brent is the other.

Above: superlative moments of dark, romantic beauty are glimpsed in Mona Maris, says our artist.

Left: Estelle Taylor's head reaches beauty in the contour of her mouth, according to Armstrong.

Estelle Taylor's head, while not perfect structurally, reaches outstanding beauty in the contour of her mouth. Many other stars, also, are blessed with some single feature that reaches such perfection as to cast an undeniable aura of beauty about them.

Beauty is not limited to the screen however. In my continual, though somewhat subconscious quest for beauty, I have learned the impossibility of predicting where it will manifest itself. Beauty lived for me in a blonde girl from Norway. From New York's squalid Ghetto came the clearest skin I ever saw. There was a Polish girl from the Bronx, and a pale Parisienne whose only address was a sidewalk cafe. A head of sublime architecture came, not from Athens, Greece, but from Athens, Georgia. Once, in a subway, I glanced up to find myself looking at a girl I was to use many times on magazine covers. A slim-throated Park Avenue deb epitomized the beauty of line. I can never forget the sheen of a cafe au lait colored dancing girl I saw in the Pyrenees, nor the *Thais* curves that belonged to La Belle Gerzane, an unknown, in a vagabond company that played one night in Florence.

Occasionally I make these memories that are stored away in my artistic consciousness, the motif for a drawing. The girl on this month's cover of SCREENLAND is one of these adventures.

Broadway photograph by Brown Bros.

Left: Broadway, in the good old days before the motion picture invasion. Then, the theaters of the Great White Way housed 'legitimate' attractions, enacted by stage-trained thespians. Between performances you might glimpse such stars as Ruth Chatterton, Frank Fay, Marilyn Miller, Paul Whiteman, hurrying hither and yon. Where are they now? All gone west to answer the call of the golden cameras!

ALL QUIET *on the*

If Broadway is just a deserted
talkies for enticing the stage
icler Cruikshank sheds a
the exodus—and on page 26
what happens to former

By Herbert

TIME was when revelry rode through our town. The beauty and the chivalry of all the arts thronged the one-time pasture lots of old-time fur-trappers and ferry-men—the Astors, the Vanderbilts. Then came a rumbling roar from Hollywood. It was Conrad Nagel chasing Dolores Costello around the microphone.

"Have you no thithter of your own?" lithped the future Mammy of Dolores Ethel Barrymore.

And before one could murmur 'Code-of-Ethics,' the chivalry had flown to rescue Dolores. And the beauty to rescue Conrad from a fate worse than death. Broadway was stripped of life and laughter. Well, practically!

In common with Joe Schenck, Adolph Zukor, Louis Mayer, and everyone else except the Warner Brothers, I, 'Old Rip' Van Cruikshank, continued to enjoy being asleep at the switch. But just about the time Joe had sold the last of United Artists' silent pictures, and admitted that there might possibly be something to these here, now, talkies, I, too, made the Great Discovery. It happened this way.

The newsboys were selling Sunday's papers—so it must have been Friday morning. I sauntered to a spot to drink a little breakfast—expecting, of course, to find Frank Fay in his accustomed place. For months Frank had been there. He was as much a part of the place as the autographed picture of Jack Dempsey. Frank was, in fact, one of the Old Settlers. (Frank always settled.) But now he was among the missing.

"Where is Broadway's Favorite Son?" I queried.

"Gone west," was the laconic reply.

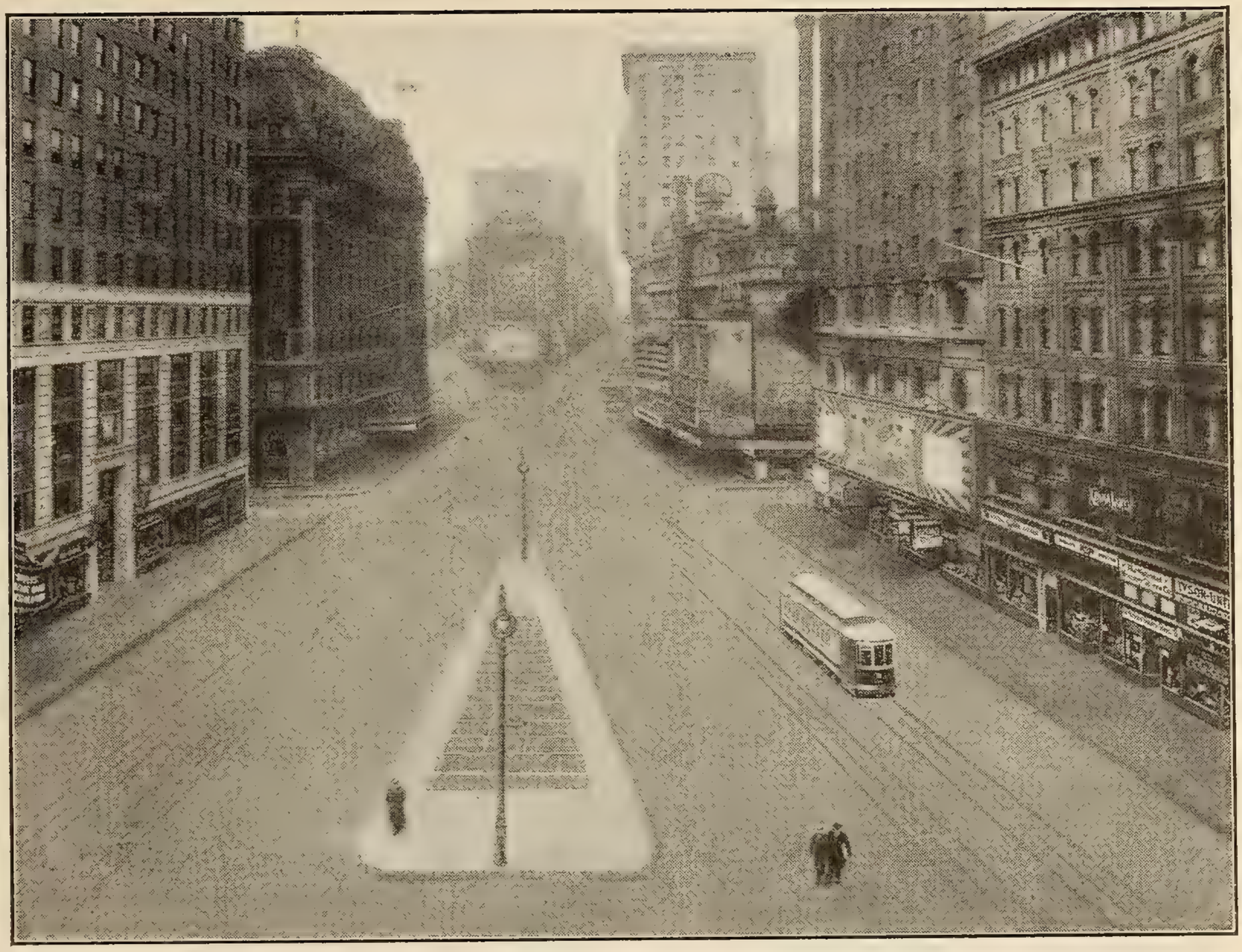
"Well, well, poor old Frank. How did it happen?"

"Oh, he got a talkie contract and hopped out to Hollywood."

"Hollywood? Talkies?"

Luckily it was too early for any chickens to be about—for I could have been knocked over with a feather. But there it was—Frank Fay, the Pillar of the Palace, had gone to Hollywood.

The fragment of conversation outlined may be expanded indefinitely. In fact it was, before I determined to confirm what couldn't be more than an idle rumor. I sought Paul Whiteman—Eddie Buzzell and Ona Munson—Gilda Gray—Joe Frisco—Claire Luce—Marie Saxon—Lenore Ulric and Sidney Blackmer—Mary Eaton—all the gay gang that had tired business men and amused Broadway



Right: as Broadway looks today to Herbert Cruikshank! He says it's more like a deserted village than theatrical Manhattan's Main Street. His buddies have vanished into the Hollywood wilds, lured by gold and glory. The lone street-car is doubtless conveying Mr. Cruikshank to some lonely rendezvous with the only stage star left in New York—(in town for a rest between picture engagements!)

BROADWAY FRONT

village these days, blame the stars to Hollywood. Chron-satirical tear or two over Ruth Tildesley tells you Broadwayites in Filmtown

Cruikshank

and one another since long before Earl Carroll came up N'oth from dear, old Gawgia.

All I heard was Hollywood—Vitaphone—Warner Brothers. Old Brigham Jolson had led the hegira to the promised land of bilk and money. But there was one Temple of Art that I knew would house the truth. Florenz Ziegfeld, who invented femininity—Florenz Ziegfeld, glorifier of gaiety—Florenz Ziegfeld, who put the way in Broadway. Flo would tell me what in Hollywood all the shootin' was for!

But his office door was closed—and young girls had grown old waiting in the ante-room. (Called the ante-room because so many things have been raised there.) On the stairs I encountered Mr. Goldwyn—Sam, to you. And I asked him.

"I'm amazed at your stupidity," he said, "but I'll tell you in two words where Ziegfeld is."

"Where?"

"Hollywood!"

This was too much. It sounded like bologny. But the wurst was yet to come. Everywhere I looked—Zani's, Charlie Murphy's, the Aquarium, Mike's, Tony's, Sardi's, the Warwick, the Algonquin, the Astor, Ambassador, the Savoy Plaza—not a face familiar to me or the cab-horse of 'Mississippi,' the ancient Ethiopian whose lone hack is the last of night-life on Broadway. From Wilson Mizner to Arthur Caesar, their forwarding address was Hollywood. Only, of course, Arthur hadn't left any address, and I only learned of him through a horse-dealer from whom he had ordered a batch of polo ponies shipped out.

Barbara Stanwyck, Basil Rathbone, Ruth Chatterton, Chester Morris, Ina Claire, John Boles, and—believe it or not—Gus Edwards, Joe Weber, Lew Fields—all that remained of them were caricatures in Sardi's. Faces on the restaurant wall!

Paul Muni, née Weisenfreund, Bee Lillie, Charlie Ruggles, Marilyn Miller, Jack Buchanan—gone! All gone! Helen Morgan told me so—and dashed from the Tavern for the Long Island movie studios. Just a pause in the dizzy dance toward the Pacific.

And that wasn't all. Tin Pan Alley went silent. Not a song bird remained from Al Bryan to Irving Berlin. Not a lyric writer. Not a plugger. Not even a piano-player. Each and every one was sitting on his patio along the Pacific Palisades, hearing the sweetest melody of iced mint juleps, and minted gold also (*Continued on page* 108)

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, young at 69! She sang at the Roxy, New York, her first appearance on the stage of a screen theater. She may make a talking picture, repeating her successes in opera and concert and winning a larger audience.

FOUR

More music, less murder! says Schumann-Heink, who celebrated her 69th. birthday by making her debut on a motion picture theater stage

By Rosa Reilly

BEFORE the purple backdrop of the largest stage in the world stood a large woman in a vivid pink dress, firm hands firmly clasped, strong head, strongly erect.

This woman, mother of eight, was singing a lullaby. A lullaby by Brahms, a man who never had any children; a man who out of dreams denied composed many a cradle song to comfort his heart.

It was a miracle the way the woman sang! The way her voice rose to a full, magnificent 'g,' and then sank down, down, down, an unending stairway of musical tenderness. A miracle because although the art, the technique, the grand manner are all there, the woman had been singing for fifty-two years. And time and hard work steal from the tones of the voice, just as they do from the freshness of the cheek and the luster of the eyes.

But scarcely a person out of all the six thousand in the audience realized this, for real art has no age, and a real artist can conquer any limitation. As the woman brought her *Wegenlied* to a close, for a half-moment that vast mass of people was silent. Then like a flash, the multitudes broke out into applause, cries, whistles—a stampede of white-hot enthusiasm. The woman made a bow and left the stage. Only to be recalled again and again, and still again. At last, she raised her strong, splendid arms, as if to enfold them, and said: "My friends: I am so happy to be here, singing for you, I can hardly speak. My throat is full of tears. Tears of happiness."

And so it was that Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, one of the greatest contralto prima donnas the world has ever known, made her debut on the stage of a talkie theater, at the Roxy in New York City, on her sixty-ninth birthday.

Two days afterward, I talked with Schumann-Heink in her dressing room, where she was resting between appearances—four of which she must make each day. In her charming broken English, she said:

"My great career is over, my career in the opera houses of the world. But my happy career has just begun. My career of singing for talking picture audiences. How I regret that I did not do it years ago! Think what I have been missing all this time! But thanks to Roxy, and to my manager, George Engels, Vice President of the National Broadcasting Company, I have at last reached the climax of joy."

Madame presents an interesting picture, even at sixty-nine. She has the snappiest of brown eyes, thick iron

-A-DAY AT 69!

gray hair, and an almost unlined face. Her whole personality breathes vigor, sturdiness, energy, unfailing health. She smiles frequently and her eyes twinkle constantly. She appears a woman in her early fifties.

"I don't feel my age, at all," the great woman continued. "I feel today just like a happy girl. The audiences have been so wonderful to me. Roxy, too. It cost him a very great sum of money to have me at his theater, but he did it with such a gladness.

"And Roxy's company here, the singers, the dancers—I tell you now, I have been in many theaters and many opera houses in the world, but never before, without a single exception, mind you, have I found such a spirit as among Roxy and his people. Such a spirit of cleanness, of loyalty, of comraderie.

"On Saturday night, the ballet dancers gave me a party, with a big birthday cake. We had it right here in the dressing room. And those girls, they gave me, too, a green leather case for my jewels. I had telegrams, flowers, kisses—it is the happiest time of my life! To feel young myself—to be surrounded by all this youth.

"I love Roxy. Isn't it terrible at my age to fall in love?" She laughed gaily. "And it's all quite hopeless, too, this case of mine on Roxy. But even as much as I love him, I have had a fight with him.

"You know, I sang on the radio before I made my first appearance on the stage. And Roxy, he introduced me as 'that grand old lady.' *Pfui!* I'm not old. I never will be old. 'I refuse,' I told him, 'I refuse to be old.' And when one refuses to accept something, then that something does not happen. *Nicht wahr?*

"When I say this is the happiest day of my life, it is true. For do you know what that Roxy did? He brought 'Mamba' here, this week. 'Mamba,'" she explained, "is the picture for which my son Ferdinand wrote the story. Ferdinand—he came on from Hollywood to be here with me this week—he is a dear boy, a talented boy. He not only writes but he acts, also. He has a part in 'Hell's Angels' and he was in a film with Vilma Banky. He is a good actor, too. I don't say that just because I am his mama—I know good acting when I see it!

"Ferdinand has had a hard time. But," she mused, "it is necessary to have trouble before any artist can be great. I don't know a single artist who is great today who has not known hard times. I can go back myself to the time when I sat in a bare room, I mean a room with no furniture, holding my baby on my lap, wondering where I would get food enough to feed myself to nourish him. The heart must break first—and then the voice, it comes.

"I was born in Austria. My art is the German art. But I am proud of being born in the country where Mozart was born. Mozart who composed *The Magic Flute, Requiem,* and so many others. I had a Latin mother. And, of course, know Latin operas. But whatever is in my voice had its beginning in the wild, rugged beauty of my Austrian mountains.

"I am the mother of six boys and two girls. When I think of these geese, these present-day prima donnas who have no children, I laugh. Every child I have had has brought a tone more in my voice. And if I had my life to live over again, I would do it just the same. With the birth of a wanted child, there comes something to a woman. Something deep and fine. Something that makes one understand the human heart. And without this, particularly in an artist, there is a lack.

"For a long time now, I have been singing in America, the country which I love so much. And now I must tell you something. Those people in Europe, they say: 'Americans

(Cont. on page 108)

Schumann-Heink Says:

"If American people heard more Brahms, more Beethoven, there would be less murder.

"Music, of all the arts, is the most satisfying.

"I can never retire! I should like to die singing, before a great, appreciative audience. And as the last tone of my voice faded away and the curtain fell, I, too, should like to go out on the wings of my last song."

Schumann-Heink and her son Ferdinand, who has played in pictures in "Four Sons" and "Hell's Angels," and was co-author of "Mamba," the melodrama which S. L. Rothafel (Roxy) ran at his theater the week Mme. Schumann-Heink sang there, as a compliment to the great contralto.

OTIS SKINNER'S FIRST DAY TALKIE

A great stage actor is initiated into microphone mysteries for the filming of "Kismet"

By Brian Herbert

OTIS SKINNER'S first day on the lot! And first of all—a screen test! Shades of Edwin Booth and Madame Modjeska—shades of fifty-three years on the legitimate stage! A screen test for Otis Skinner.

A funny business, these movies. The old and the new sit down together and turn their profiles this way and that; and it makes no difference whether one has played a thousand stage rôles or none, the test has to be made just the same.

In pictures, each character is weighed for itself, and while a screen test of Otis Skinner is not aimed at detecting—after all these brilliant years in the theater—that lo! the good gentleman may not be an actor after all, it is indispensable to give the director and supervisor of the film an actual picture of the particular character as he will appear to the cameras. In this manner they can select the remainder of their characters with an eye to dovetailing players into a pre-arranged pattern.

And so Skinner's first day on the lot was typical of every featured player's experience—except that this was Skinner, Otis Skinner! Things were a bit tense; directors hovered about; Skinner was given a freer rein in selecting his costume, and he was made up by Percy Westmore himself, head of the make-up department. And when the time came for him to pose and speak his line, not one camera was used, but two!

Bert Longworth

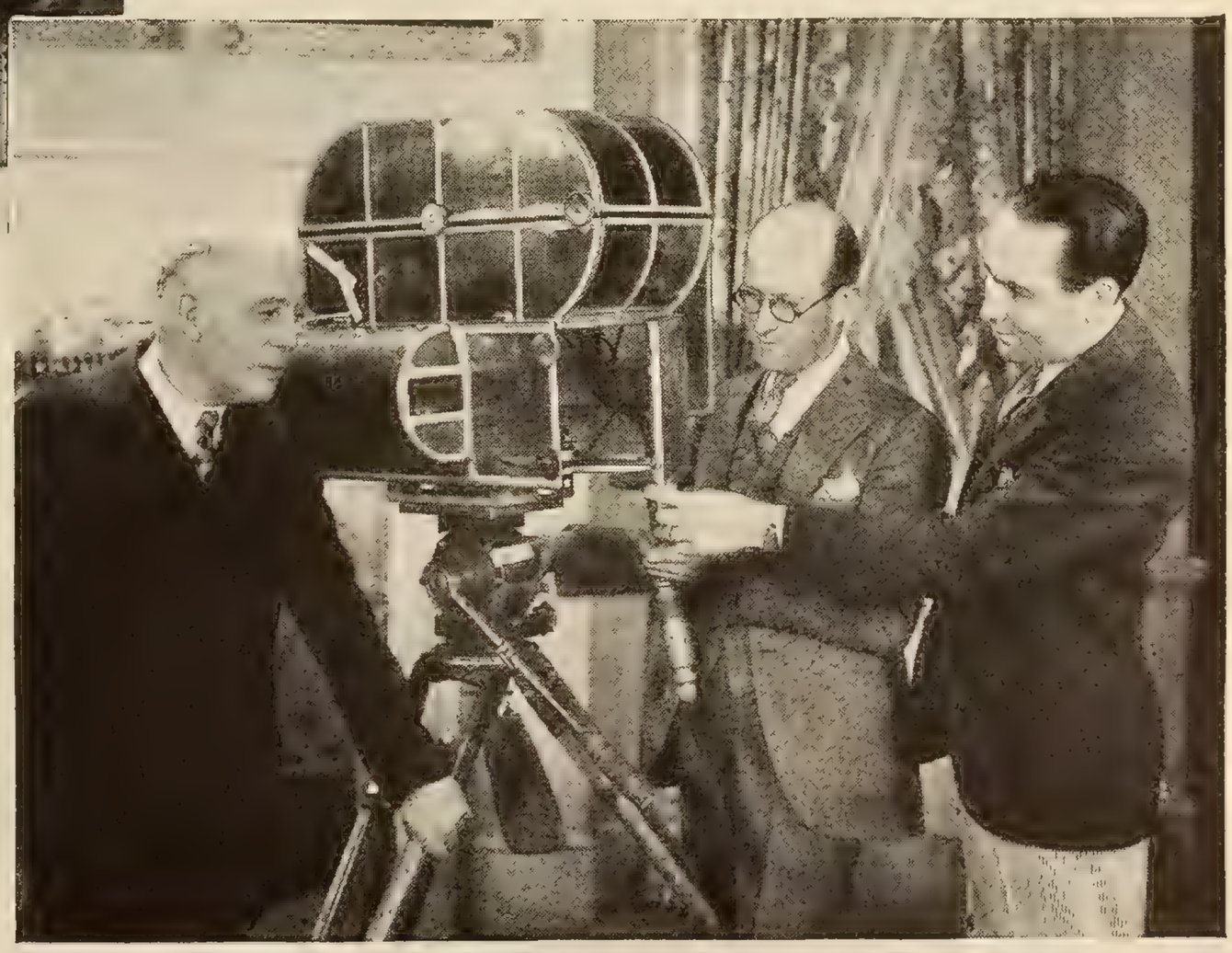
Skinner was fascinated by the making of sound movies. He visited the "Queen of Main Street" set and met Lila Lee, Louise Fazenda, Ben Lyon, and others.

Skinner rehearses his rôle of Hajj, *the beggar in "Kismet," with John Francis Dillon, who is directing Skinner in his first talking picture. It's the prominent stage star's first meeting with a microphone—you see it above him in this exclusive photograph. Otis Skinner is one of the very last of the great stage figures to answer the call of the sound cameras.*

Skinner came on the First National lot at exactly five minutes after nine o'clock in the morning; the five minutes being a whimsical concession to his position, for usually players are required to be on hand at exactly nine. Accompanying him were his wife, Maude Durbin, who was one of his early leading ladies, and Skinner's own make-up man, William Nelson. Nelson has been with Skinner for years on the legitimate stage for the exclusive purpose of applying the star's make-up, and now Skinner has brought him to Hollywood, where strange paint and brushes are as foreign to him as they would be to anyone unacquainted with the special cosmetics required for camera work. But Skinner does not feel like parting with him after so long an association, and Nelson stands around and asks what is this dark grease paint for, and why don't they use jars of cold cream instead of the liquid that is applied with a brush, and please be careful with the right side of Mr. Skinner's back, which has been unusually tender of late.

The first stopover in the studio was at the wardrobe department. The star was ushered into a commodious fitting room where yards of burlap were draped on the wall. Closer inspection revealed the seemingly filthiest, most threadbare collection of rags imaginable, and this was Skinner's costume for the rôle of *Hajj,* the beggar in "Kismet." But the rags are not filthy, though they are threadbare enough, and the dirt illusion is applied by a special spray gun that covers the cloth with a layer which has exactly the appearance of age-old filth. The rags were hung on 'silk lining hangers,' which are ordinary clothes supports with a covering of velvet. Ordinarily these are used for garments with satin or silk linings, in order that the delicate fabrics may not be damaged by the comparatively rough surface.

These rags of *Hajj* are as carefully tailored as the best London suits. What may seem a haphazard girdle of unbleached flour bags is really the painstaking result of days in the wardrobe department where specialists decided to eat away a hole in the material just here, and have a nail catch onto the shoulder just there, and have a moth eat away just that much of the side and so much of the back. Some of the rags are (*Continued on page* 121)



A stage star's first encounter with a Vitaphone camera. Skinner's guides are Hal Wallis, right, and C. Graham Baker, studio co-executives in charge of production.

in a STUDIO

WHAT HAPPENS to STAGE STARS in Hollywood?

How many of Broadway's darlings have become picture pets on the camera coast? How many have failed? This story tells you

By Ruth Tildesley

HOLLYWOOD is a grab bag out of which one may draw anything.

Stage stars of differing degrees of New York brilliance thrust in eager fingers and bring out —what?

Ina Claire, coming to the coast with a contract calling for the biggest pay-check ever offered if she scored a success, failed to have her option taken up, but gained as husband Jack Gilbert, the silent screen's most romantic figure.

Lenore Ulric, heralded by a fanfare of publicity trumpets, brought husband Sidney Blackmer with her 'among the retinue,' as it were. Lenore's pictures—well, the least said about them the better. Lenore went back to New York. But Sidney Blackmer's grab-bag haul was a long-term contract, loud praise from reviewers and much, much fan mail. Now Lenore, they say, has decided to try pictures again —wait and see if she catches up with friend husband!

Mary Eaton, a 'big shot' on Broadway, couldn't put herself over on the screen, but personally what did she do? Went into the matrimonial mart and appropriated Millard Webb, director, that's what. Mary says she'd rather be a successful wife than a successful film star.

Above: Kay Johnson conquered the movies in "Dynamite."

Charles Bickford discovered that talkies don't interfere with his greatest love, the sea—so he likes 'em!

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge (left). Very popular.

A Metropolitan Opera diva, lured to California by the films, can go swimming all the year 'round. Hollywood agrees with Grace Moore.

But they don't all fail. There's Marilyn Miller, who scored a smashing hit in Sally." They call Marilyn 'upstage' here (when they don't say 'snooty') because she seldom puts herself out to be a social success.

Last summer, when she came out to make her first picture, it must be admitted that there was something to be said for Marilyn's hermit-complex. The temperature hovered around 100 degrees; she worked under technicolor lights that raised it so that standing outside in the desert sun seemed cool in comparison; she sprained her ankle; had her tonsils out; endured the agonies of an abscessed tooth. Besides working long hours at the studio, she had to put in other hours vocalizing and limbering her muscles for her dances.

Below, Chester Morris deserted Broadway for Hollywood and has scored one of the biggest personal successes of any actor.

Lenore Ulric and her husband, Sidney Blackmer, invaded Hollywood together. Sidney is a screen hit. Will Lenore equal him in film popularity?

They may call Marilyn Miller up-stage because she seldom puts herself out to be a social success. But "Sally" was a smash.

A new arrival is Claire Luce, blonde and beautiful, who will first be seen in Maurine Watkins' "Up the River," for Fox.

"Hoo-hoo, Corinne!" panted Marilyn, "will you let us stay to dinner? I've come to the end of my string. Mary is sweet and Doug is great, but all anybody talks about at their house is pictures. Her picture—his picture—the latest picture! Stories for pictures, camera angles, rushes! If I hear another word on the subject, I shall go mad! Save me!"

Four years ago, when Ruth Chatterton was playing here in "The Green Hat," she told me she couldn't see what people did with themselves in Hollywood. All the people one knew were in New York, all the best plays, the best music, the best minds, etc., were there. Silent picture producers went on record as saying that Miss Chatterton was out as far as the screen was concerned. She wouldn't photograph. There was something about her nose—

Now, she is one of *the* box-office attractions of the talkies. Whatever it was about her nose has been forgotten. Screen fans applaud what stage audiences applauded. Ruth is as popular in Hollywood society as she once was in New York. Her home, which she remodeled and furnished to her own taste, is a mecca for New York friends such as Fay Bainter and John Colton, as well as for Hollywoodians such as Lois Wilson and Ramon Novarro.

Ruth and husband Ralph Forbes, after their brief separation, seem more congenial than most famous married folk. They took Anna Q. Nilsson's beach house at Malibu for the summer and indulged their mutual passion for swimming, sea sports and each other's society, in the interim of work and house-parties.

"A home at last!" is the refrain sung by most of our stage stars when asked what is most important in Hollywood.

Ann Harding, especially, gloats over hers.

"I never had a real home in my life until I came here," she declares. "My father was an army officer and my girlhood was just a series of moves from one post to another. Then the stage, which was a series of one hotel after another. My husband, Harry (*Continued on page* 109)

This year, however, with no weather or tonsils to blame, Marilyn is still 'exclusive.' Mary Hay is her chosen companion, other friends who frequent the Lita Gray Chaplin home Marilyn has leased being not of either picture or stage worlds. Marilyn is engaged to one Michael Farmer, an Irishman who has spent most of his life in Paris where they met. Michael's business is in New York, but he is here while his fiancée makes her picture.

Perhaps a clue to this star's aloofness may be found in an incident occurring some four years ago, when Marilyn, then Mrs. Jack Pickford, was staying at Pickfair.

One evening Corinne Griffith looked out to see Jack and Marilyn come running hand in hand up her flagged pathway.

Jeanette MacDonald, known as Broadway's most beautiful prima donna, made her screen debut in "The Love Parade" with Chevalier, and scored a hit. Now she is adorning Lubitsch's "Monte Carlo."

A Singing Lesson *by* Jeanette MacDonald

Singing in the rain, singing in the bath-tub, or singing professionally—everybody sings! You'll be interested in this second article of SCREENLAND'S series of singing lessons by famous screen stars. Lovely Jeanette MacDonald gives valuable vocal advice from her own experience. Next month—Lawrence Tibbett.

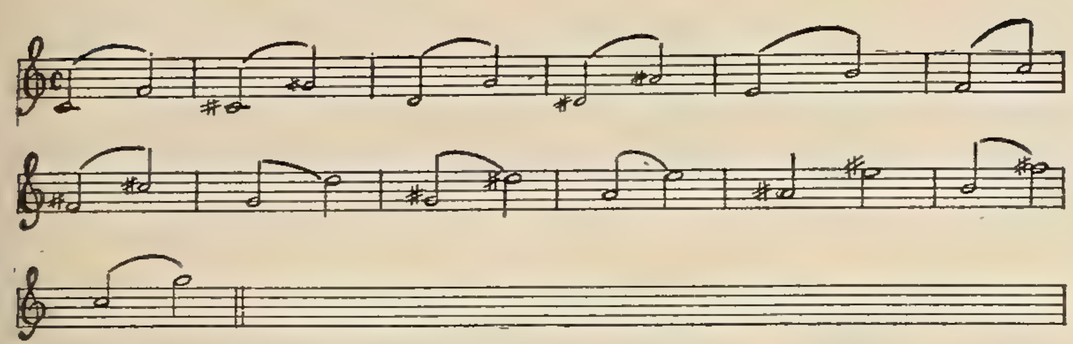
ALTHOUGH I strive for perfection, there is no one in the world who realizes better than I, that I still have much to attain. I do want to warn the young singer to beware of the charlatans who, perhaps in a degree sincere yet none the less dangerous, ruin many promising voices with their theories. If the dire effects of these theories were not so seriously disastrous to the voice, they would really be most decidedly humorous.

I have heard of a singing teacher who makes a pupil balance a glass of water on the top of her head, telling the pupil the tone is not perfect until not a drop of water spills and the tumbler remains motionless! Another teacher is said to make his pupils bend the body forward in order to take a high tone. If your teacher's ideas about singing do not appeal to your logic, I advise you to drop that instructor immediately.

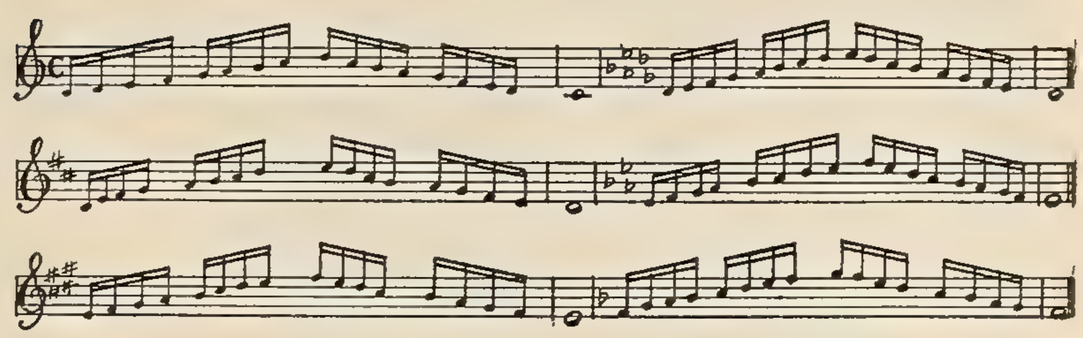
Trees by Oscar Rasbach, and *Songs My Mother Taught Me* by Dvorak, are both songs I would suggest as splendid ones for work on intervals and to attain smoothness of tone. Of course, there are countless exercises and songs equally helpful. I name these because they have been helpful to me. Some songs and some languages seem to suit personalities better than others. I feel that French as a language suits me. I like it. I have always wanted to sing the rôle of *Marguerite* in "Faust" or the rôle of "Mignon" yet neither is really suited to my voice. I am a lyric soprano and *Marguerite* really demands somewhat of a colorature, while "Mignon" is often sung by a high mezzo.

Because of its many years of hard work and because of its extreme uncertainty, I had always felt reluctant to attempt an operatic career. Since I've been in pictures, however, I feel I am becoming qualified to enter any field and fight any battle thereon. For no one, except those

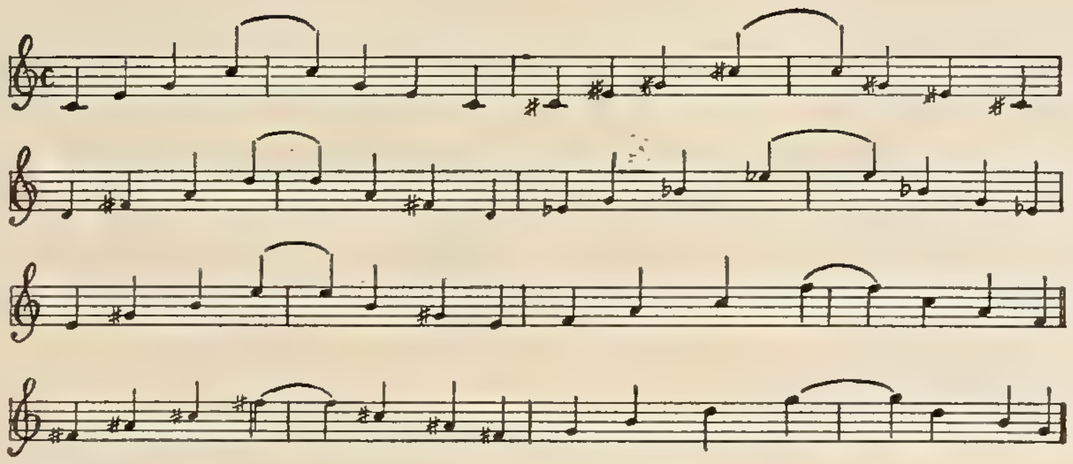
EXERCISE OF FIFTHS



SCALE OF THE NINTHS



ARPEGGIO



who are right in the motion picture studios, know the hardships, the struggles, and the many things that are demanded of a singer on the screen. I really feel capable of attempting anything, even an operatic career! Right now I am hoping someday to have time to study and sing many of the operatic rôles so rarely heard by the great masses of people in America.

Music has reached the corners of the earth through the radio, but there are countless spots in our own country where there has never been a performance of opera. In this colorful, musical age that seems a crying shame.

And now for our singing lesson, which I hope my readers will take in the spirit in which it is written—that of utmost humility, for I do not feel qualified to claim perfection by any means. I still have too much to learn. But I am happy to tell of some things that have helped me and some conclusions I have reached, and also to warn young singers of the terrible pitfalls that bad beginnings can make. The few things I am giving here are constructive truths based on the oldest singing method in the world.

The keynote of learning to sing is to be vitalized, yet singing must be simplicity itself. This is the greatest thing I learned from my teacher, Ferdinand Torriani, with whom I studied for almost two years before he died. Since then I have studied many other things with Grace Adele Newell, his associate, but this great necessary act of *opening the mouth vitally* is something rarely taught by teachers of today and often not fully understood even when it is taught.

The first thing I should tell a young student to do is practice chewing, taking care that the lips do not cover the teeth. Open the mouth as wide as possible; then, while chewing, set the jaw vitally with no feeling of strain. When this position is taken one cannot always see an open throat because the tongue does not generally lie flat in the mouth—the action of the muscles underneath raises it. Elimination of the interference of these and other throat muscles is the secret of correct singing.

This was the real Italian method before it was blended with Modernism. The old Italians knew the science of free vibration. In other words, the breath that passes through the lungs over the vocal cords, must have no muscular interference on its way to the roof of the mouth (the natural sounding board) (*Continued on page* 110)

Miss MacDonald posed for these pictures to illustrate the points she makes in her article. The first thing she tells a young student to do is to practice chewing, taking care that the lips do not cover the teeth. Open the mouth as wide as possible, as Jeanette is doing in the photograph at the left. Then, while chewing, set the jaw vitally with no feeling of strain (right). Above: exercises which Miss MacDonald heartily recommends to the young singer. Now, go right ahead and practice!

Nominee Marjorie White from Broadway, who scored in "Sunny Side Up." How many votes for Marjorie?

QUEEN MERRY

By Marie House

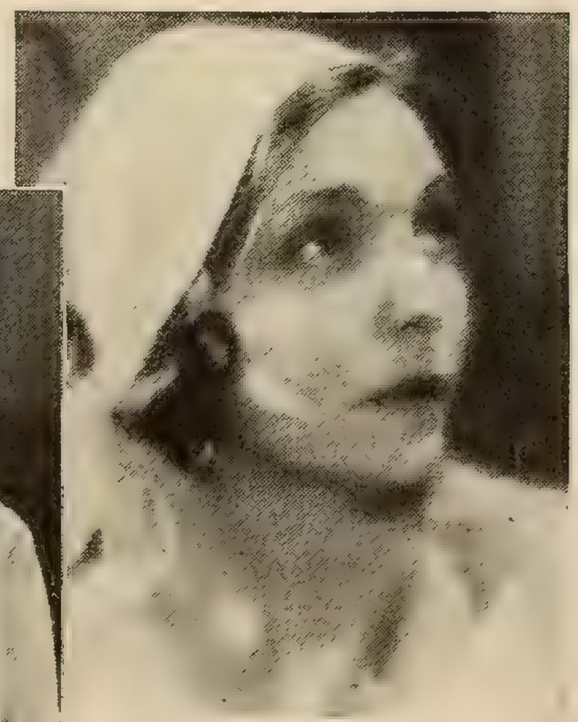
GREAT questions confront us. They scream at us from headlines. They intrude on our lighter moments. They are always with us. Great burning questions. Disarmament. Prohibition. Foreign Relations. Unemployment. The Stock Market. Television. Garbo.

But especially it's the real estate problem in Hollywood. The vacancy problem. The thrones for rent, titles for sale, crowns thrown in. Great, glittering thrones pushed into corners, covered with cobwebs. Scepters getting tarnished, gilt peeling off.

It's all the fault of the talkies. Old favorites are gone, new favorites unlabeled. In the old days of silence the fans knew where they were. They had a row of gilded thrones and occupants for each with nice clean faces and neatly brushed hair. And there it was and there we were and everyone could sit back with a sigh and enjoy it all.

But now where are we? Ninety in the shade and getting hotter, if you must

Lillian Roth, that zippy, little black-eyed young lady blues singer. Since her joyous antics in "Honey" there are those who will have no one but Lillian.



Above: Zasu Pitts achieved the title of 'first wailer of the screen' in "This Thing Called Love" and "Honey."

Left: those grand girls, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, poll thousands of votes in the race for comedy honors.

Who shall be the new Queen of Comedy? We'll call the roll and review the candidates. Then you can cast your vote

know. The talkies came along like any other great revolution and upset the old order and now we need a whole new set of candidates for the thrones. Pitched battles are still being fought and previewed over who shall be the 'Great Lover' with the balance of power being threatened towards the diamonds in the rough. Our Orchid Lady has left and we need a new one of those. So it goes.

But the thing that is really agitating, making us hard to live with, is the Queen of Comedy question. Who shall be Queen Merry? No. Not who shall be Queen of the May—but Queen of the laughs, the chortles, the guffaws. Back in the silent ages b.t. (before talkies) we had adored Mabel Norman—then Dorothy Gish reigned, succeeded by Connie Talmadge. But since Connie has abdicated in favor of a husband and Dorothy deserted to the stage, that brings the question up to date.

Who, now shall be Queen Merry?

Let's call the roll and review the candidates.

Hold everything! Here's Winnie Lightner, a red head and Irish. A headliner and favorite with the New York stage, the rollicking Winnie scored a big hit in her first picture, "Gold Diggers of Broadway," romped home with honors in "She Couldn't Say No," and becomes a serious candidate for the Queen of Jollity.

Winnie likes comedy, likes to make people laugh. She'll tell you so. Of course, she also dotes on a big, sobby cry, that's the Irish of it; but with Winnie herself, acting is just lots of fun and she enjoys it all as much as her audiences. Many a chuckle has been cast for Winnie. Big-hearted and regular, she gets a big 'kick' out of her fan letters, the advice they want, the questions they ask her to settle. "That's because they think I'm the great, good-natured thing they see on the screen," says Winnie. "Gee, I like to have people like me. I'm just myself when I act." That's Winnie's winning platform.

From the stage, yes, but Winnie confesses she likes Hollywood and adores the talkies. A sense of humor is a part of Winnie. She is full of those hearty laughs which make the world go round.

Winnie confesses to ambitions to do more sophisticated comedy in the Ina Claire manner—oh Winnie, how could you!—and threatens to do so in her very latest picture. In the meantime there's "The Life of the Party" which she has just finished, and another opus with Joe Brown. After that the threatened sophistication. So who couldn't say yes to Winnie! Winnie for Comedy Queen!

Listen! Hear those deep, whole-hearted chuckles down stage. They can't be—yes, they are—they can be nothing else than Marie Dressler's famous roll of laughter. (Continued on page 116)

Are you there? Oh, I say, are you there? Well, "Are You There?" is the name of Beatrice Lillie's new talkie comedy and makes her a likely candidate. Cast your vote.

Above: well, well, Winnie! That fall into Albert Gran's lap in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" made her famous.

Right: Inez Courtney's few clever scenes in "Song of the Flame" put her up in the front ranks of nominees.

Ronald Colman

COLMAN'S CREED:

"If I have any philosophy it is to mind my own business as well as I can and keep order in my affairs.

"I am not a good mixer. I have no small talk. I only feel at home with people I know well and who like the things I like.

"What I do after I leave the studio is my own business, unless I break the peace or become a public nuisance!

"Acting is an illusion and the actor should be an illusion, too."

Colman, sometimes called Hollywood's man of mystery because he never attends first nights, goes to few parties, avoids the crowd. But the real Colman—sincere, sympathetic, human—is revealed in this article.

THERE are three people in Hollywood whose personal lives are more or less of a mystery. They are Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, and Ronald Colman.

All three are conscientious workers and all three hate publicity. Ronnie likes to play more than the other two, perhaps. He does not take his work quite as seriously as Garbo or Lon, who is never happy when he is not working. Ronnie likes his work, but only as a contrast to the life of leisure he thoroughly enjoys. Time for reading, time for tennis, time for swimming, time for riding, time for thinking. During the weeks he is making a picture he is lucky if he can get in two of his favorite games, and as for reading—that luxury is not indulged in. But the silent, friendly-eyed Englishman, has managed his career so well that there are long periods of rest between pictures which his remunerative work has made possible to spend in any manner he pleases.

Because Colman is apparently so little interested in his success, so leisurely and yet so successful, I thought his must be an ideal philosophy, and asked him what it was.

His brow puckered in a thoughtful frown. He clamped his teeth on his favorite pipe and drew a couple of puffs of smoke before answering me. Then he said, "Well, I really don't know. I suppose," he went on with great seriousness, "that I would be called an atheist, since I have no particular creed, or at least I follow none. But I do believe in God, so I am not exactly an atheist, am I? At least, I believe in a God-force. It seems to manifest itself in various constructive ways. For instance, light seems to me to have something God-like about it. So does wisdom, joy, truth, and life. These impersonal forces seem to me to be omnipotent.

"I can't quite reconcile omnipotence with the misfortunes that afflict people, however. I think I am just lucky for what success I may have. I know a lot of people who work just as hard as I do, are better looking than I am (we don't know who they could be, Ronnie!), and much more deserving of success all the way around than I am. Yet they have continual hard luck and disappointment."

CONFESSES!

More than an interview—the most revealing analysis ever written about Colman. You'll know him after reading this story

By Helen Ludlam

"Perhaps they have not centralized their efforts as you have," I said. "You have a desire for order in your life and for the material freedom that makes it possible for you to enjoy your leisure moments. A life of confusion would be intolerable to you."

"That may be true—about people not centralizing their efforts, I mean. People often think they want a thing when actually it is something quite different they want. This subconscious confusion of thought may be the stumbling block. After all, it is what we think about any condition in life that makes it good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant, isn't it? It hasn't actually anything to do with what the thing is. As an example, an African native would probably be miserable in Hollywood. Yet Hollywood in the minds of some people appears as a sort of heaven.

"If I have any philosophy it is to mind my own business as well as I can and keep order in my affairs. I try to remember, too, that at least once in his life each of us can be of vital assistance, perhaps, to some one who knocks at his door."

Yet Ronald Colman is not a person one could easily impose upon. He respects the rights of other people and demands that respect for himself. No, I don't think anyone could easily impose upon Ronnie.

"Why are you so reticent?" I asked, hoping to get an answer to a question that is asked me over and over again by people who happen to know that I have met him.

Do those of you who saw "Condemned" remember the scene in which Dudley Digges as the prison warden accuses Ronnie of an attempt to dishonor his wife, Ann Harding? Ronnie's whole soul was in the vehement manner in which he declared, "*She* never said so!"

There was an 'engagement rumor' about Kay Francis and Ronald Colman when they played together in "Raffles," Ronnie's latest. But—they're just good friends!

In just the same manner he declared to me, "I never *mean* to be! At least, I am not so consciously. You see, I have no small talk. I am not a brilliant dinner companion by any means. For instance, if I attend a formal dinner—those two people one on either side of you that you don't know—I find myself painfully silent unless I find that we have interests in common. I only feel at home with people I know well and who like the things I like. Then I talk on and on. Sometimes the next morning I think to myself, 'I talked my fool head off last night!' But I have no talent for 'making an impression.' I do not dislike people but I am not a good mixer. And I have long ago given up the hope that I ever shall be."

Ronnie has that peculiar temperament that is alone in the midst of a crowd. His is not one that suffers from loneliness, however, for although he desires to know all phases of life he has an executive quality of mind that keeps him from being restless. People say he is self-centered, yet that is not entirely true. Self-centered people are usually selfish, and Ronald Colman is not selfish; several people in Hollywood could tell you that.

It is said that he is penurious because he won't give mass parties and isn't in the habit of taking people out to lunch and won't have his beach house wired for electricity. But it isn't because he is penurious that he doesn't do these things. He abhors mass parties and almost never attends one. It would be impossible for him to give one. If he did he would cut and run when he saw the first guest drive to the door. He entertains quietly the people he calls friends, and acquaintances whom he finds congenial. But the idea of contacting

(Cont. on page 112)

PARIS + HOLLYWOOD = What Smart Women Will Wear This Fall

A Forecast of the New Autumnal Mode by a Famous Screen Fashion Authority

By Travis Banton

HAVE you forgotten that girls are alluring, provocative, and perhaps a little —er—ah—naughty?

Have the recent dear, dead days of short sports clothes and close-cropped heads made you forget how tempting are the purely feminine accessories of jewels, gloves, curls and flowers?

If you have forgotten, these first brisk fall days are the time to refresh your memory. For at no period since the beginning of the world war have elegance, distinction and soft femininity been at such a premium. To be in the mode this autumn of 1930, it is not enough for a girl to be dressed with that divine simplicity which all knowing women desire. She must have worldly charm as well. And to top it all, she should possess a dash of that witty *sang-froid* which denotes the true woman of the world.

Banton's own sketch of his new black velvet evening gown for fall, created for Kay Francis.

Heavy ivory satin, indicated for fall popularity, fashions this gown, also made for Miss Francis.

Travis Banton, who wrote this exclusive article on the new fall mode, has been the fashion expert for Paramount Pictures for five years. He is noted for his knowledge of fashions, fabrics, and femininity—a two-fisted he-man who happens to be in the business of designing clothes for screen beauties. He goes to Paris several times a year, studies the style trend, and returns to design new and novel gowns for such stars as Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Kay Francis. He knows his Paris and understands his Hollywood!

THE EDITOR

If you are one of the die-hards, and don't believe that the hard-boiled, straight-figured flapper type is dead, just look around at the change in style in female screen stars. Where we formerly had the pretty, short-frocked, boyish heroine who went through trial and tribulation only to fall on the breast of the hero in the end, what do we find today?

Why, the engaging sophistication of Evelyn Brent, the worldy elegance of Lilyan Tashman, the frank smartness of Kay Francis, and the subtle allurement of Ruth Chatterton, who usually start their films where the old-fashioned ones formerly ended—with the marriage ceremony.

For over five years it has been my business to design clothes for these and many other movie stars, and naturally during this time I have made many trips to Paris. But I wish to state right here that Hollywood never has and never will influence Paris styles. Stylistically speaking, Hollywood is isolated from Paris, the fashion center of the world. Nevertheless Hollywood always has and always will influence the styles of millions of women throughout the world. Because, for every woman who is able to go to Paris to do her shopping, there are a hundred thousand who get no farther than the nearest picture theater. But here they see Clara Bow's latest fur coat, and then go home and make the life of their home town furrier miserable until he makes one for them—just like Clara's.

My job, therefore, is to keep Hollywood abreast of Paris—to bring Paris in actuality to Hollywood so that when I have to design clothes for a society drama, the people will really appear as if they lived (*Continued on page* 117)

Travis Banton designed this striking formal gown of gold sequins for the stunning sophisticated type.

This dinner ensemble of beige chiffon trimmed with fox will be worn by Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo."

Screen Stars in Fall Fashions

The New Mode Expressed by the Hollywood Beauties

Ann Harding opens SCREENLAND'S *special fall fashion forecast in her hostess gown of softest, finest transparent velvet in the new shade of golden brown.*

Elmer Fryer,
First National

Lovely Ladies in

Elmer Fryer,

Left, Lila Lee's gardenia beauty lends itself to the perfection of this costume negligée of Empire inspiration. White satin with black velvet bows and belt.

Below, Ginger Rogers is wearing pajamas of crepe patterned in blue, black, and white, with perky wide trousers. Ginger's shoes are blue with smart velvet bows.

Herman Zerrenner

the New Negligées

Elmer Fryer

Right, not a negligée? We knew it! But we thought you would like to see the newest in nighties, with the clever new cap sleeves, worn by Chrystine Maple.

Below, a Continental negligée, worn by Marlene Dietrich. It's a frothy affair of pale pink chiffon, and even boasts a train! Note Marlene's amusing mules.

Hurrell

Elmer Fryer

Above, Lila Lee's favorite daytime frock is this black and white crepe de chine with white yoke and sleeves and a white tie. The cape fastens in front. Lila's hat is black felt; her slippers, black patent leather.

Hedda Hopper's brown woolen voile suit, designed by Howard Greer, has a tuck-in blouse, a skirt that curves to the figure by means of tiny pin tucks and a top coat which ends where the skirt flare begins. Luxurious red fox cuffs and a real lace collar and jabot add richness to the ensemble.

DAYTIME DASH *and* DAINTINESS

Left, fashions for the rain! Kay Francis dons a hat and coat of green suede at the slightest suggestion of an overcast sky. Why not, when they're so becoming? The harmonizing accessories are a green umbrella, green reptile slippers, and pull-on suede gloves.

Otto Dyar

Below, Howard Greer designed this black fall coat and Hedda Hopper wears it. Its distinguishing note is the collar of fine caracul which frames the head. It is cut on intricate lines. Hedda carries an envelope bag of black patent leather trimmed with snakeskin.

Howard

Elmer Fryer

Billie Dove's black satin frock sets off her loveliness. With it she wears a black felt hat, a novelty necklace, and carries an envelope bag of black and silver brocade.

You Can Be Smart

Rita La Roy shows you some of her new fall clothes which she made herself

All these photographs of Rita La Roy by Ernest A. Bachrach.

It's possible for a girl to dress well without spending too much money, declares Rita. This smart street frock she is wearing above, for instance, can be made for $15! Note the cowl collar with its long ties, the sailor sleeves and the polka dot pattern.

Right, of yellow crepe de chine, this formal evening gown worn by Miss La Roy. The lines are simple. The shoulder straps are of crystals matched by the crystal jewelry ensemble including necklace, earrings, and slipper buckles.

WITHOUT SPLURGING

It's possible to be both smart and sensible, says Rita—and proves it!

Above, Rita's dance frock of flowered pussy-willow silk can be made for $15. An enormous bow in the back gives the old-fashioned bustle effect, and its long ends simulate the fold falling below the skirt hem in front.

Below, with her dance frock Rita wears a short chiffon velvet evening wrap of periwinkle blue, and antique earrings and necklace of crystal and old gold.

Above, Rita's smart and serviceable black jacket suit has a blouse of white pongee cut in tailored fashion. Rita is wearing a black and white felt hat, black gloves with white stitching, and carrying a black and white tweed bag.

Hurrell

Hedda Hopper's willowy beauty enhances the grace of this formal frock designed by Greer. Of pale blue chiffon, it shows mirror and pearl trimmings, dyed in the same lovely pale pastel shade.

Herman Zerrenner

Ginger Rogers' pink satin evening dress has a becoming neckline. The cap sleeves are a youthful expression. The flowers are of self-fabric in deep rose and mulberry.

Hurrell

Another view of Miss Hopper's Greer-designed gown, named by him the 'Beverly-Wilshire.' Note that Hedda's only ornaments are a ring and bracelet. This frock is complete without accessories.

Hollywood's Version of the Evening Mode

Screen Beauties Interpret the Paris Trend

Sue Carol looks even more bewitchingly young than usual in her favorite new evening wrap, with its luxurious all-enveloping border and cuffs of white fox.

Elmer Fryer

'Chic' is the name of this Howard Greer wrap worn by Hedda Hopper, and chic *it is, with its barrel-styled sleeves of ermine, its scarf, and its lengthened lines.*

Hurrell

Billie Dove's black chiffon gown goes in heavily for ruffles, starting at the low hip line and reaching to the floor. The bow is developed in rhinestones.

Elmer Fryer

Left, dyed ermine is exploited in all its variety of pattern in this flared model worn by Loretta Young. The collar is crushed as are the deep cuffs.

Right, royal white ermine is presented in this formal coat worn by Myrna Loy. It has wide sleeves and a Queen Anne collar in an unusual scalloped motif.

Below, left: New! Lila Lee's swagger coat of Logwood brown U. S. Government seal with slightly flared skirt. Note collar, lined and lapelled in summer ermine.

Below, right, a panther coat for sports wear is worn by Catherine Moylan. Its collar ends in a scarf arrangement which reveals a gay printed silk lining.

ADVANCE FUR FASHIONS

Left, a luscious evening wrap of Russian white ermine with sable shawl collar is worn by Lilä Lee. It dips in the back and is ruffled upward in front.

Right, the elegance of black caracul is manifest in this creation worn by Loretta Young. The shoulder-cape theme is presented. The skirt is slightly flared.

Below, left, the lounging pajamas of the new season! The coatee is of white galyak with scarf collar; the wide nautical-cut trousers are in black caracul.

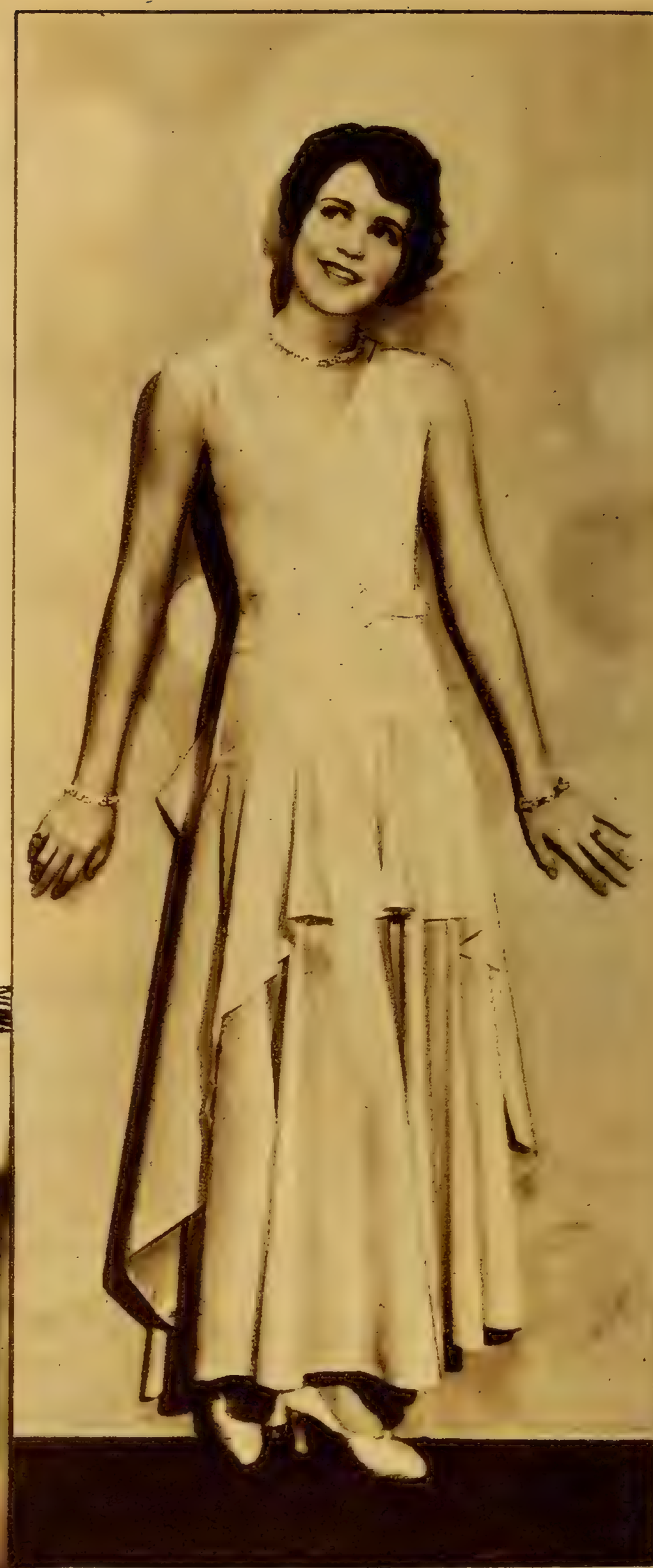
Below, right, another glimpse of the new fur pajamas of black and white. Note the peplum. And doesn't Myrna Loy look yummy in this smart ensemble?

Photographs of Misses Young, Lee and Loy by Bert Longworth; of Miss Moylan, by Hurrell.

WORN BY SCREEN STARS

Koshiba

Claire Luce is wearing an intricately draped dinner gown of hyacinth-blue. The only ornament is the jeweled buckle at the belt. With this gown Claire wears a velvet evening wrap trimmed with white fox.



Elmer Fryer

Above, ideal for the deb is Sue Carol's off-white gown of moire taffeta with its simple lines. A crystal buckle at the belt, crystal necklace and bracelets and slipper buckles are the only ornaments.

Left, the flaring sleeves are the distinctive feature in this frock worn by Dorothy Jordan. Bands of silver cloth outline the neckline and edge the snug elbow sleeves above the cuffs.

O. S. Bull

Film Favorites Grace the

Fred R. Archer

Above, Lotti Loder wears with Continental chic this white satin evening gown with crystal shoulder-straps. Note the classic simplicity of most of the new gowns for the fall.

Hurrell

Catherine Moylan's short evening coat is fashioned of yellow velvet and black fox. The sleeves receive their fullness by the shirred arrangement down the side of the arm, giving the wide fan effect.

Right, with her gown pictured on the opposite page Dorothy Jordan wears this short white velvet wrap with a collar of white fox with fox heads forming an unusual cuff finish.

C. S. Ball

New Gowns and Wraps

Norma Shearer wears a crystal and pearl necklace.

Joan Crawford's sports bracelet is patterned after a horse's bit.

Ruth Roland's choker is of turquoise, amethyst, white jade.

Left, Lillian Roth's new silk turban is black, white, and two shades of blue.

Right, a bee of onyx, crystal and gold rests on Mary Brian's new fall bonnet.

ACCESSORIES

Left, Bessie Love likes to have her shoes match her bag. She chooses snakeskin. Both shoes and bag are from I. Miller and Sons, Inc. Smart!

Raquel Torres' new handbag has a special device inside the flap to hold her small change. Recommended for the busy girl.

A novelty necklace of silver discs worn by Raquel Torres.

Dorothy Jordan's wide sports bracelet is in the more modern manner.

Padlock earrings! Bessie Love's are locked on with a key.

Claudia Dell is wearing one of the new black velvet tams for fall. (Left.)

Right, Kay Francis' favorite afternoon hat is developed in smart black satin.

are IMPORTANT

Left, the glove bracelet worn by Fay Wray over her gauntlet is composed of ivory and old gold. Others are made of onyx or crystal.

Right, Ruth Roland's novelty jewelry ensemble of necklace, ring, and bracelet, fashioned of Chinese gold, with stones of matrix and carnelian.

HOWARD GREER, noted fashion designer, is seen here with Hedda Hopper. Mr. Greer designed the lovely costumes worn by Miss Hopper on this and other pages of our fall fashion section.

MISTER BROWN

Joe is a sensible comedian—he has no Hamlet complex

By
Bradford Carroll

ONE platitude after another rolls out of the funniest mouth in the world. It's typical of Joe E. Brown that he wishes one would notice the platitudes rather than the mouth. As it is, attention is divided between the two with the mouth getting a bit the best of it. He twists bromides and makes them so much his own that they sound original.

But he doesn't hide an aching heart beneath an exterior of mirth and he doesn't want to play Hamlet and he doesn't give a hang about what happened to the young Napoleon and he can't work up a frenzy over antiques. Which, after all, should entitle him to some distinction in Hollywood, where comedians are popularly supposed to be very serious fellows who go around with long faces, artistic ambitions, dyspepsia, and other impressive affectations.

That brings us to Mister Brown himself — one just doesn't call him Joe until the acquaintance progresses to the point where Mister Brown quite spontaneously and of his own free will slaps one on the back. And what a slap!

What with psychoanalysis, numerology and everything getting such a big play these days we might just as well give you the facts and let you work them out in your own favorite *ism* or *ology*. It's quite all right because Mister Brown would love being analyzed. Being analyzed means having attention and Mister Brown, sterling showman that he is, realizes almost better than anyone out talkie town way the value of having attention. So here goes

Most people think he's Irish. Sometimes he's complimented and again he isn't. It all depends upon who says it. Be that as it may, he isn't Irish.

His father, Mathias Brown, was German; and his mother, Anna Brown, was Welsh. That, he avers, had nothing whatever to do with his mouth. It was one of those things that just happened.

Mathias was a contractor who had difficulty in making ends meet. The family occupied half of a duplex apartment house in Toledo, Ohio. The other half was rented by the Maloneys, a clan with numerous children and scant finances. The whole place swarmed with Browns and Maloneys of assorted sizes and temperaments.

One of the Maloney boys got a job with a circus as a member of an acrobatic aerial act. He promised Joe Brown that he would get him into the act when there was an opening.

Joe was nine years old when he became the youngest member of The Five Marvelous Ashtons, a sensational aerial act which headlined Ringling Brothers, Sells-Floto, Robertson's and other large circuses. A story has been published to the effect that Joe ran away with the circus but, as a matter of fact, he went with the full knowledge and consent of his parents who could see no reason for being excited about having one less mouth to feed.

There's no aching heart hiding beneath Joe E. Brown's smiling exterior. He started with a circus.

The manager of the Ashton troupe beat the younger boys and gave them barely enough to keep body and soul together. Just before the season closed he always bought them a new suit of clothes so Joe went back to his home in Toledo for the vacation looking very prosperous. He never told his mother how he was mistreated for fear she would not let him return. Traveling with a circus gave him undeniable prestige in the eyes of Toledo schoolboys.

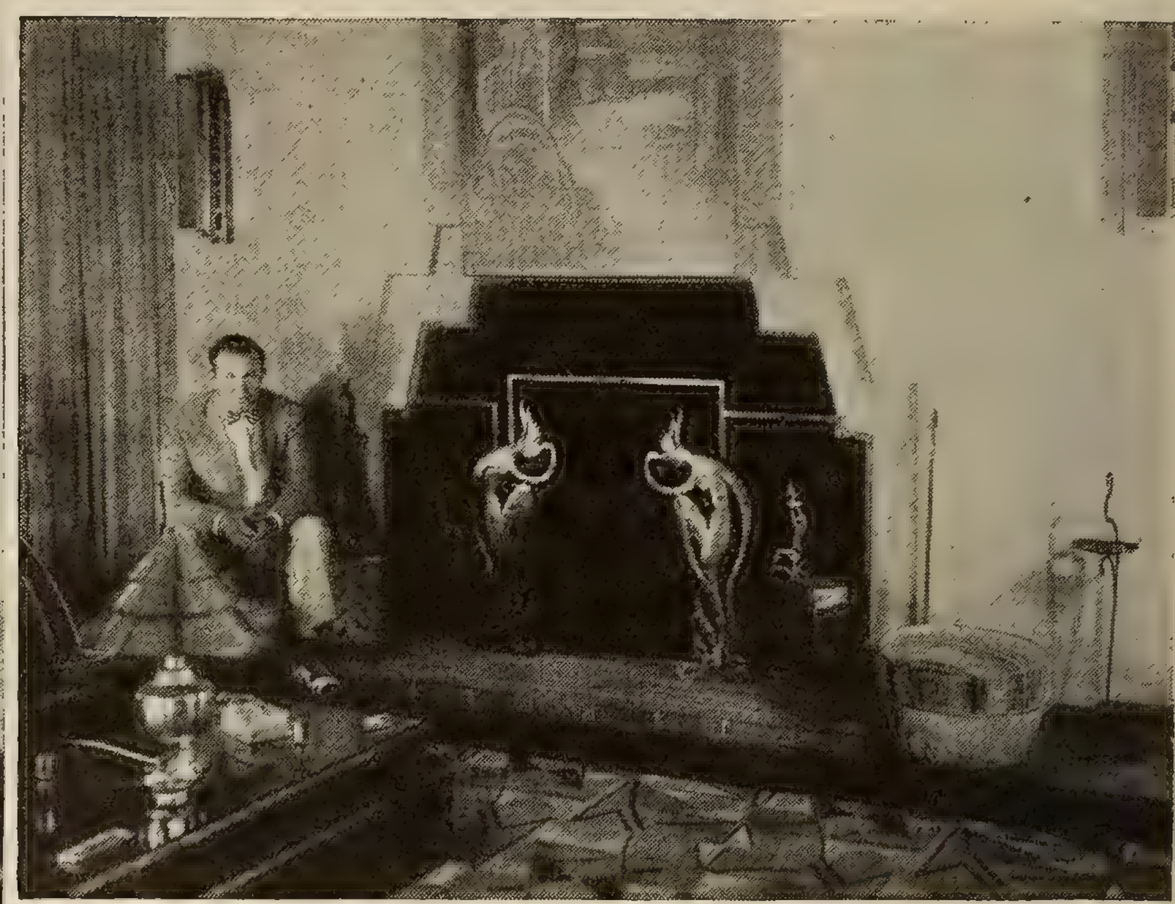
The Ashtons were filling a vaudeville engagement in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake of 1906. Joe declares that he has never had such a good time in all his life. He treated the whole affair just as though it had been staged for his personal enjoyment.

He raided a demolished grocery store where he obtained crackers, $100 worth of caviar, a case of canned corn and a case of champagne. He had all he wanted to eat for the first time in months and became gloriously drunk on the champagne. His landlady, seeing that her home would

(Continued on page 122)

With Lillian Roth (left) modernism finds its outlet in jewelry. The distinctive and beautiful set she is wearing is of genuine Chinese jade.

Below: Charlie Mack's modest mansion of twenty-two rooms is done entirely in cubes and oblongs. Note the fireplace with its unusual lines.



THEY WANT

Hollywood stars go the current fad in modernism one better

By S. R. Mook

STRANGE things transpire under the Hollywood sun but none are stranger than the determination of the folks who make the movies to be *different* at all costs. The insistent struggle for distinction is as unending—and quite as important—as the fight to the top. The crest of individuality is the peg over which publicity, public attention and other what-nots, so dear to the heart of the actor, is draped. Thus, Clara Bow dyes her hair flamingo; Alice White goes sockless; Joan Crawford carries dolls; Ruth Roland wears tiaras; Charlie Farrell owns a Ford.

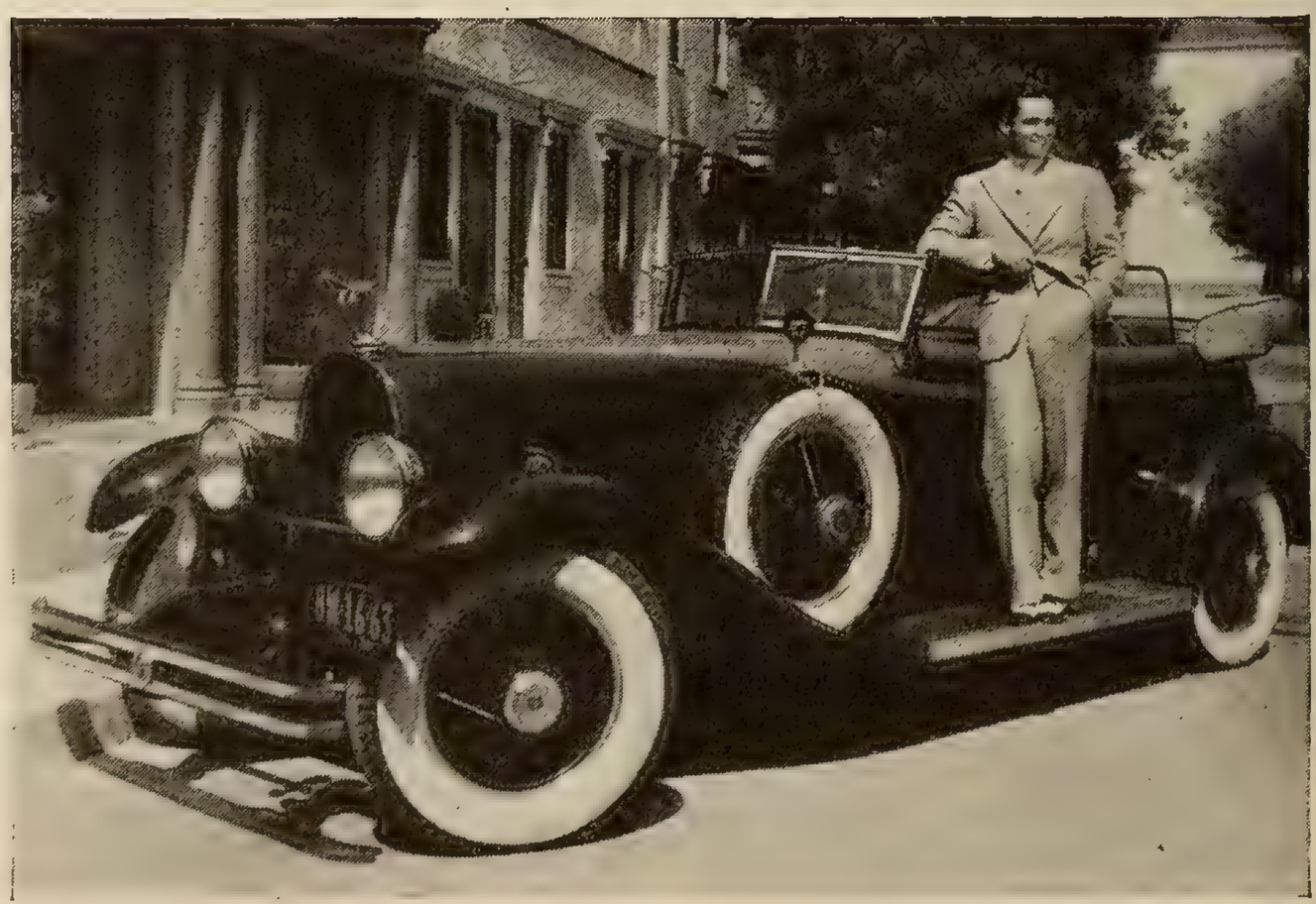
The motor cars of the celebrated are colorful beyond description. Bright greens and reds, yellows and blues, black and whites are the favorite *motifs*.

Clothes are equally colorful. Anything from pajamas to overcoats may be checkered in any preferred combination, yellow and black being a specialty.

The fad of the hour—modernism—which sounds a warning note to the rest of the country, is only a gentle hint to Hollywood who can be guaranteed to go it one better, and those who might criticize the extremity, have only to remember that the things that make the stars different are the very things that cause us to write fan letters. The less like You and I—the better.

When material things fail there are always ideas to fall back upon, and when the *moderne* influence made itself felt just recently, Hollywood took it up with a gust of enthusiasm and fitted its cubes and angles into everything from furniture to marriage.

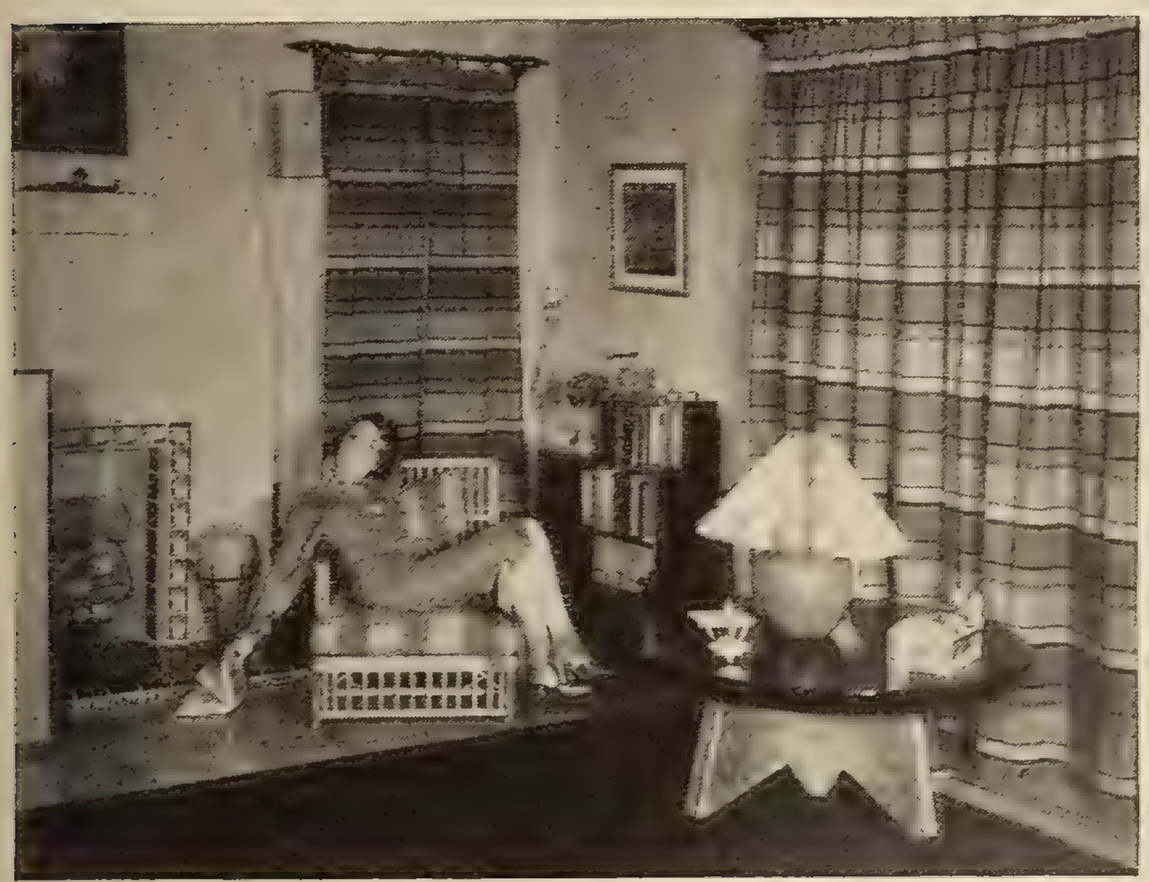
It's a toss-up whether Buddy Rogers aims to attract with his clothes or his automobile. Buddy loudly disclaims that there is anything extreme about his sartorial adornment. "My clothes may be—well,



Charles 'Buddy' Rogers' new car is stream-lined like nothing ever seen before. The body is navy blue, striped and streaked in a lighter shade of blue.

Lilyan Tashman (right) has been a radical from the time she hit Hollywood. But where her modernism runs rampant is in literature and art.

Below, Dorothy Sebastian in her ultra-modern bungalow home has all the modernistic accessories with which to express her colorful personality.



TO BE DIFFERENT

'tricky,' but they aren't extreme," he insists. On the other hand, it might ruin a banker to go to work in the same outfit Buddy dons for a morning suit. But even Buddy has to admit that the car is something else again.

Believe me, it is! It is a Dupont and is stream-lined like nothing you've ever seen before—or since. The body is navy blue, streaked and striped in a lighter shade of blue. The tires are a heavy cord, so heavy that the car can be run on a flat without damaging the tubes. It is a convertible type and can be made into a town car, sedan or sports touring.

The practical-minded Buddy explains that it was this feature which attracted him to the car as it enables him to get along with one car—an open car for himself and a closed car for his family. That, and the fact that he got such a good trade on his Packard. But I believe that unless it had been bizarre he would not have bought it despite the practical advantages it offered.

The seats are pneumatic and are made of light blue leather. Sitting down on one of them is like sinking into old Aunt Abby's feather bed. There are windshields and wind-deflectors wherever you look. Five gear shifts—four forward and one reverse. Two cabinets in the back: one for a radio (which Buddy rejected because it cost $300 extra) and the other for the family jewels or other valuables.*

In defending this yen for the extreme Buddy says: "Things like this (indicating his car) express the period we're living in. Just because it's new, why should we avoid it and stick to the conservative things? It's the different things that advance the world. People expect actors to be different so why shouldn't we take advantage of it? It's fun!"

It's the same with Lilyan Tashman, who has managed to establish herself as an authority on every subject requiring the need of one. Lilyan has been a radical from the time she hit Hollywood. It was her idea—that putting bowls of very *moderne* fruit in her bathroom.

But where modernism really runs rampant in Lilyan is in literature and art. "Go back to Thackeray and you find the whole book cluttered up with descriptions of this and that and nothing at all. Today in books the same thing is said in a paragraph of three or four sentences. We use shorter sentences and choose words that have a terrific, driving power. Words that will convey what we formerly took a sentence to put across. I can cite you any one of a half dozen old books that are just as frank as 'Galaxy,' 'Yama,' 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' 'Other Men's Wives,' etc. Take these and compare them to Boccaccio's 'Decameron Nights,' or de Maupassant. I think you will agree that, despite the reputation that has accrued to the latter works, these modernistic ones are equally well written, the subjects just as adroitly handled, and infinitely more interesting. I do not believe that modernistic literature is necessarily erotic but I think it is franker and possibly, more esoteric as a general rule than that of fifteen or twenty years ago."

Miss Tashman whisked out of the room to get some modernistic refreshments and I started looking through some of the modernistic literature. The pictures I saw made me feel more like "Alice in Wonder- (Cont. on page 120)

* Buddy wishes it clearly understood that the gag about one of the cabinets in his car being suitable as a safe for the family jewels and other valuables is only a gag. He has no family jewels and doesn't drink so he uses it to keep magazines in. I stoutly maintain, however, that if he had family jewels or liquor he could keep them in that cabinet.

Author's note.

NEWS!

Nancy Carroll

When a screen beauty becomes a star—that's nothing. But when a star turns into a first-rate dramatic actress, that's news. The transformation of a cutie into an artist

By Thomas Talbott

It happens every day. A pretty little girl steps out of the chorus or stock or somewhere into pictures. The public takes to her hair or her eyes or her smile or something and presto!—she's a star. And that's that. And usually, that's all.

But here's something new. Here's a cutie who cut loose from the ensemble because she wanted to—she *had* to—act. She found a place in pictures because she was so all-fired nice to look at. But her acting ambitions languished from lack of nutrition. Nobody, apparently, expected her to act. All that was required of her was to look pretty. You might expect her big ambitions to lay right down and die. But you don't know this particular—and very special little red-headed, fighting Irish girl.

Meet, then, Nancy Carroll. No, no, not that one. You don't know *this* Nancy. She's new. She's hot. She's a real dramatic actress about whom critics as well as public are never tired of raving. Since "Devil's Holiday" she has risen from the ranks of mere 'stars' into the Big Six of potent, important screen people. Cuties come and go. The new Nancy Carroll is here to stay.

No more "Sweeties" or "Honeys" for her. From now on she will do drama. Her next will be "Laughter" and she swears there is no theme song in it.

But maybe we'd better go back to the beginning. That is, the beginning of Nancy Carroll. It's not so far back, at that, but you'd never know she was the same girl!

Twenty years ago, a bare-footed Irish girl, four years old, played about the Tenth Avenue railroad tracks which run along a certain section of New York City's Hudson River front.

This community was composed almost entirely of Irish, flung across the Atlantic Ocean on the broad ebb tide of emigration. You would think, in such a Gaelic gathering, one little freckle-faced Irish girl more or less wouldn't make much difference. But this one did. She stood out in the neighborhood, even then. A rose blooming on an ash heap. There was temperament, deviltry in her blue eyes, and a power of wise words at the point of her agile red tongue, on both of which she has capitalized two decades later.

When the child turned fourteen and left the eighth grade to go on the stage, the neighbors said she would come to no good end. But she did. Today, she is one of the greatest dramatic actresses on the talking motion picture screen. And it has all come about over night so far as the world is concerned.

Yesterday, she was a chorus cutie from Broadway, depending upon the curve of breast and ankle to get ahead in the world. Today, she is at the top of the heap. Fixed. Fast. Fearless.

"Devil's Holiday," one of the finest talking pictures to date, raises Nancy to a dramatic position which she has never occupied before.

Sure, "Devil's Holiday" has only the usual hackneyed plot which can be summed up in seven words: "Hard-boiled girl meets young love.

(Cont. on page 118)

When Nancy Carroll was the cherub of the chorus, in her Broadway musical comedy days.

Today's new Nancy can't help grinning when she looks at the chubby kid she used to be.

MAKE WAY

These camera artists make some of the 'Most Beautiful Stills'

Clifton Kling and Gaston Longet have been signed by RKO to make camera studies of current productions. The boys will have as subjects such stars as Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Betty Compson, Dorothy Lee, June Clyde.

If two out of five hundred contestants win ten out of twenty contests, certainly the winners know their business!

If these two are 'still' cameramen, and a certain film studio adds them to its roster—the studio also knows its business!

Which is to say that RKO recently signed Clifton Kling and Gaston Longet on contracts.

Between them, these two cameramen won ten of SCREENLAND'S "Most Beautiful Still of the Month" contests within 20 months.

Kling had six stills published in a full page display, while Longet won the page with four.

Both recently won front cover positions on International Photographer's magazine. More than one thousand professional photographs compete monthly in this contest.

Longet, a native of Paris, explains his technique as follows:

"Composition is the important thing in beautiful camera studies. That implies balance, proportion, and suitable subject matter."

Kling maintains "Color is the thing!"

He was cautioned that color translates into black and white when photographed.

"Yes, but it is the vibrant shades of black and white that count. The result is action in stills!

"You see; I raise gladiolas—I study natural color!"

A short essay on horticulture followed before he could be stopped. It's Kling's avocation.

Both work with different formulae. Both arrive at practically the same result.

It never occurs to either that they are gifted with a sense of beauty denied the majority of human beings.

"Now there's Betty Compson," says Kling, who, unlike Longet, has been cut from a *Huckleberry Finn* pattern—even to freckles, cow-lick and boyish heedlessness. "There's a woman with color!

"But (and he mentioned another star), gee, what a difficult subject!"

Longet and Kling won their contracts on the strength of their pictures which won SCREENLAND'S *"Most Beautiful Still" page ten out of twenty months. We can pick them!*

There is nothing that arouses antagonism in a 'still' man like an unphotographable subject.

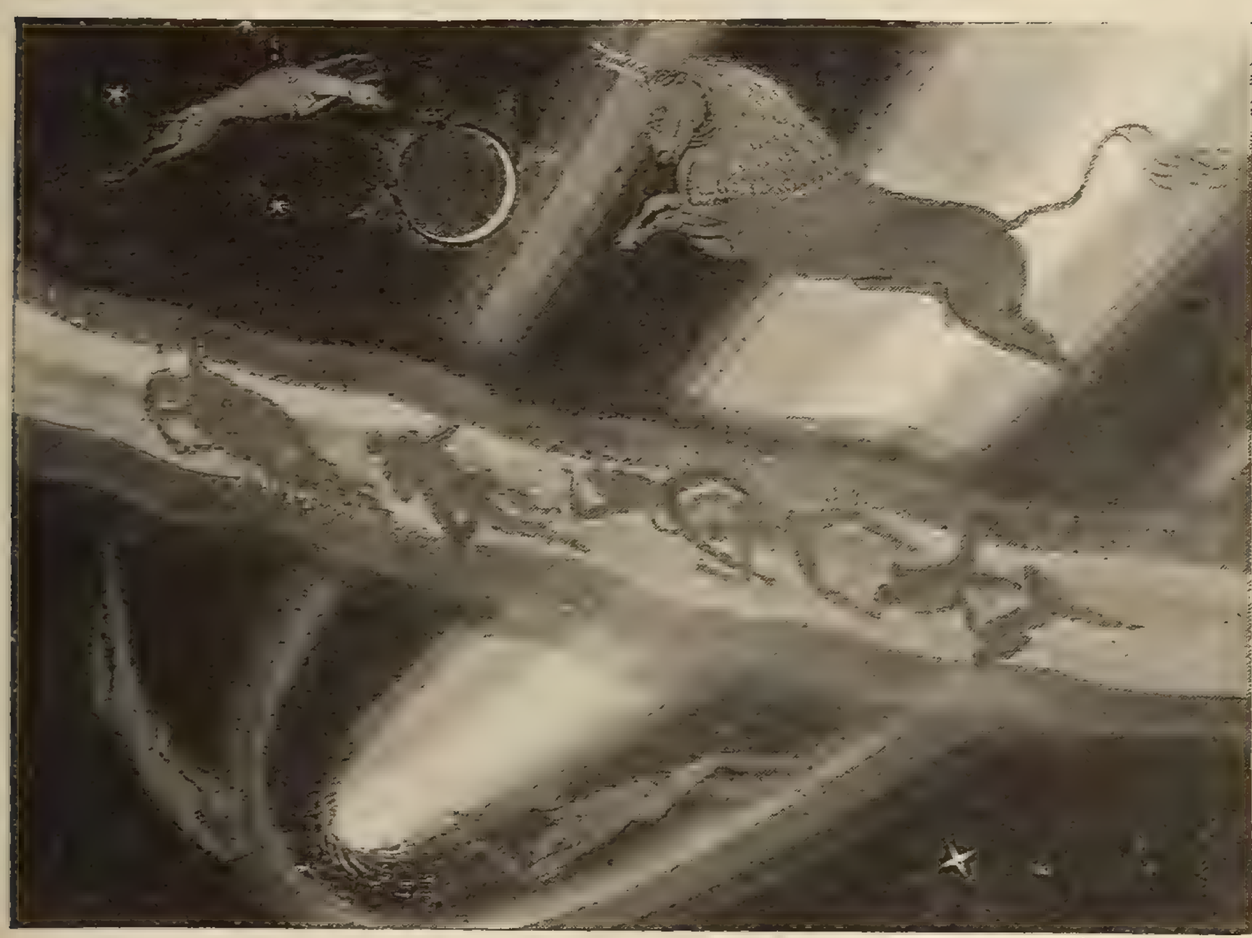
"Pola Negri, Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels will work with you 'til the cows come home. Negri is difficult, but makes up for it by working hard to please."

"Let me," chimed in Longet, "say a word for my favorite movie subjects. Of all the men, give me Emil Jannings and Bert Wheeler. I can photograph the back of their heads in a fog and get a personality picture of either.

"The women? I choose Lupe Velez or Olive Borden. Their dark beauty provides the happy medium between high-lights and shadow! Marvelous! *N'est-ce pas?*"

The competition is keen among Hollywood camera artists to win our 'Most Beautiful Still' page. Some time we'll tell you more about these clever men behind the cameras. Hail the 'still' artists!

for the ARTISTS!

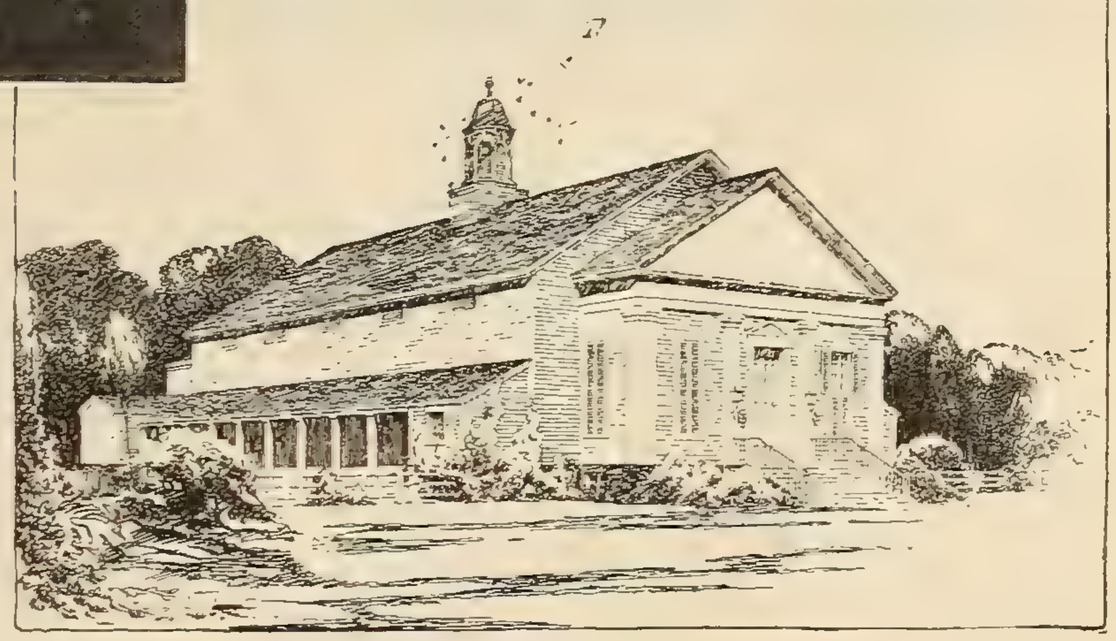


Rockwell Kent designs a mural for movie playhouse

Photographs by Peter Juley and Son

Right: detail of Rockwell Kent's mural, the largest single canvas ever commissioned.

A sketch of Rockwell Kent's gigantic mural, a single canvas five thousand feet square, designed for the Cape Cinema at Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass. It is twice the size of Tintoretto's 'Paradise' and is a symbolic representation of the heavens.



The Cape Cinema, an old church turned into a theater. Rockwell Kent and Jo Mielziner, the scenic artist, have done the decorating.

WHEN every well-known author, artist, Broadway actor and producer seems headed for Hollywood and the talkies, the announcement that the artist, Rockwell Kent, and the scenic designer, Jo Mielziner, are about to enter what may be loftily termed 'cinema art' might occasion no more than a passing "What ho!" or "Well, well!"—except that the Messrs. Kent and Mielziner are going in for the movies by a different door, as it were. In the first place, they are not going to Hollywood; and they have not been engaged for a fantastic sum as art directors, scenic designers or even light and color experts. They are to decorate a new movie playhouse, the Cape Cinema at Dennis, Cape Cod, Mass. Both are very serious about it, quietly engrossed in it at present, and seem hopeful that their gesture in applying a modern artist's concept to the inside of a movie house may stimulate a lot of other artists to go and do likewise.

"For a long time it has struck me as peculiar," commented Jo Mielziner yesterday, at his scenic studio, where he stood surrounded by maps, blue prints, and canvasses, "that modern art has been used in every branch of motion picture work except theater interiors. Often the building itself shows the best of modern architecture. We all know about the time and money lavished on the making of pictures themselves. But the inside of most movie houses is hopelessly behind the times. That's why it fascinates an artist of the fame of Rockwell Kent to work on this little cinema that's being built on Cape Cod."

Mr. Kent, who has done nearly everything else in the art field, with a good deal of resulting glory, has never before worked in the theater. Mielziner has seldom worked outside the theater; he is famous for his stage settings.

The history of the Cape Cod venture interested Kent and Mielziner not a little. A young Virginian named Raymond Moore, who loved the theater and was one of the Provincetown group of painters not so long ago, settled at Dennis, Cape Cod, several summers ago, and wanted something to do and somewhere to go evenings. He bought an old church, turned it into a theater, and rounded up some Broadway actors who fell in with the idea of working and vacationing on Cape Cod at the same time. "The Cape Playhouse," said Jo Mielziner, "has had three seasons of unusual success, with good Broadway plays and players. But Raymond Moore decided that entertainment on the Cape was not complete without a movie house. As an artist he had definite ideas about the kind of theater he wanted. It must be simple, in the mood of the Cape, intimate, comfortable, and unusual. That he interested architects like Rodgers and Poor, who designed the building, and drew Rockwell Kent into the theater after all these years, is proof of Mr. Moore's belief in his idea."

The outstanding decoration of the house, according to Mielziner, will be a gigantic mural, a single canvas five thousand feet square. "This is the largest single canvas ever commissioned," put in the artist. "It is twice the size of Tintoretto's famous 'Paradise' in Venice."

ANN—Ash-blonde

CONSTANCE—Golden-blonde

BLONDES *STILL*

And why not, when they are as interesting Meet Mary and Constance and Helen and

ANN HARDING, the first blonde of Pathé's golden quartet to be signed by that company, is Broadway's gift to the screen. She made her first big stage hit in "Tarnish" but there's real 14 karat gold in that ash-blonde hair!

About seven years ago, Ann, an army officer's daughter, quit the old army post to come to New York. She immediately got herself a job with the Metropolitan—(no, not Opera Company) Life Insurance. But one day an extra spurt of ambition seized her and she hied herself down to the Provincetown Playhouse, where a group of writers and actors were managing a 'little theater movement.' P. S. She got the job! She remained until their season closed. Then she accepted a rôle in "Like A King," which died before it reached Broadway. Next she tried stock. Later, in "Tarnish," she emerged as the season's theatrical find. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" was another success.

By this time Miss Harding was Mrs. Harry Bannister, mother of little Jane Bannister. Harry Bannister was sent west with "Strange Interlude." So the Bannister family moved to California. Ann had no movie aspirations at that time but almost every movie company bid for her services and Pathé won her signature. Ann is about five feet two inches in height, and weighs about 106 pounds. She always wears her long ash-blonde hair in Madonna-like fashion. Her eyes are a clear blue-gray. Her new pictures are "Holiday" and "The Girl of the Golden West."

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S mother didn't want her to be an actress. This blondest of the glamourous Bennetts seemed all set for a social career. She attended a Park Avenue school for girls and later Mrs. Merrill's school in Mamaroneck—then on to Paris where she was 'finished' at Mme. Balsan's school. An education for a debutante—which Constance duly became at a formal coming-out in Washington. Mrs. Bennett's domestic ambitions for her pretty daughter looked promising—until papa Bennett took her to an Equity Ball in New York. Samuel Goldwyn, picture impresario, was present; and after one look at Miss Bennett he offered her a job—acting in the movies. The deb died and the actress was born!

She strolled away with the screen version of Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," her first rôle. Then came a career in Hollywood in such films as "The Goose Hangs High" and "Sally, Irene and Mary." Metro offered her a starring contract; she accepted—but before she ever went to work she changed her mind and eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, with a young Manhattan millionaire named Phil Plant. Society had reclaimed Constance. Then the Plants separated. The Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye, Pathé's European representative, signed Constance for his company. Back to America and Hollywood gold and glory! Golden blonde hair, blue eyes—5 feet 4 inches, about 100 pounds of loveliness.

HELEN—Golden-blonde

MARY—Reddish-gold blonde

PREFERRED!

as Pathe's prize quartet of golden beauties? Ann! All nice girls and good actresses

HELEN TWELVETREES says it's her real name. That's why she has fought so hard to keep it when stage and picture producers tried to persuade her to change it for a shorter and snappier one. "Anyway," says sprightly Helen, "once heard it's never forgotten!" The little slender blonde whose *bête noire* is being told that she looks so much like Lillian Gish —not that she doesn't admire Lillian but she'd like to be liked for herself alone—is carving a real career for herself in Hollywood after a false start. She went out there from Broadway and was cast as a lisping girl in "The Ghost Talks," thus becoming a pioneer talking picture heroine. However, producers got the idea she couldn't speak without lisping, so her career languished and she was about to return to Manhattan when Pathé decided she was just the type for "The Grand Parade." She scored in her second chance and followed with "Swing High." Now she's established.

Helen began her stage career with the Stuart Walker Players and in addition to acting did considerable work as an artists' model. Remember Alice Joyce, Dolores Costello, and other luminaries were once models, too. Helen qualified with her well-proportioned five feet three, her delicate features, turquoise blue eyes, and soft golden hair. By way of diversion this dainty doll-like blonde actually prefers prize fights! Helen's latest picture is "Her Man," in which she is permitted to do some real acting.

MARY LEWIS might have inspired the good old saying, "Oh, you Kidd!" for she was originally Mary Kidd of Hot Springs, Arkansas. But she didn't. Mary doesn't go in for slang. She is a very good scout all the same, never having forgotten her early struggles nor allowing her later successes to alter her head size. And a very pretty head it is, too, crowned with reddish-golden hair. Her eyes are blue, her lashes long; her figure is svelte these days, thanks to Sylvia's massages and Mary's grit and determination; and her sense of humor is in excellent working order. A prima donna with common sense—that's Mary.

She can't remember when she first began to sing. And she's always loved to dance. Both talents lead her to leave Arkansas with a musical comedy troupe; and when the show went broke in San Francisco, she got a job singing at Tait's. The work was strenuous and it never occurred to Mary to be careful of her voice, until one night she lost it! It isn't surprising she soon found herself in pictures—remember, they were silent then. She became a Christie comedy girl and stopped custard pies until, one day, her voice came back, and with it all her ambitions. She went to New York and, beginning in the chorus, worked her way up, through the Ziegfeld Follies, to the Metropolitan Opera House, with study and experience in Europe in between. Now she has signed to do two pictures. The first will be "The Siren Song."

Ramon Novarro and the gift guitar which he offers to a SCREENLAND *reader for a letter. He has autographed it to the winner—an added inducement to you to enter his contest.*

A GIFT *from* RAMON NOVARRO

Which of the following Ramon Novarro silent screen successes would you like to have him remake into talking pictures: "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince"? Write a letter answering this question and stating your reasons for selection. The best letter wins Ramon's gift guitar.

All photographs of Mr. Novarro by Hurrell

RIGHT: the versatile and musical Ramon Novarro offers a gift in keeping with his personality—a musical instrument. We all know that Novarro studied voice culture before the movies learned to talk, and that he plays several instruments, including the piano, organ, and the guitar. This Dobro amplifying gift guitar is exactly like the one Ramon himself uses. It comes in a good-looking black leather case. Write the best letter and win his gift. By best letter is meant the clearest, sincerest and most concise.

GRETA GARBO is reviving "Romance." Long, trailing dresses and old-fashioned puff sleeves are in vogue again—and now Ramon Novarro is offering a guitar as a gift. Who said the good old days were gone forever? It's the hey-hey days that are passé. The guitar is the thing! And now the thing for you to do is to write the winning letter answering Ramon Novarro's question and then you will be able to strum your favorite theme song on Ramon's guitar.

Address:—RAMON NOVARRO
SCREENLAND CONTEST DEPARTMENT
45 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes September 10, 1930

How the Stars Entertain

Carmel Myers gave a masquerade party attended by the elite of the film colony. Here's the hostess in her 'drug-store cowboy' suit of white satin and ostrich feathers.

Carmel is Mrs. Ralph Blum in private life. She gave her party in honor of Edith and Irene Mayer.

"MASQUERADE parties are so delightfully devilish!" exclaimed Patsy, "that they give a thrill even to this more or less hectic Hollywood. And they're so romantic, too. You escape into such a delightful land of make-believe, where all sorts of beings of every age and every clime make merry side by side, and—"

"Forget poetry," I admonished, "and tell your pal all about it in Hollywood language. Where is this marvelous party to be held? Who is giving it?"

"Well, that's the best part of it," Patsy answered. "Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, are the hosts, and you know what nice parties they give. Carmel has a sense of humor, thank heaven. Anybody who gives a masquerade gets so much out of it if he has a sense of humor."

"Well, as long as the joke isn't on us—" I answered.

Vernon Rickard took us, and almost as soon as we entered somebody—a cute girl in a cowboy outfit—or was it a cowgirl outfit? — told Vernon that he probably was wanting to escape from himself by wearing that "Desert Song" outfit, and Vernon, being Irish and gallant, answered quickly — "Yes, to escape to you!"

Vernon has played in musical comedy and over the radio, and is headed for pictures.

"It would be a shame to waste his good looks on the radio," confided Patsy.

But that 'cowgirl'—she turned out to be Carmel Myers herself, after we unmasked.

We found that Carmel had gone out the back gate, and had come in the front way like a guest. Nobody guessed who the little figure in the cowboy outfit was, although everybody agreed that no cowboy ever went about his chores dressed in a satin suit of white!

Everybody was mystified until a tall stranger dressed as a gypsy carelessly put his arm around Carmel. Then, as she pushed him away, somebody shouted, "Carmel!" From which one deduced that Carmel did not permit strange gypsies to embrace her.

After that, Ralph Blum, clad in Russian costume of black satin, pretended to be very jealous of everybody who spoke to Carmel.

Just then Vernon caught sight of a cute little Dutch girl, and trotted after her. He said he was sure she wouldn't be able to speak a word of English, but, though she spoke nicely to him in French, she turned out to be Lila Lee, who is as American as the Statue of Liberty.

"Carmel's house lends itself beautifully to parties," remarked Patsy. "I suppose it's because Spanish architects have in mind the big families and the warm hospitality of their countrymen, and this house is Spanish."

You enter a big sort of garden patio through a grille; and that patio, on the night of the party, was softly lighted from the house and with colored lanterns. There was a bewildering array of guests, and we positively couldn't guess who anybody was until the unmasking.

Except that Patsy said she was sure she was dancing with Robert Leonard, once, and sure enough when he unmasked she had found she was right. He's such a wonderful dancer, you know.

We found most of the guests either in the patio or in the big whoopee room, which is right off from it.

"Oh, look at the little sailor with the long blonde curls!" exclaimed Patsy. "I'll bet she started out to be Lord Fauntleroy and got sidetracked."

HIGH SOCIETY *in* HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley

But we learned afterward that the sailor boy was Mildred Davis Lloyd. And it turned out that Mildred had thrown out the curls as a signal, as it were, to give people a clue to her identity, since she always wore them when she was Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

Harold himself came as a sailor, too, but found the room too warm and took off his mask almost at once. We simply couldn't have borne that from anybody except Harold, but he was so amusing about it, we had to forgive him.

He said he never saw a sailor furling the flying jib-boom with one of those things on, and he wanted to be nothing if not authentic.

"I don't suppose," whispered Patsy, "that Beatrice Lillie ever could do anything so undignified as to kid around in a masquerade, do you? You see she isn't masked or costumed, and as a matter of fact, I don't think it would become her style to be."

Miss Lillie looked very smart in a charming evening gown.

The men all seemed to favor Spanish bull-fighters' costumes, and the most resplendent matador turned out to be Carl Laemmle, Jr. He danced with a lady dressed as *Carmen,* whom we found to be Norma Talmadge, but Norma said she couldn't possibly be persuaded to look at a bull-fight.

Gertrude Olmstead was a lovely little *Boy Blue,* but didn't seem to be any more worried about the sheep of childish legend than did the original, for, though she blew her little horn melodiously, she seemed quite contented that it merely brought the men flocking around her.

Lila Lee, Blanche Sweet, Jack Conway and some others had a lot of fun standing at the door, pretending to guess who the guests were, and calling out kiddingly to the masqueraders.

They called out "Little Eva!" to Marie Dressler, who wore a blonde wig and wide hat; and they dubbed Carl Laemmle, Jr., "Bull Montana!"

Mary Eaton, who is Mrs. Millard Webb, wife of the director, in real life, was dazzlingly pretty in a *Queen Elizabeth* costume, and said that, thus arrayed, she felt as if she could, if she wished, boss even her husband, and that she needed something ultra in the way of a costume to give her the courage to really boss anybody.

June Collyer looked lovely in a peasant girl's costume, and attracted a crowd of gentlemen peasants.

Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman, Carl's sister, wore a pink chiffon costume like those worn in Paul Whiteman's picture, "The King of Jazz," and Carl, Jr., went about kiddingly calling attention to his sister's dress, as though advertising the picture, by exclaiming from time to time, "It's from 'The King of Jazz!' "

Thelma Todd came right from the studio, wearing a thin black lace costume, which became her blonde beauty very well indeed. Claudette Colbert wasn't going to run any risk of losing her reputation for being the best dressed woman of New York by putting on any sort of disguise, apparently. At any rate, she appeared stunningly clad in a biege evening gown, with no mask.

Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda, the producer's wife, were there, Louise dressed as *Buttercup* of "Pinafore" fame, and acting the part so admirably that it put the idea into our heads to dash up to Harry Warner and beseech him to film the Gilbert and Sullivan opera with Louise as *Buttercup.*

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane were there; Patsy Ruth Miller and her director-husband, Tay Garnett; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Mrs. Harry Warner, with her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Justus Mayer, Johnny Farrow, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, and many others. (*Continued on page* 123)

Bebe and Ben—Hollywood's latest and most popular young married couple. Many parties were given in their honor by their famous friends.

Dorothy Jordan stayed out too long in the sun, we suspect, but bleachnig cream will remedy that, so she's not taking it too seriously.

Josephine Dunn, below, matches her skin tone in powder. A bit darker rather than lighter, is best for summer make-up.

Dorothy Jordan uses lipstick with discretion and artistry, applying a bit more at the center than at the outer corners of her mouth.

WAYS *and* MEANS *to* BEAUTY

By
Anne Van Alstyne

LAST month I advised you about protection against sunburn. Whether you heeded it or not I have no way of knowing. If you did heed it, you're in luck now, at least in better luck than those who threw caution to the winds and let Old Sol and the brisk winds do their worst. If you didn't heed it, all I can do now is to peddle comfort and help you as best I can to get back to normal.

Yes, I know I advocated sun-baths; I still do. But there's such a thing as getting too much sun, particularly on the face and hair, and especially if they have not been given protective care. Faces get plenty of light and air; in fact, most of them get too much. That's why we are always trying to put back into skins the oils that they lose through exposure. Sunlight is health-giving. It makes the body function better and it gives to the face the healthy look that is popular now and is always becoming. However, an overdose of sun defeats its purpose. No matter how even and becoming a coat of tan may be it toughens the skin, makes it less active in renewing itself as a normal skin should, and leaves it with a weather-beaten tone, coarse in texture and depleted in natural oils.

Small wonder that at this season the beauty specialists and cosmetic manufacturers are complacent over the fact that their rueful customers are back from seashore, mountain and farm clamoring for complexions that are fair and fine-textured again. Dry, sun-tanned skins must be lubricated, bleached and, if necessary, artificially stimulated so that they may function more freely and rapidly. How to get rid of the once-loved but now hated tan and look 'pink and white' once more —that is the problem.

But before we begin administering comfort, come along, girls, be frank and tell us how we can help. If you spent your summer wisely and well, you're a tone or two darker, quite likely, but healthily so. And you're lithe, slim and bright-eyed and full of vim and vigor. You not only had a grand time, you look grand, too. Come on, speak up; do you come under this head?

Now let's line up on the other side. If you paid no heed to the ounce of cure I already know the result: A red-nosed, flaky-skinned little person whom one never would suspect of having rollicked through weeks of summer joys! Your face, instead of being a romantic olive tint, is rough, red, and liberally besprinkled with freckles. The well-defined V of sunburn on your back and chest are not marks of distinction. Your nose, that you had rather liked because it was well-shaped, white and without blemish is now red and freckled and you don't like it a bit. And you don't like your new frown that's come from too much squinting, nor the lines about your mouth, or your scraggly-looking hair, nor the ten unnecessary

Constructive Care of Skin, Hair and Eyes to Repair the Ravages of Summer's Playtime

pounds you have added to your weight.

Am I right, and would you like to exchange your weather-beaten face for a new, rejuvenated, early autumn face? Oh, well, cheer up! We'll try to give you another chance. If you didn't use the ounce of prevention, we'll just have to scurry around and find for you the pound of cure.

Tan and sunburn arise from action of sunlight and also of the wind. Some skins tan or burn more readily than others. Some never tan but will burn red, while others tan only. Sunburn, if severe, will cause the skin to peel off, previous to which there is a burning sensation, the same as is present with any other blister. A similar effect may be produced by sitting too near a hot fire, and those who have delicate complexions should never allow their faces to become too warm from artificial means.

Freckles are another thing that menace many a girl's peace of mind as well as her otherwise flawless skin. The poet may call them—"scars from the kisses that angels in long embrace have pressed in careless confusion"; but not even that, nor pretty names such as 'Sun Kisses' or 'Kisses of Apollo' can reconcile most girls to an individual possession of these little pests.

Personally, I believe that a few freckles just under the eyes enhance their expression; and we know that as a rule freckles appear only on fair, lovely skins. But that doesn't mean a thing to the average girl. She figures that if her skin is nice with freckles, it would be much nicer without them — and what to do is what she wants to know.

Freckles are, perhaps, the most obstinate of all blemishes. While they may be removed, they are sure to return again so long as conditions remain the same. By conditions, I mean iron in the blood, strong light and lack of prevention. Technically speaking, freckles are caused by little particles of iron which find their way through the drainage tract of the skin and deposit themselves just under the surface of the outer skin. The action of strong light colors them into the irregular discolorations called freckles. Therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that as long as there is iron in the blood and the sun shines, freckles will return unless adequate preventive measures are used.

Iron in the blood is a necessity and sunlight is a necessity to good health: but sunlight applied directly to an unprotected skin is not essential to health. Therefore, if we would avoid freckles and tan we must protect the skin by the use of soothing, protective creams, plentifully applied.

No, I won't take any more space with 'I told you sos.' I'll try to tell you how, having acquired a 'beautiful' coat of tan and a 'fine' sprinkling of freckles you may, chameleon-like, change the color of your skin to a lady-like pallor.

There have been handed down to us many homely remedies such as buttermilk, pure cream, juice of cucumber and lemon juice for fading out sunburn. The first two remedies may be effectual but are messy to use. The third is good, but hard to prepare. Lemon juice is the best home remedy and is well recommended for the daily bleach throughout the year. But for most of us, it is better to use a lotion or cream compounded by reputable chemists and sold by firms who have done much research work and much experimenting before offering their products for sale.

In removing either tan or freckles, there are two processes to be considered: either a long, slow bleaching of the skin with mild preparations, or the quicker method with stronger preparations which cause a slight peeling of the epidermis or outer skin. Which to use should be determined by the nature of the individual skin. As bleaches are frequently irritating, they should not be used in their full strength on a sensitive skin and should never be used when any inflammatory condition exists.

Jeanette MacDonald's mirror reflects the beauty of hair that is well-burnished, live and vital from daily brushing, scalp massage and exquisite cleanliness.

If you are in doubt about your skin, give it this test before applying any bleaching preparation. Apply it on the skin of your arm just above the elbow before retiring and allow it to remain there all night. If, after removing it, the skin shows no irritation, the chances are that the cosmetic is not too strong to use on your face and neck. Should the skin show irritation, either mix the bleaching cream with cold cream or apply a thin film of cream before adding the bleach. Or you may find it satisfactory to use the bleach one night, and on alternate nights use a good nourishing cream.

This process takes longer, but it is better to take more time than to run the risk of irritating the skin still further. If in your impatience you carelessly applied an undiluted bleach too strong for your skin and find it red and irritated after the first treatment, cover the surface

(Continued on page 114)

Stunting to Stardom

The story of Hoot Gibson—first a 'stunt' man, then an actor, now an idol

By Franklin James

It is said that when children and dogs like a man he must be pretty much all right. Children, boys particularly, like Hoot Gibson, and if they have their way about it they never miss a picture of his. It's a great asset to a star to be liked by children. It is one thing that has contributed to the long continued popularity of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin—their ability to hold the love and loyalty of young people; and only these three have been stars as long or longer than Hoot Gibson.

Among Hoot's loyal fans today are not only thousands of children but adults who were children ten years ago. Recently he had a letter from a man who followed his pictures in 1919. Today, he has two small sons and he takes them to see every Gibson picture. The speed and dash of the west appeal to all alike, men, women and children.

All of Hoot's boy fans will be envious when I say that when I went to interview Gibson his first act was to take me by plane three hundred miles north of Hollywood where he flew every day on location. And after we reached his location at Castle Rock, we continued the interview on horseback! This was a real stunt to me but not to be compared to the stunts that Hoot told me about.

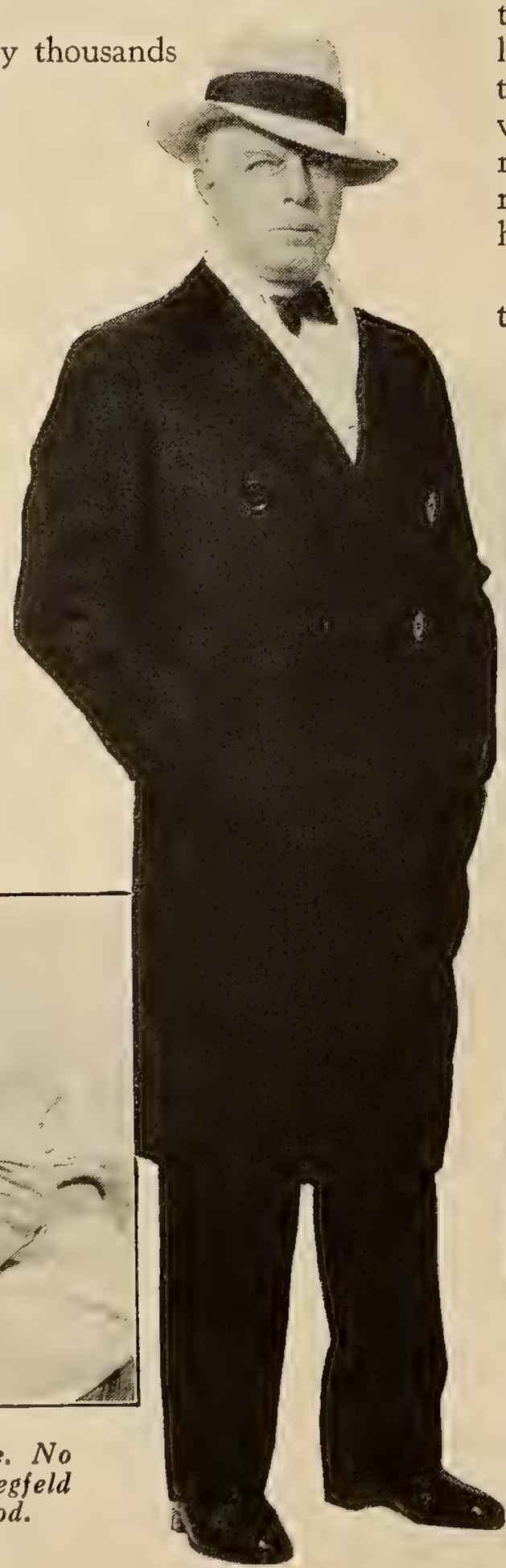
Small boys and big boys and Hoot's followers in general will want to know how he happened to become a stunt player. Well, briefly, here it is. In Tekamah, Nebraska, his home town, he won the title of "The Best Cowboy Stunt Rider." After winning an all-cowboy championship at an annual rodeo in Pennington and representing the United States in the World's championship riding events in Australia, he came to Hollywood with a film career in mind. And right away he clicked.

Because of his daring he became a stunt man and doubled for stars who took the bows. When millions of fans throughout the world were gasping at Helen Holmes' nervy stunts in her railroad serial it was Hoot who actually performed most of the dangerous deeds with which she was credited.

One of his most exciting feats took place when he was doubling for one of these railroad thrillers. The trick was to jump from the cow-catcher of a fast moving train into the tonneau of an automobile that raced across the tracks just in front of the engine. If he was successful, he was to be paid one hundred dollars extra.

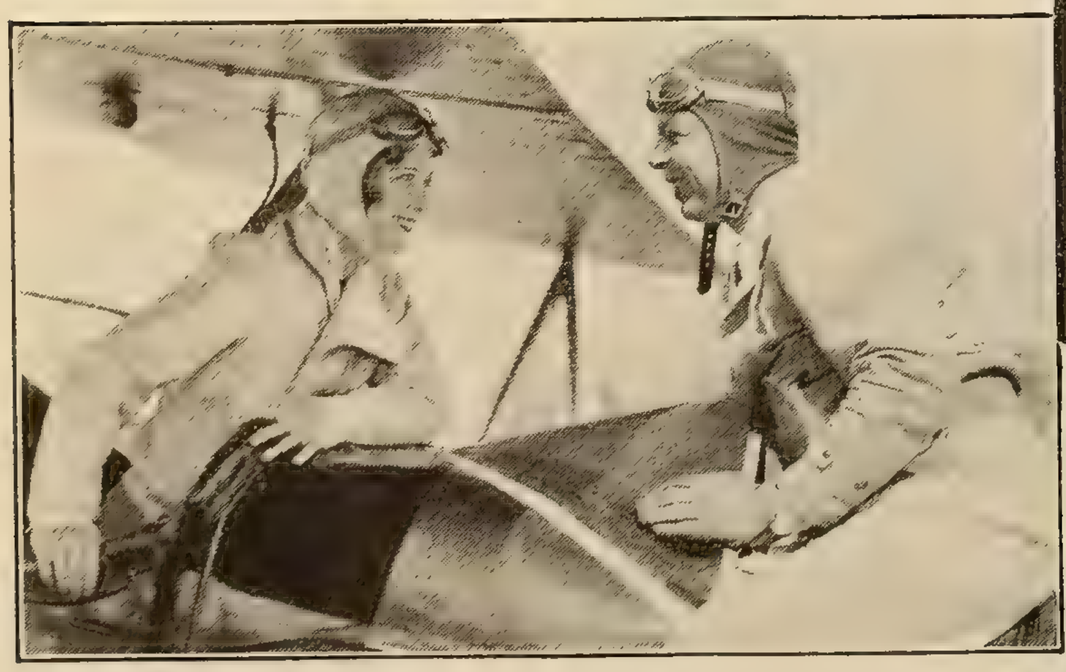
The leap had to be perfectly timed. The first attempt was a failure and almost cost Gibson his life. As he leaped from the train the driver trod heavily on the gas throttle of the automobile and Hoot landed on the tracks directly in front of the locomotive. This saved his life, for when the cow-catcher struck him it only rolled him to one side and broke three ribs. Production was discontinued until he recovered.

The second time the stunt was attempted, Hoot (Continued on page 125)



Above, Hoot Gibson as his public sees him—sombrero, shirt-sleeves, everything except his six-shooter.

Left, Hoot, all dressed up and ready to go. This is how Edward Gibson (Hoot, to you) looks in private life.



Hoot Gibson courted Sally Eilers in an airplane. No interruptions up there! Sally was selected by Ziegfeld as the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood.

Photograph by Irving Lippman, Warner Brothers

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

CLAUDIA DELL *and* LLOYD HUGHES *in* AL JOLSON'S "BIG BOY"

GARBO—THAT'S ALL!

And that's enough for most people. For the glamourous Greta was never lovelier than in "Romance," her new talking picture.

All these portraits of Miss Garbo by Hurrell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's prize portrait artist, exclusive to SCREENLAND.

These rarely beautiful portraits are the most charming, in SCREENLAND'S *opinion, of the entire Garbo gallery. She was potent and appealing in "Anna Christie." But as the prima donna heroine of "Romance" she really comes into her own. It is not as an every-day person we like to think of Greta. She stands for the sort of enchantment that comes all too seldom in this machine age of ours. In her eyes there is something of the mystery of eternal romance, that transcends mere motion picture sentimentality and sweeps us out of our twentieth-century satisfaction. Garbo is as important to us Americans in her own sweet way as Henry Ford!*

THE freshest and most refreshing personality on current screens: Mr. Jack Oakie. His overwhelming success in pictures has come as somewhat of a surprise to this natural young man who started in the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy. May he never be spoiled!

Autrey

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the little Irish girl discovered by Frank Borzage for "Song o' My Heart," the John McCormack picture, is headed for stardom. She is learning to sing and dance so that she can be the heroine of a musical movie called "Just Imagine."

Edwin Bower Hesser

IS she the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood? Who? Why, Sally Eilers. Wait a minute before you make a hasty answer—reminding us of the existence of Billie Dove, Estelle Taylor, Dolores Del Rio, and other lovely brunettes. Sally received her title from no less an authority than Florenz Ziegfeld; and we think she deserves to wear the crown, for this caption at least—especially in view of this nice new picture.

EVER since he died so gracefully in "Alibi," his first film, Regis Toomey has been in constant demand. Fortunately he has escaped the curse of being 'typed' and has been permitted to prove his talents in less fatal rôles.

Otto Dyar

CONQUERORS *of the* CLOUDS

Perhaps the most unusual 'shots' of airplanes in the skies are in "Hell's Angels," the long-heralded and much discussed air-war spectacle. Two years in the making, this production, called the multi-million dollar film, is now released. If it lives up to one-tenth of its tremendous advance publicity, it will be well worth seeing.

FROM "HELL'S ANGELS"

Such popular players as Ben Lyon, James Hall, and Jean Harlow are featured in Howard Hughes' picture, "Hell's Angels"; but the real stars of the evening are the airplanes—swooping, soaring, stunting through the skies. A drama of the world war, this film, which is all-talking, is one of the outstanding cinemas of the season.

Otto Dyar

THE newest, and as far as we are concerned, the very best portrait of the young man from Montana, Gary Cooper. He will next be seen on the screen in "The Spoilers," a talking version of the Rex Beach novel that was a popular silent success in the dear old days.

Hal Phyfe

MEET and greet the latest lovely newcomer, Miss Claire Luce. A dancing sensation in Ziegfeld's Follies, a dramatic smash in the stage play, "Scarlet Pages," Claire, a big-eyed, ravishing blonde, will act, sing, dance, and look in several forthcoming new Movietones.

AT HOME AND HAPPY

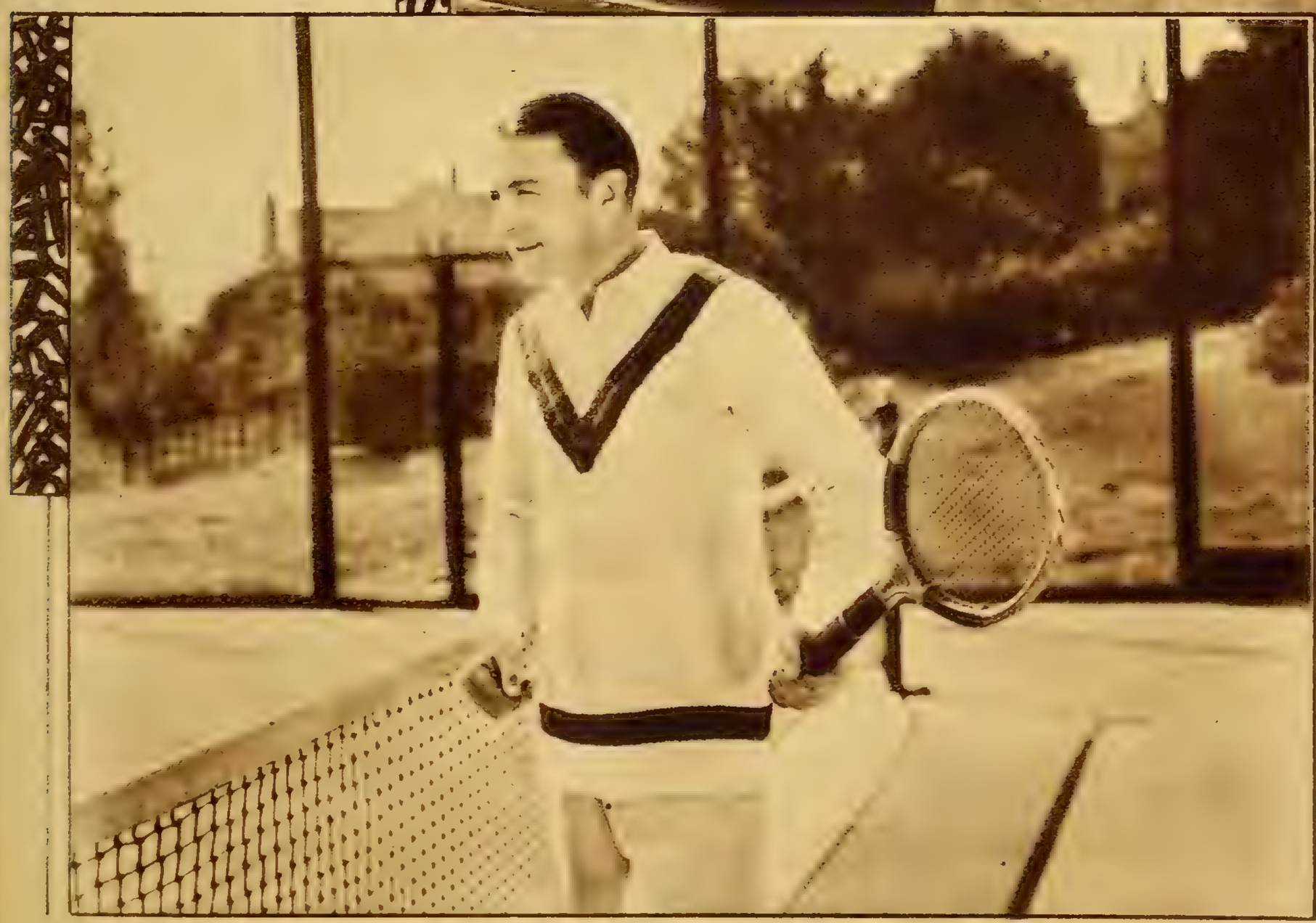
Billie Dove has moved into a new house. She asked SCREENLAND *to drop in and we lost no time accepting the invitation. Here's the Dove in her cosy cote—which happens also to be one of the handsomest homes in the picture colony. Billie, being different, prefers collecting Scotties of ancient lineage to amassing antique furniture. Her particular pet, with sweet tooth, is posing in the picture below.*

Elmer Fryer

A BUSY BROOK

Not Tennyson's, but Paramount's; and proud of him they are, too. Clive Brook plays at the studio in talkies; then he races right home and plays some more—tennis, on his court, with such partners as Ronald Colman, Ernest Torrence, John Loder. Between times he collects old pewter; and you'll see some of the best pieces in the picture at the right. Brook's latest screen offering is "The Better Wife," with Ruth Chatterton.

Don English



Russell Ball

THERE are many beautiful women and good actresses in Hollywood; but in the whole history of the movies there have been few endowed with Constance Bennett's devastating charm. There may be more glamourous girls and more gifted actresses—and there's always Garbo; but somehow it's hard to concentrate on the others when Connie looks at you with those big, blue eyes!

Don English

KAY FRANCIS started out in (screen) life as a siren. But since audiences are becoming better acquainted with this gracious girl from Broadway they have been making a heroine of her. Result: she's good and sweet in "Raffles," opposite Ronald Colman; and is in demand in other perfectly proper rôles. Being Kay Francis, she contrives to make any old part seem interesting.

England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. Bertha Jacobson warns "against harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils"

"Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

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Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this expert.

Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon.

A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon.

"When women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need for soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

Dangers to skin beauty

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes . . . the preferred method of more than 23,720 experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness.

Since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions already do, in 48 countries the world over.

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5249B

PRIMA DONNA

Bernice Claire has all the assets but none of the liabilities of the diva. No temperament for her!

By Allen Erwin

A close-up of Bernice Claire, the song and dance girl of the talking screen.

WE know exactly how young prima donnas should act. You can't tell us. We delved into the not-so-private lives of countless divas in search of a parallel to our subject. We know.

Young ladies who aspire to be great *Carmens*, great *Toscas*, great *Delilahs*, or even great *Rose-Maries* should be very arty. Oh, very, very, arty. They should drop much small talk about the *bel canto* method, discuss the future of opera as an art form, and ask did you hear how Mme. Calla-Wurchi cracked on that high note in the second act.

A grand manner is invaluable but, of course, one grows grander as one grows older. Love affairs, as many as can be managed and preferably with young artists or authors, are recommended; but if they can't be managed they can be invented and properly publicized later on.

The young lady who still wants to be a prima donna can follow this procedure or else she can be very simple and pretend to know nothing at all.

There are people in Hollywood who have wondered if Bernice Claire, she who twinkled so brightly in "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame," and "Toast of the Legion," doesn't belong in the ranks of the studiously naive.

But Baby Claire is neither studious nor naive. One looks in vain for a heading under which she can be classified but one winds up by shrugging one's shoulders and blaming it on the talkies. These audibles are responsible for the cinema presence of several artists who grab off all the plum rôles but who fit no place in particular. To complicate matters more, little Claire doesn't even want to fit.

Does she long to be starred in the great screen opera? Is she living and hoping for the day when people will flock to theaters to hear LaClaire and proclaim her the world's greatest prima donna? She does not, and she is not. She wants only to be allowed to indulge in the delightful old American custom of making a lot of money.

Little Claire has both feet firmly planted upon the ground and knows how to take things for what they are worth. It might well be explained here that Little and Baby are not terms of endearment. It's simply hard to think of any name that becomes her so badly as does Bernice. And she always impresses one as diminutive and precocious.

She was born and reared in Oakland, California, and became thoroughly saturated with middle-class respectability. When she went to New York to join that city's vast army of music students she was thrown in contact with the Bohemians of Greenwich Village. In Hollywood she jumped right into talking picture prima donna rôles and with hardly a year's professional experience became a prominent and high-salaried movie personage. She has learned something from each of these episodes with the result that she smacks of neither middle-class respectability, Greenwich Village, nor Hollywood.

Her full name is Bernice Claire Jahnigan, she having for obvious reasons chosen only (*Continued on page* 127)

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Rear-Admiral Byrd in "With Byrd at the South Pole" is the screen hero of the month.

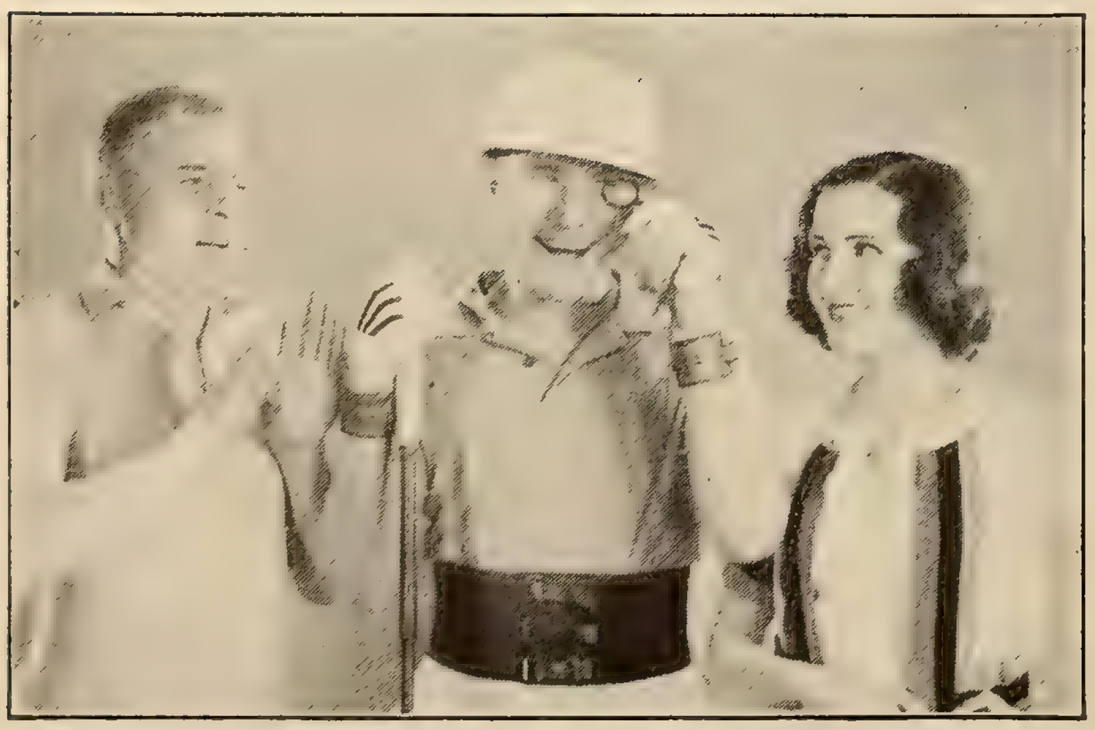
With Byrd at the South Pole

THIS is required! Miss your favorite star in her latest effusion if you must, but don't fail to see this film. It's as essential to your well-being as your morning paper and breakfast food. Our thanks to Paramount for their imagination in sending two great cameramen, Joseph Rucker and Willard Vander Veer, into the Antarctic with Byrd. They brought back a thrilling, intimate, and pictorially impressive record of a great expedition. It might have been just another 'travel picture' or newsreel. Actually, it's an absorbing entertainment, with Byrd as the handsome hero; with pathos by an old 'husky'; with comedy by the penguins, those solemn feathered fellows who look like something out of "Alice in Wonderland"; by Igloo, Byrd's smart little fox terrier; and a baby seal—may he never meet a furrier. Human, humorous—yet throughout a feeling of the importance of the achievement, the animation of a lofty purpose. If anyone asks you to fly with Byrd over the South Pole at your pet theater, you *go!*

Ronald Colman and Kay Francis, his leading lady, and some of the cast in "Raffles."

Raffles

A NEW Ronald Colman picture is always a bit of an event in screen circles. You go because you want to see Colman again, and if his vehicle happens not to turn out to be another "Bulldog Drummond" you may be conscious of a vague dissatisfaction on your way out of the theater; but you won't demand a refund, because after all, you came to see Colman. His picture doesn't matter so much. This thoroughly charming Englishman is so genuinely gallant that his very presence on the screen is a subtle compliment to his audience. He doesn't seem to be acting, you see; he is just whiling away a pleasant evening among friends. The flatterer! As *Raffles,* the gentleman crook and cricketeer, whose 'last job' is the one that puts him into uncomfortably close proximity to *Inspector MacKenzie* of Scotland Yard, Colman can only be charming, and that's so easy. Kay Francis is enchanting. Alison Skipworth is delightful as a distressed Duchess with an understandable penchant for *Mr. Raffles.*



Skeet Gallagher, Jack Oakie, and Mary Brian in "The Social Lion," new Oakie comedy.

The Social Lion

JACK OAKIE earns the Honor Page for this one but he didn't get it. I'm sorry, Jack. Last time you surely deserved it for your great work in "Hit the Deck" but Greta Garbo came along in "Anna Christie" at the last moment and stole it from you. This month you were all set for it when Rear-Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd came back from the South Pole and what happened? Why, he settled on SCREENLAND'S Honor Page. All I can say is, Jack, if you keep up the good work you'll get it sooner or later. Oakie's first starring film proves this new comedy sensation is no accident. He's a real star, here to stay. There's an infectious quality in the Oakie personailty or technique or whatever it is that removes any possible resentment. He's a show-off who wins your sympathy. Prize-fighting and polo playing afford Jack every opportunity in "The Social Lion" to indulge his humors. Skeet Gallagher is a foil who is really a help; while Mary Brian and Olive Borden are the beauty spots.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects The Six Most Important Films of the Month

The Big House

WITH none of the customary motion picture props such as ballets, theme songs, and lovely ladies, this picture manages to be a very special production. You should see it. It just misses being a 'human document.' Notably lacking in white-wash and movie sentimentality, it still fails to attain epic proportions. At that, it's an achievement, considering the censorship under which the screen is ever writhing. There is some propaganda for better prison conditions but swiftly the story sweeps on—action, and yet more action. Tense moments, a touch of romance—and three powerful characterizations, contributed by Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, and Robert Montgomery. "The Big House" is memorable for several scenes: one in the prisoners' dining hall, when Beery loses his temper; another when Morris, trying to go straight, is caught again; and still another with Montgomery, as the kid with a streak of yellow, in the convicts' riot. Strong stuff. Splendid direction and acting.

Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris, and Wallace Beery head the cast of "The Big House."

Holiday

HERE is another adult and important picture by Pathé. This company, pioneering in sophisticated fields, had the courage to present "Paris Bound" and "The Awful Truth," and now it offers the screen version, almost a literal translation, of the Philip Barry stage play, "Holiday." There's nothing of the old-fashioned juvenile movie about it. The dialogue is intact, as I remember the original; the cast is just as well-mannered as in the New York 'legitimate' production; and the direction of E. H. Griffith is urbane and intelligent. "Holiday" concerns itself with reactions rather than actions. Dependent upon its dialogue, it's one of the 'new' pictures. But the cast, headed by Ann Harding, will reconcile even the most rabid reactionaries. For Ann, though a most modern heroine, is still very good to look at. True, her pungent dialogue removes her forever from the poetic princess pedestal of conventional screen ladies; but she is warmly, winsomely human. You'll approve. Especially of Ann Harding.

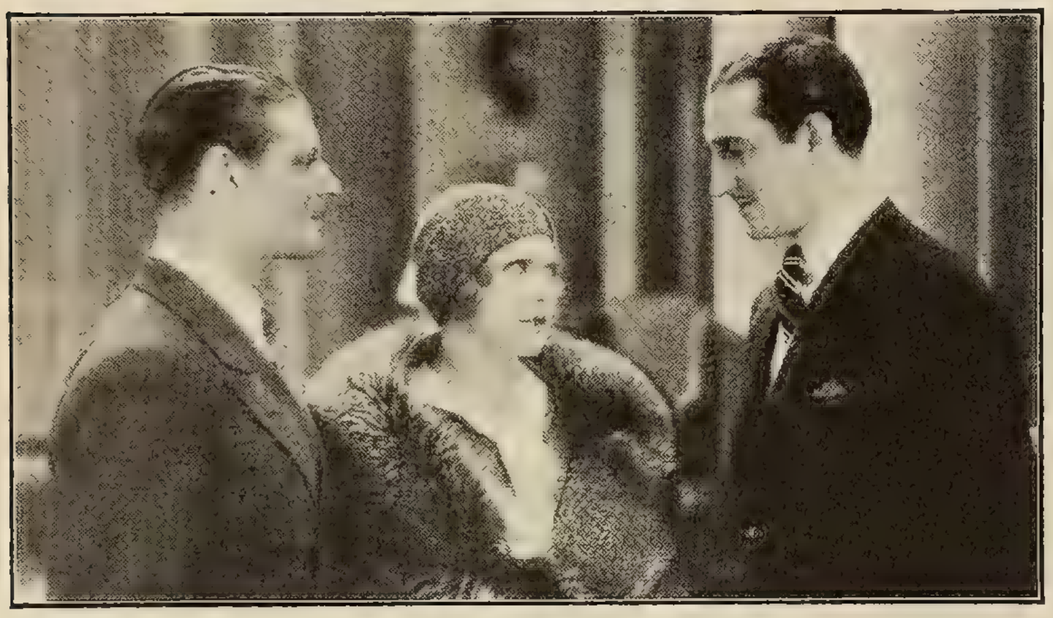
"Holiday," which stars Ann Harding, has one of the finest casts of the screen season.

So This Is London

WILL ROGERS! When you've said that you've said everything about this picture; and you can take it or leave it. You'll take it whether you happen to be addicted to Will or not, if you prize an evening's entertainment of the good, old, simple school. There's nothing smart or subtle about "So This is London." It has more of the flavor of Claremore, Oklahoma, than of Beverly Hills, Cal.; but that only proves that Will Rogers is deservedly the People's Comedy Choice; as long as he sticks to his homely line he will never lack an audience. I think you will find his new Movietone refreshingly sincere and human. Through it all is the Rogers brand of drollery, as the star, in his rôle of a skeptical American in London, encounters the aristocratic Briton on his native heath, and discovers his only son in love with an English girl, played by the lovely little Maureen O'Sullivan from Dublin, Ireland. Irene Rich, Frank Albertson, and Lumsden Hare contribute considerably to the entertainment. But it is mostly Mr. Rogers' own little show.

Will Rogers, with Irene Rich and Lumsden Hare, in a scene from "So This is London."

Critical Comment



A Lady of Scandal

All the scandal is in the title of this screen version of the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." Ruth Chatterton as an actress beloved by the scion of an aristocratic family is a little lady even though besieged by Basil Rathbone and Ralph Forbes. Splendid acting by everybody. Nice, if not exciting.

Caught Short

Suggested by Eddie Cantor's book, this film is a riot, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, pals and speculators, funnier than ever, which means you'll laugh harder than you've had an excuse for since the last Chaplin comedy. Anita Page and Charles Morton supply the young love interest. A howl!

Safety in Numbers

Buddy Rogers 'chaperoned' by three chorus beauties, Josephine Dunn, Kathryn Crawford, and Carol Lombard, doing their best to belie the title of this merry romance. *Young Man You Appeal to Me* is the theme song, sung by Josephine; you may agree when Buddy sings, dances, and toots his sax. Young and refreshing. It's nice to see lovely Miss Dunn again.

In Gay Madrid

If you like Ramon Novarro you may enjoy his latest, but you'll have to like Ramon a lot; for he has been handed a weak story. Locale, Spain; love appeal, Dorothy Jordan; menace, Lottice Howell. Novarro is as picturesque as usual, and Dorothy just as sweet; but it's not another "Devil May Care." Better luck next time, Ramon.

Dangerous Nan McGrew

Helen Kane is more than a mere *Boop-a-doop* girl; she's a really gifted comedienne. But she has no chance to prove it here. She struggles valiantly in this stilted burlesque and wrings a few hard-won laughs from the creaky scenes. Stuart Erwin helps her. Give them another chance!

Born Reckless

Just another case of a clever star working over-time. Edmund Lowe plays a gangster-bootlegger with his customary craftsmanship; but interest in his activities lags long before the finale. Gangster doings seem to be losing their novelty. Can it be the bad boys aren't so heroic, after all?

on Current Films

The Florodora Girl

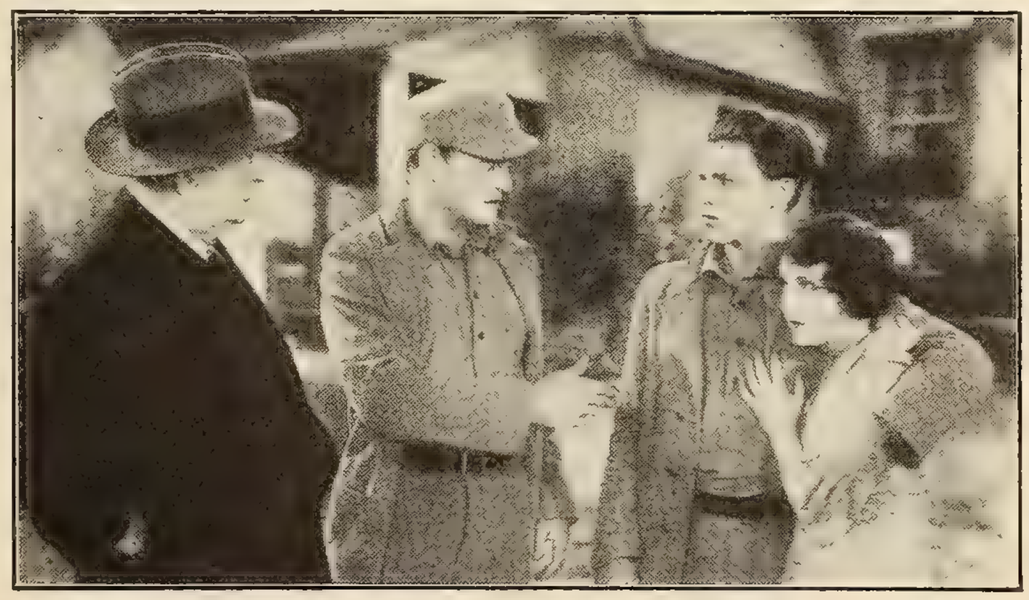
Not to be missed. Marion Davies as the shy sweet member of the historic Florodora Sextette leads the laughter in this clever burlesque of a Gay Nineties melodrama, with Larry Gray as a brisk young blade, Sam Hardy as a deep-dyed villain, and Ilka Chase as a gold-digger. Marion is delectable—and funny.

Radio Kisses

Mack Sennett has inaugurated color in his comedies—nice color, too. This new 'feature short' boasts a radio background, theme song, and bathing-girl sequence—Sennett could find an excuse for bathing-girl scenes in a South Pole epic. Marjorie Beebe and George Duryea provide the romance.

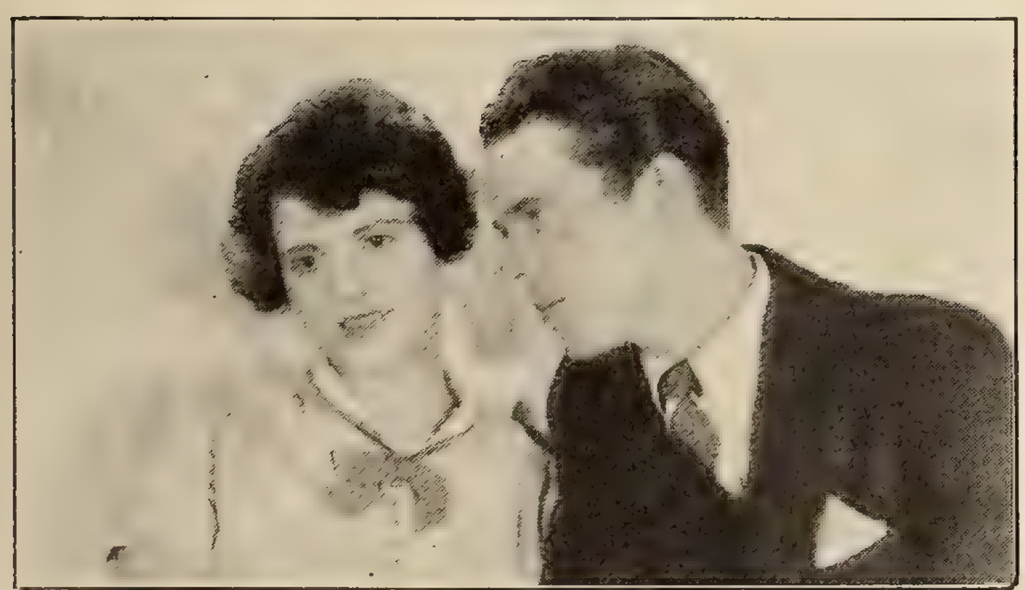
Shadow of the Law

A good picture, and a splendid chance for William Powell to establish himself as an all-round appealing actor. This 'villain' who turned hero is one of the most charming characters on the screen. As a gentleman convict who later squares himself with society Mr. Powell scores heavily and deservedly.



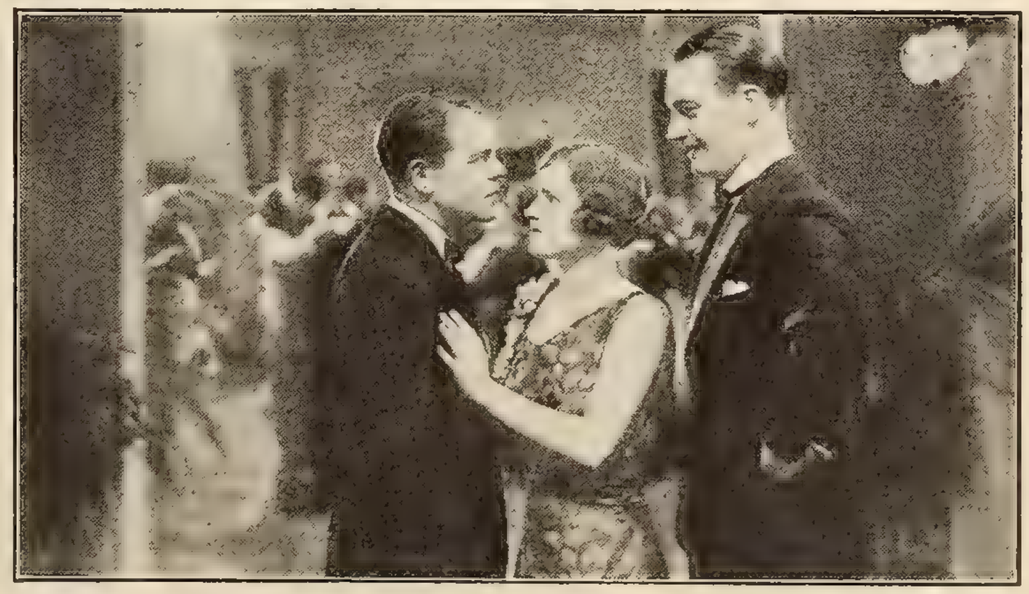
Numbered Men

Not to be compared with "The Big House." Sugared picture of prison life, with lots of comedy and love. Ralph Ince as the riot-leader gives a good performance. Conrad Nagel, Raymond Hackett, and Bernice Claire assist. Unreal and unconvincing—but it's cleaning up. What's the answer?



She's My Weakness

Sue Carol and Arthur Lake make a grand team in this talker version of "Tommy." The whole family will enjoy their adolescent romance, tempered with the comedy interference of Lucien Littlefield and Helen Ware. William Collier, Sr., adds his share. Light, gay, and guaranteed 100% wholesome.



Not Damaged

Chalk up personal triumphs for Lois Moran and Walter Byron. Lois as an adventurous shop girl, Walter as a 'philanderer' turn in excellent performances. The good-looking Byron's come-back as a talker hero will interest everybody. Modern love with a good old-fashioned sentimental ending!

On Location *with* Robert Montgomery

A location trip is even more fun than usual when Bob Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan are the players

By Helen Ludlam

THE locale for the "Like Kelly Can" location didn't mean a thing to me. I had never even heard of the Lake Norconian Club, and when I saw it I wondered why so few people knew of this very beautiful and restful spot.

I groaned when I heard it was a swanky, dressed-up place. "Thirty dollars a day, my dear!" I was told when I asked what sort of clothes I would need on the trip! "Thirty dollars a day doesn't tell me a thing," I swanked. "Gary Cooper charges that and twice that much at his dude ranch in Montana, and you don't wear diamond dresses up there." But as it turned out we might have worn anything at all because, being an off season, the only ones there, with the exception of perhaps a dozen people, belonged to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer troupe. Just think what fun! That enormous place with one hundred and twenty-nine rooms, elaborate lounging rooms, an immense ball-room, mineral baths, two swimming pools, a private lake with a casino, lovely bridle paths and an eighteen-hole golf course turned over to about fifty people all of whom were in your own party!

And girls, who do you suppose played the hero? Robert Montgomery! The Bobby Montgomery who was unknown to pictures a year ago and whom no one took very seriously at first, but now just look at him! Every girl on the Metro lot hopes he will be in her picture. He's just a natural heart-breaker. It happened that I had not met him until this location but Bob is a person whom it takes about five minutes to know and like very much.

Dorothy Jordan plays the girl of his heart, while Dorothy McNulty and Benny Rubin supply the comedy; and there are several other interesting people such as J. C. Nugent, Tyrrell Davis, Harry Burnes and Allan Lane. Charles (Chuck) Reisner was the director.

We arrived just at sundown and Bob and the two Dorothys with the rest of the gang were emerging from the lake where they had had a dip and a spin on the surf board. "Want to ride on it? I'll take you tomorrow after we knock off work," Bob offered enthusiastically.

The first thing we had to do was look at some newly arrived photographs of Benny Rubin's baby, and it is no wonder he wanted to show his daughter off. With all the adorable infants ever coined Miss Rubin could hold her own. After admiring her until I thought Benny was going to burst with pride we gave the actors a chance to get their make-up off and dress for dinner. That doesn't mean that they 'dressed' for dinner. Sports clothes were the rule there with the troupe. We hurried through the meal, too, because the foursome, Bob and Dorothy Jordan, Benny and Dorothy McNulty, had to rehearse their songs. They pranced around and had a lot of fun and we on the sidelines were kept in an uproar by the wisecracks of Benny Rubin.

Our Location Lady and Robert Montgomery are talking it over with Henry Sharp, chief cameraman of "Like Kelly Can." (That's the name of the picture!)

After about an hour's rehearsal we went to the lobby and watched a spirited game of mechanical golf. The addiction of the company to the fascinating game was the only thing that caused the management any worry. "They'll wear it out," one of the clerks complained anxiously. "What of it?" chirped Benny Rubin, "just look at all the nickels you are getting. You can buy two new ones and still have something left over." For each time anyone played they had to put a nickle in the slot which entitled you to thirty chances to finish the course. Bob,

Doing that thing! Dorothy Jordan leads the dance ensemble in this scene from "Like Kelly Can," a fresh and youthful film directed by Charles F. (Chuck) Reisner.

Benny and Allan Lane played a threesome which lasted nearly two hours. Bob actually brought tears to Benny's eyes when he got around in five strokes. Benny himself had made it in six that time, the lowest score he had ever had. There is always laughter where Benny is. He keeps up a running fire of patter that keeps everyone practically in hysterics. My jaws hurt for three days afterwards, I laughed so much!

Bob Montgomery's efficiency in getting quickly around the course wasn't all luck, we discovered. He had studied out a system and manipulated the lever so that the little mechanical man in the red sweater knocked them home almost every time. Once he had difficulty and was still on the last stretch at fifteen strokes. "Take your time," urged Benny, "I've already used up twenty. It may take me nine to get out."

When the second round began some of us went for a ride with Bill Clark, the lucky son of the founder and owner of the Lake Norconian Club. Bill took us for a spin to Corona, the nearest town, for an ice cream soda but we were so frozen when we got there that we scouted around for a lunch counter and a cup of coffee. The lunch counter was the only thing open in this little town where night life stops at nine-thirty, and this was ten o'clock.

We thought it would be such fun to be the son of a hotel owner. "Just think of coming home late and hungry and having that ice-box to explore!" But very wisely Bill didn't offer to demonstrate what a thrill that would be. A moving picture troupe in a hotel ice-box would be sufficient cause for any cook to throw up his job the next morning.

When we got home everyone had gone to bed and we tiptoed to our rooms so as not to awaken them. Dorothy McNulty was in the room next to mine and it opened on to the same little balcony from which we could see the lake, part of the golf course and mile upon mile of lovely rolling country. Next morning she came barging in to get us up for a swim before breakfast.

Dorothy McNulty has the cutest freckles on her arms and back that I ever saw. She says they are terrible and makes them up so they won't show on the screen. She has a few little fellows scattered over the bridge of her nose and her cheeks which she doesn't mind so much. "They look healthy," she laughed. "But I'd just as soon my back and arms wouldn't advertise the fact."

Dorothy is a great admirer of all the great actresses of the stage: Duse, Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, and longs to do something worth-while herself. "How old were they when they were in their prime?" she asked wistfully.

"When they were your age they hadn't cut the dash in their profession that you have," I told her. "Duse played *Juliet* when she was just *Juliet's* age, fourteen, and it is said that she gave a (*Continued on page* 124)

Above, the beautiful and restful spot where the outdoor scenes for "Like Kelly Can" were filmed —the Lake Norconian Club in California.

Left, Bob Montgomery, Dorothy McNulty, Dorothy Jordan and Helen Ludlam of SCREENLAND *between scenes on location.*

The STAGE in

"Lysistrata" is the current sensation in Manhattan. Adopted by Gilbert Seldes from an Aristophanes comedy, it is brilliantly produced and acted. In this scene you see Violet Kemble Cooper and Miriam Hopkins.

"Lysistrata"

AFTER twenty-three hundred years gay-boy Aristophanes showed up on Broadway in his gladdest, baddest, wildest, bawdiest comedy, "Lysistrata" — merely to show us that we are the same old human beings, doing business at the same old libido pie-counter, full of, overflowing and chasing the old It.

What makes "Lysistrata" such a howling success is the way it oozes boisterousness, health, sanity, pure belly-laughter. It pours out rough, strong, sound human nature—without any of those putrid, over-conscious, hot-house dramatic sex-stenches born of the modern ingrown imagination.

"Lysistrata," as all America probably knows by this time, tells the story of the sex-strike of the women of Athens, headed by the Pankhurst of her time, *Lady Lysistrata.* This strike was to compel the men to lay off making wars and so remaining away from home so long that the girls and wives were driven noodle-nutty.

Well, did the gals win out! Watch the goings on on the stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theater when the Johnnies Come Marching Home and the connubial doors are closed on them!

Ernest Truex leads the hefty boys out for their marital rights; and Truex is, to me, in his part, the soul of Aristophanic slapstick hot-dog comedy. He is a scream, an uproar, a riot in his pursuit of his legal It.

Violet Kemble Cooper is too classic in the rôle of *Lysistrata.* She doesn't whip the comedy out of it ("Lysistrata" should be played almost to Mack Sennett tempo). Sydney Greenstreet as the purblind, stumbling, idiotic President of the Senate of Athens was good. And there was Miriam Hopkins as *Kalonika*—great Jupiter! Miriam would stop any war! She was exquisitely seductive. The

REVIEW

You'll find these pungent comments on the current plays of interest no matter where you live. If you don't see the shows on their native Broadway, you may see them later in their screen versions. And you'll enjoy being able to discuss the merits of the original productions. Follow De Casseres and know what's going on in the theater

By Benjamin De Casseres

play was gorgeously mounted by the Philadelphia Theater Association. The version was by Gilbert Seldes. Some day we shall see, I hope, the Maurice Donnay version that Rejane did.

Do not miss this great slapstick satire.

"Artists and Models"

This is the finest, most entertaining and most joy-swelling of all the Shubert "Artists and Models" productions.

It's a lollapaloocha! It's a Triple It! It's a Wow-Wow! It's a Dream! It's the Naked Truth!—get what I mean?

Yes—and make no mistake—there is nothing wrong with this summer's "Artists and Models." These women are beautiful to behold. There isn't a bawdy thing in this show: it is the stuff out of which great paintings and sculpture is made. It is audacity that hushes and awes. It is the body raised to an ideal.

And a pile of other things—neat and dapper Phil Baker, pretty Aileen Stanley and Vera Pearce, grotesque George Hassell and a whirling series of scenes to keep you forgetting the heat and the job.

The music by Harold Stern is waltzy and libido-intoxicating. "Artists and Models" is just that. It is the cleanest show on Broadway.

"The Garrick Gaieties"

The Theater Guild, with memories of other Garrick successes, received the "Gaieties" at the Guild Theater. Philip Loeb directed the current job, and according to the picture in the programme about three thousand seven hundred and sixty persons took a hack and a bite at the music, skits, sketches, lyrics, costumes and what haven't you.

The high sketch is the return of Grover Whalen to the Wanamaker store with its song *Everything can be returned!* Phil Loeb himself played the celebrated Gardenia King. It brought the curtain down on the first act with a crash. It is rather sensational, and shows plainly that the Guild program does not, and is not likely to, carry a Wanamaker ad.

The other numbers were entertaining, but there was nothing that roused me to wild storms of applause. Of course, there was Albert Carroll, the perfect artist always, as Mei Lan-Fang. Nobody else particularly sticks out in my memory.

"Stepping Sisters"

This hilarious play by Howard Warren Comstock is the story of the reunion after about twenty years on a suburban estate of three ex-burlesque queens.

Well, when *Queenie* and *Rosie* and *Cissie* get together you can imagine that the Tower of Babel sounded like a cemetery at the North Pole in comparison.

There are a lot of complications which only occur on Long Island in the summer time (yes, Hedda, I'm thinking just what you're thinking), and I've seldom seen an audience enjoy themselves so completely. The whole business is jolly good whoopee, as they say (*Continued on page* 126)

The neat and dapper Phil Baker is one of the attractions of the new edition of "Artists and Models," the annual elaborate Broadway revue.

The outdoor 'kitchen' where with sugar and spice and all things nice Zelma mixes the ingredients for candy that is different.

COOKING *for the* FUN *of* IT

Making candy with Zelma O'Neal in her outdoor kitchen

By Emily Kirk

WHEN you go into the kitchen with Zelma O'Neal, it will not be to cook corned beef and cabbage or any other part of a substantial menu. To imagine the petite and pepful Zelma concentrating on the concocting of a liver sauté or the mysteries of a deep-dish apple pie is as difficult as to associate her with a stately minuet or a langurous waltz.

Not even in her pleasant, outdoor kitchen can we imagine Zelma preparing a regular meal. But candy—that's different! Here is where she excels. And the quicker it can be made, the better she likes the recipe.

It looks so easy when you watch her do it. A flip-flop of sugar, spices, nuts and what-have-you into a sauce-pan; a few *hoop-de-zoom-oop* turns on collegiate oxford heels while she waits. And she knows almost to a second when the mixture is supposed to fall into a nice, soft ball in a glass of water. Candy-making is a sort of sport with Zelma, not a tedious process. That's why she likes it.

"I suppose the reason I enjoy making candy is because I did so much potato peeling and salad fixing when I was a schoolgirl in Rock Falls, Illinois," said Zelma. "I had jobs around the house that I had to do every afternoon when I came home from school. I am sure I must have peeled at least six thousand potatoes in my lifetime, arranged hundreds of salads of various sorts and set the supper table umpty-ump times. Now, I love to dabble about with candy recipes. It helps to counterbalance those serious moments in the family kitchen when I was a little girl."

Zelma has a sister in Hollywood who is an authority for the statement that Zelma was the neatest little kitchen worker in their home town.

"Don't believe her," scoffed Zelma. "It's just that I can't bear to have things around me that are not spick and span. It's not much fun to scrub floors and shine the water faucets. But jiminy! they do look nice when you've finished.

"I always liked to make a good job of whatever I was doing. When I decided to learn to dance I went about it the same way I cleaned the kitchen — like a lady Napoleon out to conquer. Funny little kid, I must have been!"

Zelma's knowledge of cookery came in handy later on when she and her sister were 'plugging' songs in a music stall in Chicago. They didn't make much money, so cooking their meals was actually necessary.

Then came success on the stage and more time to laugh and play and to do the things she liked best to do. And now, while other Hollywood favorites are collecting first editions, tile pieces from foreign lands, pewterware, fine etchings and beautiful paintings, Zelma gleefully follows her bent of gathering candy recipes which she tries out on herself and recommends to her friends.

"If you hear of me as a lone and deserted soul, avoided by all my women friends, it will be because I was instrumental in ruining their girlish figures and consequently their movie careers," laughed Zelma.

Some of Zelma's candies are as unique as they are delicious. For instance, one recipe brought home to her by a traveler from India. It is called 'Jellablies,' with the accent on the second syllable. According to Zelma, it sounds like a Hindu trying to say 'jellybeans.' But

Zelma O'Neal's Favorite Recipes

Bran Brittle

Put two cups granulated sugar, one cup brown sugar, one-half cup light corn syrup and one cup water into a saucepan and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking gently, without stirring, until the temperature 300° F. is reached, (very brittle). Remove from fire, add one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-fourth cup butter, and stir only enough to mix well. Add one and one-half cups All-Bran and turn at once on a greased inverted pan or baking sheet. Smooth out with a spatula. After about a half minute take hold of the edges of the candy and, lifting it slightly from the slab, pull it as thin as possible. Break into irregular pieces.

Pecan Pralines

Melt one tablespoon butter in saucepan. Add one cup sugar, one-third cup cream, one-half cup maple sugar. Place over fire and stir until sugar is dissolved. Bring mixture to the boiling point and boil without stirring until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove pan from the fire, place in cool place and leave undisturbed until cool. Add one-half teaspoon salt and beat with a wooden spoon, or pour out on a marble slab and use a spatula until mixture shows signs of becoming firm. Place again in pan and stir over hot water until softened. Add one cup pecans, leaving them whole. Drop from spoon on buttered slab of marble.

the candy, she says, is nothing like the old American favorite and she warns you that if you are wise you will supply your guests with coveralls when you serve it as it is the stickiest as well as the most delicious of confections.

Zelma likes to experiment, too. She had always heard that one of her favorite confections, 'Divinity,' could not be successfully made on a rainy day. But as one of her theories is that success in anything means achieving results and at the same time being 'different' she conjured a 'Divinity' recipe which defies rainy days, cloud-bursts or blizzards.

Another one of her original recipes contains cooked potatoes as one of its ingredients. Proving that Zelma knows how to do something with potatoes besides peel them and also that her aforementioned theory about achieving results and being 'different' is correct. Her recipe for pecan pralines is one she has hoarded since she went through the South on a vaudeville tour. And her toffee, she tells her English husband, Anthony Bushell, is guaranteed to be as delicious as any that can be bought along Pic-

(*Continued on page* 111)

Zelma stirs the candy to a creamy thickness while friend husband, Anthony Bushell, looks on eagerly; waiting, we suspect, for the moment when he can indulge in the good old custom of 'licking the pan.'

Above, "To 40 pounds of cotton add proportionate amounts of gelatine, water, camphor and silver. That's what a movie is made of," says Kay Johnson.

Right, Buster, featured player in "Dogway Melody," considers his new contract. "Okay," he bow-wows and signs with Catherine Moylan as witness.

Latest Talk from Talker Town HOT *from*

Cecil De Mille was once fired by Arch Selwyn for incompetence as a director!

"You haven't power enough," complained Arch, who quarreled with Mr. De Mille's method of developing what the actor had in him rather than make him a mimic. "You should make them do as *you* say."

Wonder what Arch thinks of him now!

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Leslie Howard is here to play in "Outward Bound," which Warner Brothers are producing. Leslie was in the New York production but not in the part he now plays, which was then handled by Alfred Lunt. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., plays Howard's original part in the screen version.

Leslie is much amused by the questions the press ask of picture people when they first come to Hollywood and when he saw us being piloted about by a member of the publicity department he looked suspicious. "I suppose you want to know where I was born. Well, I never *was* born!" So he went down on our list as The Man Who Never Was Born.

Beryl Mercer, Allison Skipworth, Dudley Digges and Lyonel Watts are also in the cast, most of them having been in the play, and Robert Milton, who directed the play is also directing the picture.

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What's going on in the Fairbanks family, anyway? First, Doug astounded Hollywood by remarking that he didn't think he'd make any more pictures if, indeed, he went through with his present plans. Then he departed hurriedly for Europe to have a talk with Eisenstein, the noted Russian director, apparently not knowing that Mr. Eisenstein was on his way to America. Doug remained in London for the golf tournament and then hurried home at a summons from Mary. In the meantime Mary folded up her half-finished picture, "Secrets," and calmly announced that she will reorganize the cast and staff and begin over again. Most unusual, most unusual!

Left, Una Merkel, who appears as Ann Rutledge *in D. W. Griffith's first talker, "Abraham Lincoln," frequently 'stood in' for Lillian Gish in special Griffith productions.*

Above, someone carelessly asked Frank Albertson to make a game pie for a party. "Well, here are the ingredients," says Frank, and what could be gamer?

Left, even a he-man hero needs an occasional hair-cut. Lucille Browne, leading lady for George O'Brien in "Last of the Duanes," is the fair barber on location.

HOLLYWOOD

But Mary was just being shrewd. As she got further and further into the story she realized that the tempo and feeling of the piece as she understood it was not being brought out, and that if it wasn't the picture would not go over. She decided to wash it all up and begin again.

And Douglas further amazes Hollywood by deciding to accept the leading male rôle opposite Bebe Daniels in "Reaching For The Moon," Irving Berlin's forthcoming picture. But this, also, is a wise move. When you don't know what to do, do nothing until you do. For Doug, playing a part in another producer's picture is doing nothing. He made his name in pictures by bringing *speed* to the screen. Now that sound is here action is slowed up to a considerable degree and just how to startle the world in a sound picture Doug, as yet, has not discovered. And he doesn't want to produce another picture himself until he does.

Right, an interesting study of Lillian Gish. Is this merely a similarity in posing, or do these two girls really resemble one another?

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Excuse us, Samuel Goldwyn, we didn't mean to say in last month's interview with Mr. Ziegfeld that he was supervising the screening of "Whoopee," his New York stage success. We know Ziegfeld came out to Hollywood to act in an advisory capacity but had no active part in the making of the picture. We know of no one more capable than you are, Mr. Goldwyn, of supervising your own productions!

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The Screen Stars' shop located at 1614 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, has had its formal opening. Sixty-five of the brightest film lights were present. Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Virginia Valli, Norma Shearer, and a string of people like that. The plan for the shop is this; the screen stars pledge themselves to bring their clothes, costume jewelry and anything of value or interest to the shop to be sold. The things must be in good condition. The proceeds of the shop are to go toward the relief of families belonging to the theatrical and motion picture business whose supporting members are out of

work. In this interesting shop the public may purchase at a fraction of its original cost the beautiful clothes of the players. Some things are from their personal, some from their professional wardrobe. It will be a boon to the little extra girls whose jobs often depend upon the fitness of their wardrobe and whose pocketbooks cannot expand to meet Greer, Collins and Magnin prices.

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Evelyn Laye, the beautiful English girl whom Florenz Ziegfeld predicts will be the sensation in pictures that she was in his New York production of "Bitter Sweet" is scheduled for all sorts of parties upon her arrival in Hollywood.

Evelyn is bringing with her the manuscript for the next Ronald Colman picture which Frederick Lonsdale has just completed. The noted English playwright and Ronnie have been talking the story over ever since they returned to London and now it is finished. Ronnie is not due in Hollywood for several more weeks and Evelyn was asked to act as manuscript bearer.

Another bit of news is that Leon Errol, who has convulsed Broadway for years, will play the comedy lead in Miss Laye's first picture, "Lilli," which Samuel Goldwyn will produce.

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Josephine, Lupe Velez' little sister, is playing a cigarette girl in "Her Man" and getting along very nicely. The lot talk is that Jo is right there when it comes to pep and charm. Well, that's not surprising. It's in the family.

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Mr. Jansen, maker of the popular bathing suits, opened a beach resort in Portland, Oregon, called Jansen's Beach to which he is luring a number of our stars to give the place a boost. Sue

Above, Estelle Taylor and Charles Farrell in "Devil With Women," screen version of Molnar's "Liliom"—Estelle's first talker.

Left, Ruth Chatterton, 'first lady of the talkers,' as she appears in "The Better Wife" and in a blonde wig. Very becoming.

Below, Edna Woolman Chase, editor of Vogue, *on the set with her daughter, Ilka Chase, Irene Rich, and director Guthrie McClintic.*

Carol and Nick Stuart were the first to go, then Olive Borden and Jeanette Loff. Lilyan Tashman, Dorothy Lee, Marceline and Alice Day, Charlie Morton all will be among those present. The stars fly up and back and it gives them quite a little picnic.

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By the way, Dorothy Lee, who is under contract to RKO, is engaged to be married to a very personable young Hollywoodian by the name of Jimmie Fidler, writer and publicist. The wedding will be in August.

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Well, "Hell's Angels" finally opened. It was a surprise to Hollywood, and it caused greater interest and called forth a more brilliant audience than any opening for more than two years. The seats sold at eleven dollars each, which is a dizzy price out here. They do it in New York but that's different. However, it was a trick of showmanship for which Mr. Sid Grauman, who is handling the presentation of the picture, should be congratulated. We are apt to think we *must* have a thing if it comes high. Bank-

Above, Ona Munson, a newcomer from the Broadway stage, and Larry Gray, her screen lover, rehearsing a song from "Going Wild."

Right, may we present Miss Lucille Powers? Yes, she's new—discovered by King Vidor. You'll see her in "Billy the Kid."

Below, little Tommy Clifford welcomes to Movietone City Harley L. Clarke, new president of Fox; Winfield Sheehan and J. R. Grainger.

ing on this fact and upon the very real interest in the film to strengthen his resolve Sid went right to it—and every seat in the house was sold, with hundreds turned away!

It was a scandalously late opening. They blamed it on Captain Roscoe Turner, who left New York that morning by airplane at five so as to be present at the opening. He arrived at the theater at nine-thirty. That's some traveling, isn't it? By the time he had made his radio speech, been photographed and newsreeled, it was ten o'clock and the show began. The few punctual people in Hollywood had been sitting in their places since eight-thirty, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels with their party being among them. Ben is always punctual and like a fish out of water if he can't get places at the appointed time.

Captain Turner made his bow before the footlights with the lion cub he brought with him who spat her disapproval of the whole proceeding. The next evening he was to dine with Ben Lyon and took the cub along. Ben has two whippets and one of them began the usual doggie preliminaries to an introduction. After one whiff of the little lioness, however, the whippet bounded back with a yelp of surprise and fright, bolted up the stairs and under Ben's bed where he remained impervious to all pleading until he felt assured the strange and unwelcome visitor had departed.

Ben, by the way, has had several tempting offers since his fine work in the air epic flashed on the screen. Two were especially tempting but so far, what with the wedding and his disinclination to have every breath he draws tied up for the next five years (with the studio, we mean, not with Bebe!) he has not signed at present writing.

Eddie Cantor was master of ceremonies that eventful night. He told us he had just discovered who paid for all the banners strung along Hollywood Boulevard reading "Welcome, 'Hell's Angels' and the return of Sid Grauman." It was the master barbers of Hollywood. When Sid wants a trim they take a day off and if he wants a shampoo they close the shop for a week! This was all poking fun at Sid's bushy mane.

Eddie Cantor was master of ceremonies at "The Floradora Girl" opening, too. He said he had just found out why. The management wanted someone in keeping with the spirit of the gay nineties and after reading some of his jokes they thought he would do all right.

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June Collyer is coming right along. At first it didn't look as though June was in for a long run, but now she is so much in demand that studios hold up production in order to have her in the cast. She has flown from one to the other recently, the first of this cycle being "Mlle. Modiste" with First National; the next at Warners in "Sweet Kitty Bellaires," the next "The Man From Wyoming," at Paramount, and then "Beyond Victory" at Pathé, where she filled the part Ann Harding was not free to take.

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It's the height of something or other

Here we see Constance Bennett, one of the most glamourous girls in pictures, beginning her working day as any other business girl. On the set for "Three Faces East."

Joan Marie, daughter of Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing prison, says good-bye at the famous South Gate before leaving for Hollywood to play in a picture of prison life.

Dorothy Jordan shows Baron Phillippe de Rothschild, French theater owner, how a microphone works. The Baron was a recent guest of Louis B. Mayer at the MGM studios.

when a man has to travel from Hollywood to London, England, to do less than half a day's work. That's what Jack Buchanan had to do. He may be an actor in Hollywood but he's a producer in England and as such had to be present when an actor was signed up for one of his forthcoming productions.

"Well, it gave me a chance for a full night's rest anyway," said Jack, razzing the crazy working hours in Hollywood.

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Before Stanley Fields, whose latest picture is "Ladies Love Brutes," came out here a friend told him to be sure and have plenty of wardrobe. Whereupon Stanley ordered fifteen suits. He has only worn one of them, in pictures that is, his usual costume being rough corduroys.

Stanley seems to be developing into one of our favorite bad men out here.

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During the production of "Holiday," E. H. Griffith, the director, needed an actor to play a small bit of comedy and asked Jimmie Biro to do it. Now Jimmie was a first lieutenant in the Hungarian Army during the World War but has since cast his lot with Hollywood, not as an actor, however. Jimmie is in the electrical department and takes charge of all the various buzzers connected with the signals from the set to the mixer's room aloft. He is, however, a natural-born comedian and livened up his bit so tremendously that Mr. Griffith encouraged him to take up acting as a profession, predicting that he would be a second El Brendel. But Jimmy wouldn't hear of such foolishness. "Not me," he declared. "I've seen too many actors hanging around here out of work. I'm going to stick to the little old buzzer!"

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Jimmy Gleason plays a soldier in "Beyond Victory" and a sailor in "Her Man," both in production at Pathé at the same time. It keeps him pretty busy but he has two breaks. One is that both pictures are on the same lot, the other is from the wardrobe department. "All I have to do is change my pants," said Jimmie. He wears khaki overalls as the soldier and blue overalls as the sailor.

The boys are all getting on the job at three-thirty so as not to miss the early morning light for the trench scenes, and it's interfering a lot with their rest. They declare they don't mind fighting the World War, but this three-thirty business is the bunk!

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A little girl by the name of Frances Dee has just signed a ten months' contract with Paramount and will make her bow in "The Little Café," playing opposite Maurice Chevalier. Frances said it amused her to find another studio upon whose lot she had played time and time again almost demand that she sign with them when it had been rumored that Paramount had offered a contract.

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We have just heard that it took three people, none of them connected with the studio, to think of the title for the western picture Bill Haines recently completed. Now brace yourself, because

this should be a knockout. The title is "Way Out West." There's snappy team-work for you.

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At Ben's and Bebe's wedding there was a balcony and stairway connecting the two ballrooms which are on separate levels at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Bill Haines started to make the reception hall by sliding down the balustrade but stopped suddenly, less than half way. Some folks who happened to see it thought Bill had decided in the midst of it that sliding down the bannisters wasn't exactly the thing to do at a wedding. But we strongly suspect Bill found the balustrade which was covered with plush, not so good for sliding. The irrepressible Bill is not one to be daunted by the conventions.

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"Oh, if anyone sends me another one of these things I'll scream!" cried Alice White, tearing to bits a sheet of paper and stamping it on the studio floor. "It's the tenth this week." The object of her wrath was a chain letter with which Hollywood has been suddenly deluged.

"Have some lunch?" she invited, but nobody did for what do you think it was? A chicken sandwich, a pint of milk, and two squares of milk chocolate!

"That goes on every day. She thinks it helps her with her acting," said her director, Eddie Cline, who loves to imitate Benny Rubin.

"Well, it helps keep the pounds off, anyhow," laughed Alice who had curled herself up in her chair and started to munch her sandwich, "I don't know exactly why, because milk is not supposed to make you thin. But it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, they say."

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If Howard Greer doesn't get half the money the feminine film stars make, Harry Collins does. These are two of the leading sartorial establishments out here. We heard Lila Lee complaining that after a Collins orgy she was broke, but if all the creations she bought were as charming as the crushed strawberry handkerchief linen frock she wore at the Embassy she probably won't mind that temporary flatness of purse.

Lila has been a busy girl these days and there is a part in New York being dangled before her eyes which were sparkling when she told us about it. "I've not been in New York for four years, and I'm dying to go."

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In a recent picture Sharon Lynn had location scenes at the home of a very wealthy society girl who had loaned her estate for the benefit of a charity. Sharon was supposed to drive from the entrance and they brought a Chrysler 78 for her use. "Oh, I don't think that will do," Sharon said hesitatingly. "This girl is supposed to be very wealthy and I should think she would be driving a Packard or a Rolls." The man who was responsible for getting the car scratched his head. Finally, he said, "The lady who owns this house ought to put us right on that. She's an heiress, very wealthy, and she's home. Let's ask her."

"Well," replied the lady brightly, "all of *my* friends seem to be driving Fords!"

Dorothy Mackaill, one of the most versatile of troupers, all ready for work in the sound version of "Office Wife," from the popular novel of that name by Faith Baldwin.

By their smiles you shall know them—Mrs. Henry Cooper and her son, Gary. And note the marked resemblance in the profile of Judge Cooper to that of his famous son.

Ben Lyon and Harry Langdon doing kitchen-police duty in "A Soldier's Plaything" under Michael Curtiz' stern direction. Who says actors do not suffer for their art?

Irving Lippman

Making *a* Scene *for* "Moby Dick"

Here's little Dolores Ethel Barrymore's daddy hard at work on his talker version of "The Sea Beast," which, you remember, was one of his most popular silent successes. In its latest version this story of the sea receives its original title of "Moby Dick." Dolores Costello, now Mrs. John Barrymore, was leading lady in that first picture. Joan Bennett has the heroine's rôle in the new film. Here you see John listening to director Lloyd Bacon's outline of the forthcoming scene. Take a good long look, for it isn't often you have an opportunity to watch a Barrymore in action on the set.

ASK ME

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

By Miss Vee Dee

The popular Larry Gray is 'head man' this month with the Ask Me department. "The Crooning Lover" will be his next singie.

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

MILDRED B. *from New Jersey.* Just received a wire from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. saying that he was born in New York City, December 9, 1908. In a recent issue of SCREENLAND we made him two years younger. Young Doug is 22 and proud of it! "The Dawn Patrol" will be his next release.

Betty Joe from Ft. Worth, Tex. Have I ever had a voice test? Yes, and now that you ask, I've had several 'scream' tests, but why go into that? In 1920, Clive Brook married Mildred Evelyn, a popular English actress. He came to the United States in 1924. He has two children, Faith Evelyn and Clive, Jr. You can reach Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, and Richard Arlen at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Greta Garbo at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jackie from Homer City, Pa. I don't believe Ann Harding is the long-lost chum you're looking for. Ann doesn't give her birth place or her name before she became an actress. She is Mrs. Harry Bannister, in private life. She attended school at Montclair, N. J., and the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. You can write her at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

G. M. of Birmingham, Ala. So Ramon Novarro is your everlasting heartache. Something should be done about that, but do you think a trip to Hollywood and a talk with Ramon would ease the ache? Ramon has made two pictures since "The Pagan" with Dorothy Janis: "Devil-May-Care" and "In Gay Madrid," also with Dorothy Jordan. John Mack Brown married a college sweetheart.

Marjorie C. of Hollis, L. I. Where have you been, my dear, not to know that Garry Cooper is one of the most talked-about young stars? And such swell things the fans say about him, too! In the event you have overlooked my own private ravings, Gary's real name is Frank J. Cooper and he was 29 years old on May 7, 1930. His latest pictures are "Seven Day's Leave" with Beryl Mercer, "The Virginian" and "Only the Brave," with Mary Brian, and "The Texan," with Fay Wray. You can reach him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loo-Choo fro Los Angeles. Aren't you the lucky person to see the actors on the street making pictures? Mary Astor was born May 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. She has auburn hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her husband was Kenneth Hawks, who was killed in January. Paddy O'Flynn was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. He began his screen career in 1926. He has brown curly hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

Jane R. T. of Bronxville, N. Y. There are many ways of obtaining photographs of the screen players—the most popular method is to write to the stars personally, then park yourself near the favorite mail box and wait for the returns. And what returns! Molly O'Day is 18 years old and her sister, Sally O'Neil, was 19 on October 23rd, 1929. Molly has appeared in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The Patent Leather Kid," and "Hard-Boiled Haggerty."

Mrs. Nellie O'C. of Ottawa, Ont. You can address your letter to Cecil De Mille, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mr. De Mille was born August 12, 1881, in Ashfield, Mass. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 176 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He was married to Constance Adams, a professional, on August 16, 1902. He has been an actor, playwright, manager and producer on the stage. In 1913 he became identified with the screen. He has directed many of the outstanding films of the picture industry. His latest one, "Madame Satan," features Reginald Denny, Kay Johnson and Lillian Roth.

Peggy from West Virginia. How do I take things? Never seriously; always with a smile. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is not Mary Pickford Fairbanks' son. His mother is Mrs. Beth Sully Whiting, former wife of Douglas, Sr. Ruth Taylor was married March 17, 1930, to Paul S. Zuckerman of New York City. Nancy Carroll's address is given elsewhere in this department. Her newest picture is "The Devil's Holiday" with Phillips Holmes, James Kirkwood, Paul Lukas, Morton Downey and Zasu Pitts.

Dolly D. of Weymouth, Mass. You and the girl friend want a couple of fast answers, do you? All right, catch this one. In "Children of Pleasure," Lawrence Gray sings *The Whole Darned Thing's For You.* Wynne Gibson appears with him. There's a new-comer to the screen that will make you cry for more of her. Marion Davies is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Joan Crawford and Marie Prevost are 5 feet 4 inches. Laura La Plante is 5 feet 3 inches. Clara Bow is 5 feet 3½ inches.

Kiyoko Yoshikawa of Hawaii. A little Japanese girl, as sure as I live. Now that we are introduced, what's on your mind? The stars you ask about have dropped out of sight since you saw them last on the screen so if you'll ask me about some of the more active players, I'll be happy to give you the last word about them.

Richmond Belle from California. There is really nothing the matter with Lon Chaney — his directors, producers and scenario writers will have to take the blame because Lon never gets the girl he wants in his pictures. Maybe Lon's not so easy to get. His last picture was "Thunder," with Phyllis Haver, James Murray and George Duryea. This film was Phyllis Haver's last appearance before her marriage and retirement from the screen. Lon is now busy making a talkie version of "The Unholy Three."

Virginia S. from Pawtucket, R. I. We couldn't go to press without some news about Buddy Rogers, the gift to America's sweethearts, young and old. Buddy has a brother, Bh (pronounce it, if you can) who has been given a try-out by Paramount where he will play bits for the first few months. Buddy's new leading lady for his

next picture, "Heads Up," is Margaret Breen of the stage. The picture is being made at the New York Paramount Studios. You can adress June Collyer at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. June's real name is Dorothea Hermance. Matty Kemp was born in New York City on September 10, 1907. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 162 pounds.

Josephine of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. I'll admit I'm the state champion answer lady, if not national, but I wouldn't have space in this department to give you the names and addresses of all the screen players in Hollywood and the New York studios. Drop me a line and ask for five or six of your favorites and I'll be happy to give you their addresses. I thank you.

Marjorie O. from Hayward, Cal. You think you could hold my job and no one would be the wiser? I guess *that* will hold me for the future. Colleen Moore's last release was "Footlights and Fools." You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ken Maynard appears in "The Fighting Legion" with Dorothy Dwan; and in "Kettle Creek" with Kathryn Crawford. Address Ken at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Josephine from Vancouver. You are not the only person to be 'this and that' over Nils Asther so you'll be delighted to know he will appear in an all-talking picture, "The Sea Bat," with Raquel Torres. Nils was born January 17, 1901, in Malmo, Sweden. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not married. He has played in "Topsy and Eva" with the Duncan sisters; "Sorrell and Son" with H. B. Warner; "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" with Lon Chaney and Loretta Young; "The Cossacks" with John Gilbert and Rénée Adorée; "Our Dancing Daughters" with Joan Crawford and Anita Page; "Cardboard Lover" with Marion Davies, and "Dream of Love" with Joan Crawford.

A Costant Reader from Washington, D. C. If I had the information you want, it wouldn't be any trouble to give it to you; but I do not divulge the methods used by the stars to keep their poundage within camera demands. But the August SCREENLAND had an article called "How to Have a Hollywood Figure," by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, with interesting information along the lines of reducing.

Sophie from Gary, Ind. Coyly dodging this and and that to avoid getting into the rough, has developed my sense of humor to a marked degree. Do I like my job? Who wouldn't? John Gilbert's real name is Pringle. He was married to Ina Claire on May 9, 1929. He was born July 10, 1897, in Logan, Utah. At the age of ten years, he made his first stage appearance with the late Eddie Foy.

Mary N. of Halifax, Nova Scotia. When you fell for Bebe Daniels, you fell hard and when you're mad about a star, you're good and mad. Well, well! With the arrival of the talking and singing pictures, a new Bebe Daniels was discovered. She was 29 years old on January 14, 1930. Her eyes are dark brown, her hair is black and she is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Bebe is Mrs. Ben Lyon now. Her new picture is "Dixiana" with Lloyd Hughes.

Gary Cooper Fan from Chicago. You want to help boost Gary's fan mail, do you? Take your bow, good-looking Gary. Success has not gone to Gary's head; he has worked hard and has given his best in portrayals of the characters assigned him. His new picture is "The Texan" with Fay Wray. Some of his older films are "Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky; "Children of Divorce," with Clara Bow and Esther Ralston; "Arizona Bound" with Betty Jewel and El Brendel; "Wings" with Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen and Clara Bow; "Nevada" with Thelma Todd, and "The Last Outlaw" with Betty Jewel and Jack Luden.

La Vida from Portland, Oregon. One of my many followers, are you? That's fine but I always manage to keep two leaps ahead of the gang, if you get me and you haven't yet. Buddy Rogers was born August 13, 1905, in Olathe, Kans. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. "Safety in Numbers" and "Young Eagels" are his newest pictures. Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are one of the most popular co-starring teams in films. Janet was born October 6, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is a trifle over 5 feet and weighs 100 pounds. She was married to Lydell Peck, a San Francisco lawyer, on September 11, 1929.

Helen from Colfax, Iowa. What a wow Lawrence Gray has turned out to be since he has learned to talk and sing. He plays with Marion Davies in "Marianne" and in "Spring is Here" with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray and Louise Fazenda. Address him Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lawrence was born July 27, 1898, in San Francisco, Cal. He has brown hair, blue-green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not married. You can write Paddy O'Flynn at Box 386, Hollywood, Cal.

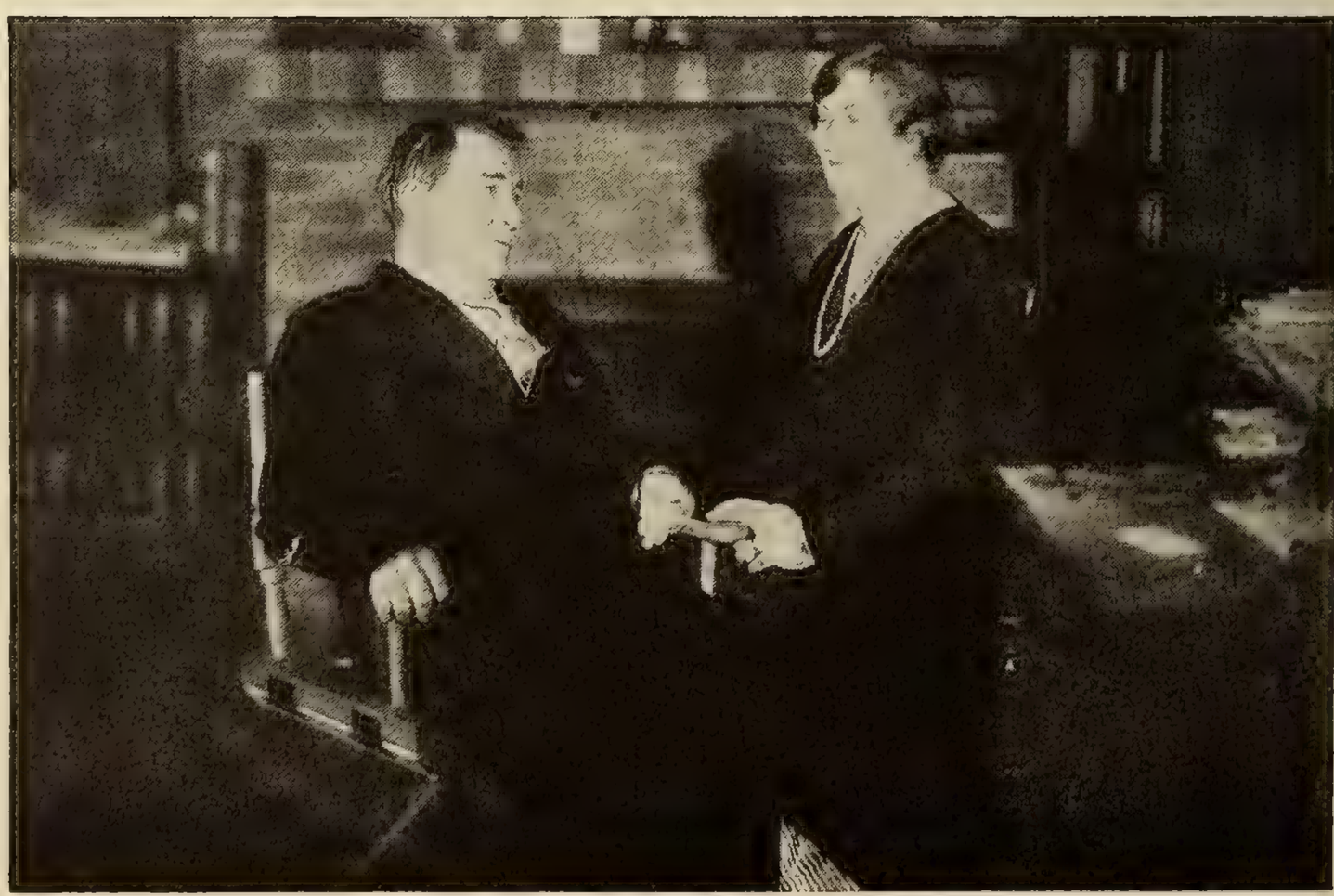
Lena O. of Raymondville, Tex. Lest we for one moment forget the ages of our favorites, here you'll find that Ramon Novarro is 30, George O'Brien is 29, Dick Arlen is 31, Clive Brook is 39 and Gary Cooper is 29. Kenneth Thompson was born January 7, 1899, in Pittsburgh, Pa. He has black hair, brown eyes and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He is married to Alden Gay, an actress.

Bar of Omaha, Nebr. I'm in the biggest giggle of the month over the many compliments received for this department. Come again with another load, we like them. Mary Brian is 21, Florence Vidor is 34, Evelyn Brent is 30, Greta Garbo is 23, Audrey Ferris is 20, Billie Dove is 27, Doris Dawson is 21, Barbara Kent is 21, and Norma Shearer is 25. Evelyn Brent, whose real name is Betty Briggs, is the wife of Harry Edwards, a director.

J. R. of St. Louis. I have the grandest time trying to arrange get-together meetings of long lost friends of the picture stars. More fun! John Boles please step up and be identified as one of the lost boy-hood friends. This golden-voiced singer of the screen, was born on Oct. 28, 1900, in Greenville, Texas. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 180 pounds and has grey-blue eyes and brown hair. John graduated from the University of Texas as a physician but the World War changed his plans. At the close of the war, he returned to Texas to become a cotton grower but again changed his plans for he was advised to go to New York to study music. Lucky break for the fans, for his success means pleasure to his many admirers. He is married to a pretty Southern girl and they have a two-year-old daughter.

Mrs. R. E. J. of Atlanta, Ga. John Gilbert's first talking pictures were, "His Glorious Night" and "Redemption." To give you all of his screen plays would take too much space, but as far as I know he did not appear in the film you ask about. "St. Elmo" was a 1923 Fox release.

Mae J. of Indianapolis. You need cheering up a bit, do you? All right, let's give three cheers and a rah-rah! Colleen Moore and John McCormick were married in 1923. Rod La Rocque was christened Roderique La Rocque. He is the husband of Vilma Banky. John Mack Brown uses his own



Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett. George can hold his own with any of the younger players for popularity according to Miss Vee Dee's statistics.

name in films. He was born Sept. 1, 1904, in Dothan, Alabama, is married and has a young daughter. Lon Chaney's first talking picture is "The Unholy Three." You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Patricia from Lake Charles, La. What do I do with my evenings these days? Who wants to know? Edward Martindel's real name is just that. He was born in Hamilton, Ohio, but doesn't say when. He has grey hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. Before going into pictures in 1917, he was in a musical comedy in Victor Herbert's operas, also in vaudeville and has appeared as an oratorio and concert singer. His latest pictures are "The Aviator" with Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller and in "Song of the West" with John Boles, Vivienne Segal and Joe E. Brown, both Warner Bros. productions.

A Fan from New Orleans. Stand by for the newsreel of addresses and listen carefully for they'll not appear again for another month. Janet Gaynor, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave.; Barry Norton, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., all Hollywood, Cal., studios. John Gilbert and Conrad Nagel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Billy Haines Fan from Milwaukee. I can deliver all kinds of messages to the stars but a bear hug is quite out of my line; however, if you insist, I'll see what can be done about it. Since appearing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Hollywood Revue of 1929," William Haines has made "Navy Blues" with Anita Page and "The Girl Said No" with Leila Hyams, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, William Janney and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Polly Moran was born in Chicago, Ill. She has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 134 pounds. Polly has traveled all over the globe, playing in musical comedy and in vaudeville until 1915, when she appeared with Charlie Murray in "The Janitor." She and her mother live in Hollywood with Polly's adopted son.

Alice P. of Chicago. Do I have any fan clubs in my honor? Lack-a-day and other forms of hey-hey. Somebody would ask that. Your favorite, Walter Byron, was born June 11, 1902, in Leicester, England. He has brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 163 pounds. He is not married. Walter's family have been actors for over two hundred years in continuous succession from his great, great grand-father. His father is George Butler, the English comedian, and his mother, Dulcie Lawrence, was a prominent leading lady until her retirement from the stage a few years ago. His first American film was "The Awakening" with Vilma Banky. His latest release is "Not Damaged" with Lois Moran, Inez Courtney and Robert Ames.

Duncan C. G. of Brockville, Ontario. Of course you can write to Greta Garbo for an autographed photograph but I can't promise you'll hear from her personally—address her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and await results. Her first talkie was "Anna Christie" with Marie Dressler, Charles Bickford and George Marion. Her next picture will be "Romance" with Gavin Gordon from the stage. He has dark hair, grey eyes and was born in Chicora, Miss.

La Ray of Tenn. Do I like to answer questions? I just haven't got the heart to tell you, you big tease. Sally Blane is on the pay roll at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray is the wife of John Monk Saunders, the author and screen writer. You can reach Fay and Mary Brian at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Billie Dove wears her hair in a shoulder-length bob. I believe she has a brother in the picture industry but not as an actor. Jean Arthur has been married and divorced but has no children.

Cleo C. of Boardman, Mich. Does it take so much courage to write me? I'm an honest-to-goodness fan, like the rest of 'us girls,' so don't hesitate but write again. Clara Bow's real name is Clara Gordon Bow—she hasn't any brothers or sisters—she's the one and only Bow. She has been engaged several times but always changed her mind about matrimony. She was born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Her eyes are agate brown and her hair is red. I don't know her home address but you can reach her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Buddy Rogers again! Buddy is the eternal favorite with Miss Vee Dee's friends.

Doris W. of Chehalis, Wash. Dispelling gloom is a pet hobby of mine—here you see the joy lady of the future, if the future is lucky. Before going into pictures, Alice White was Alva White. You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Her latest pictures are, "Show Girl in Hollywood" with Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Ford Sterling; and "Playing Around" with Marion Byron, Chester Morris and William Bakewell. You may not recognize your favorites among the following, but here they are; Betty Riggs, Lucille Le Suer, John Pringle, Douglas Ullman, Anita Pomares, Gladys Marie Smith, Virginia Sweeney, James Brown, Joseph Francis and Lewis D. Offield. Gather around next month and I *may* tell you who they are.

Cass from Camden, N. J. I nominate you for the shortest letter writer of the month—four lines, but what lines! William Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900, in Staunton, Va. He uses his own name on the screen. He has two sisters, Ann and Lillian. His next picture will be "Easy Going."

Kay-Kay from Baldwin, L. I. You deserve a swell answer after the grand praise you hand me—I can stand any amount of it, that or those. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were married in New York City, on June 3, 1929. Nils Asther is 29 years old, weighs 170 pounds, is 6 feet ½ inch tall and has black hair and brown eyes. He appears in "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres. You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Irene Rich, Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan play with Will Rogers in "So This is London." Maureen came over from Ireland to play in John McCormick's picture, "Song o' My Heart."

Rose Sie from St. Louis. Will I do a little girl a great big favor? Can you feature me refusing a little girl's favor when she asks so prettily? The song played and sung throughout the picture, "Submarine," was *Pals*. Ask your music dealer for a copy of the song. Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Revier were the principals in the cast.

Ella R. of Canandaigua, N. Y. Do I think Gary Cooper has a cute grin? Shh-shh! Don't breathe it to a living soul but if I had that contagious grin of Mr. Cooper's, what would I do with it? Esther Ralston played the lead in "Fashions for Women." Sue Carol gets her fan mail at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Her latest pictures are, "The Golden Calf" and "Dancing Sweeties." Nancy Carroll is appearing in the best picture of her career —"The Devil's Holiday" with Phillips Holmes, Hobart Bosworth and James Kirkwood. Josephine Dunn plays with Charles Rogers in "Safety in Numbers." Betty Compson and Nena Quartaro play in "Isle of Escape" with Monte Blue. Nena was christened Gladys Quartaro. She was born March 17, 1910, in New York City. She has black hair and eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall.

Joseph B. of Jeffersonville, Ind. Some task you've given me to dig out the first pictures of all the stars. To comply with that request, would mean a special issue of the magazine but here are a few of them. Bebe Daniels' first screen work was with Harold Lloyd in "Lonesome Luke" comedies. Conrad Nagel in "The Fighting Chance" for Lasky in 1920. Hoot Gibson in "Hazards of Helen" for Selig-Kalem in 1911. Clara Bow in "Down to the Sea in Ships" in 1923. Myrna Loy in "What Price Beauty," a film made by Natacha Rambova, the wife of Rudolph Valentino. Barry Norton appeared as an extra in "The Black Pirate," starring Douglas Fairbanks. Richard Arlen in "In the Name of Love" in 1925. Nancy Carroll in "Ladies Must Dress" in 1927. Laura La Plante in Christie Comedies in 1919.

Jerry of Toledo, Ohio. Another booster for SCREENLAND, are you? Up and up we go, just watch us. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name, Frank J. Cooper. Clive Brook was 39 years old on June 1. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. You can

address Gary Cooper and Clive Brook at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Genevieve from Springfield, Mass. The producers do not always agree with the fans on the selection of co-starring teams —we take 'em or leave 'em and we usually take them, don't we? Nancy Carroll played with Charles Rogers in one film, "Abie's Irish Rose." Nancy is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a four year old daughter, Patricia. Nancy is 23 years old.

Miss La Rue of Poughkeepsie. Reginald Denny was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, but he doesn't give the date. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 178 pounds. His wife is Betsy Lee, a professional. He entered pictures in 1919. Robert Castle was born in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. He is 6 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. You can write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jack R. of Los Angeles. A bouquet of compliments for SCREENLAND via the V. D. route. No, I never get any brick-bats, I always dodge them. Gloria Swanson is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest release is "What a Widow!" with Lew Cody and Owen Moore. Mae Murray was born May 10, 1893. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her husband is Prince David Mdivani. They have a young son, born in May, 1927.

Ohio Sue from Bethel. You're a regular question box and I'm the answer specialist, so that makes us both 'regular fellows.' James Hall is 29 and Ramon Novarro is 30 years old. I haven't been notified of any engagement or marriage of either gentleman. Anita Page was born in Flushing, L. I., about 20 years ago. Her first screen appearance was with William Haines in "Telling the World." Marion Davies is 30 and Greta Garbo is 23 years old.

Daring from Ft. Stockton, Texas. The big heart-throb from the Lone Star State. You know how to pick your favorites but what do you want to know about them? Rin-Tin-Tin is barking his way through pictures with his usual cleverness. His latest is "On the Border" with Armida, Walter Miller and Philo McCullough.

Violet of State College, Pa. Do screen stars ever write letters to the fans? That question disturbs me frightfully, but I can only repeat, dust off the desk, take pen in hand, either right or left, dash off the lines nearest your heart and hope for the best. Clara Bow's hair is red and when I say red, I mean RED. Alice White was 23 years old on August 28. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her next picture will be "The Widow from Chicago."

Jeannine of Baltimore. This comes to you through the courtesy of station Vee-Dee, so here you are, or are you? Nils Asther's given name is pronounced with the e's long—Neels. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. John Mack Brown is 25 years old and is married to his college sweetheart, a pretty southern girl. Very romantic, isn't it?

Frances L. from West Medford, Mass. You just had to write me, did you? I know how you feel; somebody has to get the good breaks and why not you? Roland Drew's real name is Walter Goss. He was born in Elmhurst, L. I., in 1903. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and dark grey eyes. You can address him, Tec-Art Studios, Edwin Carewe Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Maragaret S. of Birmingham, Mich. So you've had your eyes on me, have you? I may not be the fisherman's daughter but I can throw a wicked line. You may address Harold Lloyd at 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Little Wheezer is Bobby Hutchens in real life. He was born March 29, 1925, in Tacoma, Wash. He made his screen debut at the age of 21 months. You can write him in care of Hal Roach Comedies, Culver City, Cal. Edmund Lowe can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

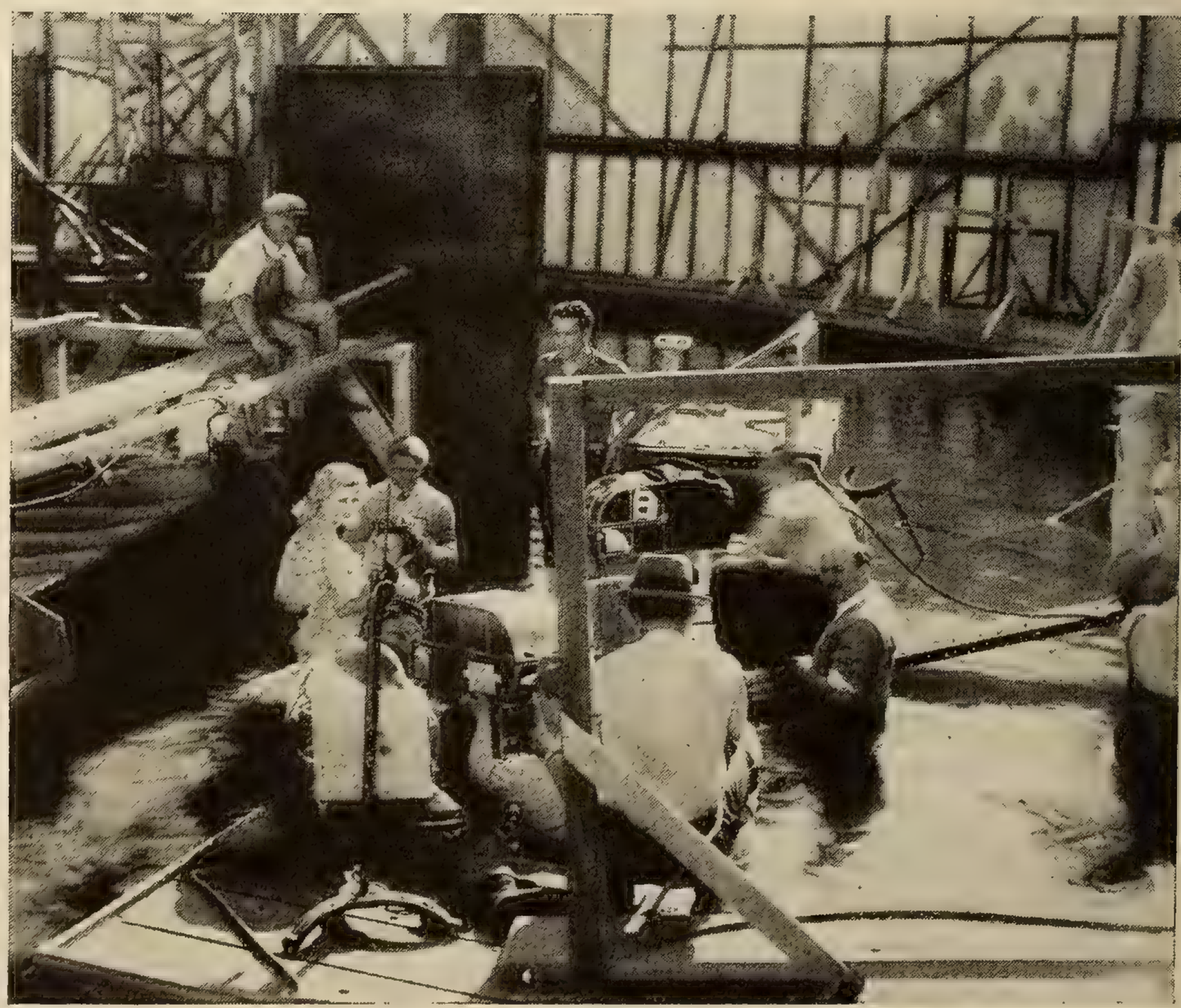
Florence D. of Sturgeon Falls, Oregon. No. I don't think the whole world revolves around me—I never taste the stuff. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas. He attended school at Columbus, Ohio, but later entered the Virginia Military Institute, from which he graduated at the age of 18 with a degree in civil engineering. His love of riding caused him to give up his chosen profession to join the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus as a trick rider. He became famous for his daring stunts and won the world championship for trick riding and roping in 1920. While touring the country with Ringling Brothers Circus in 1922, he decided to try motion pictures. Ken is happily married to a non-professional. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and steel grey eyes. You can write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. His latest release is, "The Fighting Legion," with Dorothy Dwan.

Banjo Eyes from New York. Don't tell me there isn't anything new under the sun —with eyes like that, you should go far but not too far. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, about 40 years ago. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 173 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Johnny Walker was born in New York City but doesn't mention the year. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Address him at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Nick Stuart's real name is Nickolas Prata. He was born April 10, 1904, in Abrud, Roumania. He has black wavy hair, snapping dark eyes and a never failing grin.

Miss G. from Olathe, Kansas. From the old home town of America's Big Boy Friend, Buddy Rogers, just as sure as I live! You can address Donald Reed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ben Lyon at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. June Collyer appears in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National Studios.

Mrs. Charles E. J. of Philadelphia. Sally Blane was born in Salida, Colo., on July 11, 1910. She played with Rudy Vallee in "The Vagabond Lover." Don Alvarado was christened Jose Paige. His mother was Marie Antoinette Alvarado and his father, Candido Paige. Olive Borden plays with Jack Oakie and Skeet Gallagher in "The Social Lion."

B. B. from Quebec. As the picture producing companies employ large staffs of scenario writers, it would be very difficult for an outsider to get a break with them. Dolores Del Rio may be reached at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She appears with Edmund Lowe in "The Bad One."



What price realism? Joan Bennett and Bill Banker, football star from Tulane University, had to be upset from a canoe for a scene from "Maybe It's Love." Note the microphone, camera and props.

They meet their CLOSE-UP TEST Triumphantly —

Do You meet yours ?

YOU must face eager eyes close to your skin. This is YOUR close-up test.

NOW . . . the close-up! Eager eyes admiring . . . pulses quickening . . . hearts irresistibly *won* . . . The acid test of beauty, 45 Hollywood directors declare, is the close-up—taken under a cruel, revealing blaze of light. A test, they have found, which only the girl with flawless skin can pass!

That is why complexion beauty is all-important to the stars whose beauty thrills thousands . . and to *you.*

For you, too, have a close-up test to pass! Admiring eyes close to you must find *your* skin radiantly, softly smooth. You will want to guard skin beauty just as the lovely stars do!

In Hollywood, of the 521 important actresses, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap! On Broadway, too, and even in Europe the stars are devoted to this fragrant white soap.

Pictured Above: 1. Dorothy Mackaill 2. Mary Brian 3. Evelyn Brent 4. Olive Borden 5. Clara Bow 6. Alice White 7. Janet Gaynor 8. Bebe Daniels 9. Marion Davies 10. Armida 11. Ruth Chatterton 12. Anita Page 13. Joan Crawford 14. Nancy Carroll.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with . . . . . .

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

LETTERS FROM THE AUDIENCE — *Continued from page 12*

world, in fact. I imagined that until I could achieve such a trip the barrier of remoteness would always exist between me and the countries I wanted so much to see. Silent movies, of course, did much to bring to us the habits and customs of foreign people and of all people living in a sphere different from mine. But when I heard my first sound picture—a newsreel, with von Hindenburg officiating at the ceremony of launching the Bremen, and heard him speak in German, I felt a sense of the nearness of the countries which seemed to be so entirely separated from me; and knew that even if my cherished hope of actually going abroad could not be realized, the world could be brought to me with every phase of reality, through the sound picture.

Miss Bertha Hirt,
625, 318 W. 9th Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Bouquets for Stage Players

The stage and screen have met, and who can say it has not been a success? After seeing Garbo and Bickford in "Anna Christie" in stark drama, Bessie Love and Charles King in musical comedy, Marie Dressler and William Haines in the lightest of nonsense, we must admit that stage training has its uses.

Never once do Marie Dressler, Mr. Bickford or Mr. King make an awkward or self-conscious move. Each gesture is graceful and expressive. The talkies have been immeasurably helped by these experienced people who alone know the trick of putting a world of expression into an ordinary sentence with the flexing of their voices. Ruth Chatterton expresses much with the mere lift of her voice; while in Miss Garbo's scenes with Mr. Bickford one could almost feel his strong personality lifting and carrying her to a display of emotion never before seen in the 'Swedish icicle.'

With the event of the talkies, gone are the set faces and barely moving lips of the male and female beauties of the screen of yesterday, and surely we can now look forward to living, emotional portrayals of the various rôles.

Miss Thistle Bell,
Chestertown, Md.

Study at the Movies!

My greatest interest is—people. Human beings. How they live and think. And why. The similar points of all. The interesting variations of the individual. The movies offer a study of mankind. How else can one person possibly become intimately acquainted with such a cosmopolitan group? How can I, in my little home town, know the dreams and despairs of an *Anna Christie*, the philosophical reasonings of a *Disraeli*, or the mystery of that divine lady, *Emma Hamilton?*

In literature we can find these people. But many will never read and find them there, who will see and hear them in the movies. To those who read, the movies bring their favorite characters in real form. They see and hear and learn to know them better.

Interesting phenomena—people. Too common to be really understood!

Ethelyn M. Kennon,
1024 N. Clay Avenue,
Springfield, Mo.

What's the Answer?

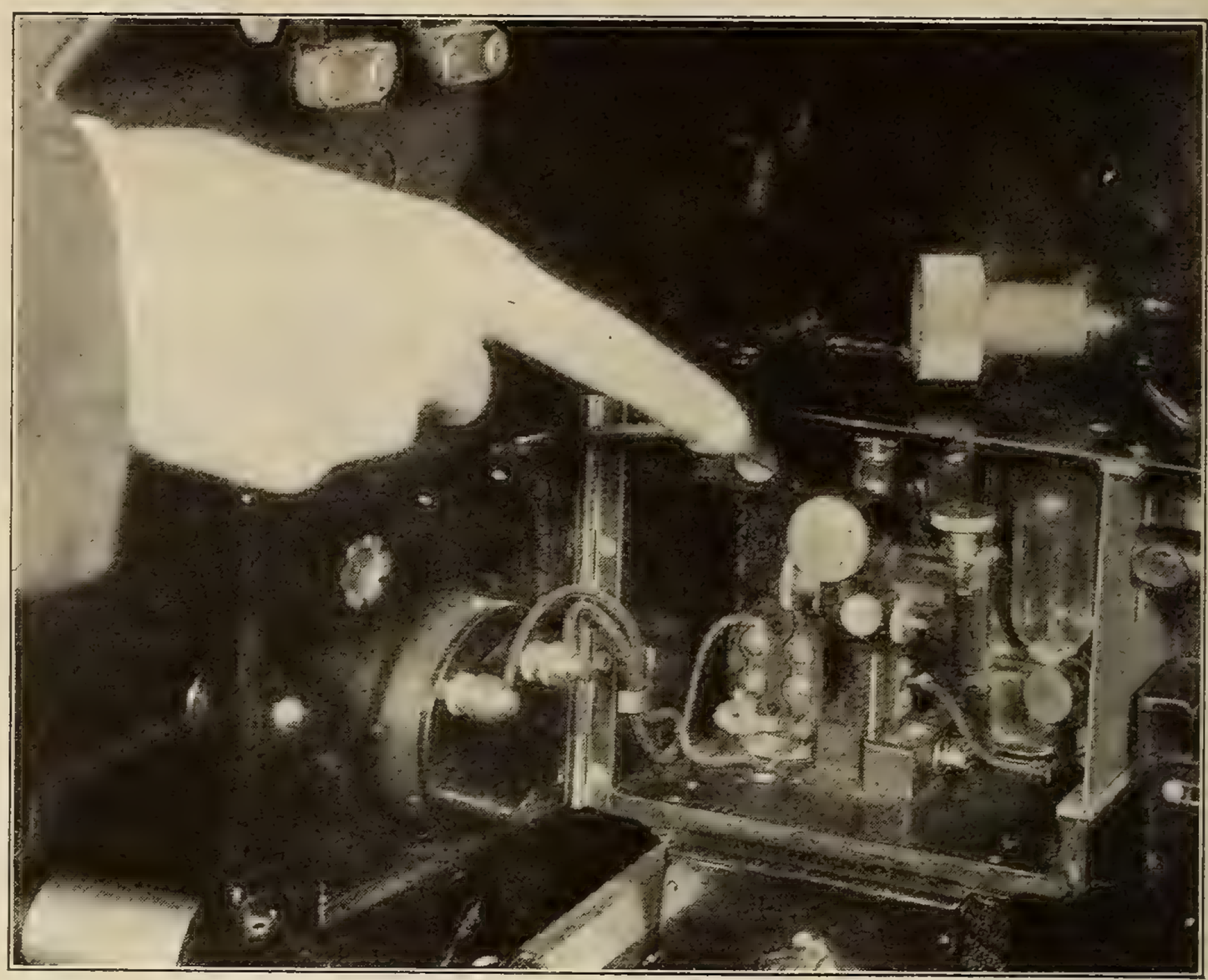
I want to express my appreciation of "Lummox," the story for which was so well written, so well produced that I find it hard to think only in the terms of the artists behind this wonderful production.

Fannie Hurst is a wonderful character author. She describes each movement of the character so well that one can see the person; and Herbert Brenon is a great director because he put on the screen, making her a living reality, the same masterful character that Fannie Hurst wrote about.

Winifred Westover, Ben Lyon and Dorothy Janis were all superb in their characterizations.

Now I get back to the same old question. Why don't we have more of these perfect productions? Can it be that not enough people want them?

Isabelle W. Jordan,
17181 Pontchartrain Blvd.,
Detroit, Mich.



Meet the exciting lamp. One of the 895 parts in a Western Electric sound projector system. And imagine Greta Garbo, Clara Bow or Nancy Carroll without it!

The Art of Being Natural

To me, the outstanding feature of Richard Barthelmess' art is his entire naturalness. As the Chinamen in "Broken Blossoms" and "Son of the Gods," the swash-buckling soldier in "The Fighting Blade," the crippled soldier in "The Enchanted Cottage," the pugilist in "The Patent Leather Kid," or as the wistful, dreaming elevator operator in "Young Nowhere," he is always natural. He seems to live the character he portrays and never bedecks it with tricks of the theater, unnatural manners or gestures. He even is careful how he dresses his characters. If they are drab, then they must be dressed drably. If they are romantic they must be so garbed. He takes no license in order to win his audience. Richard Barthelmess, my favorite actor.

W. C. Young,
1935 Grand Avenue,
Granite City, Ill.

A Tribute to "Hallelujah"

Talking pictures have finally achieved what silent films would never have attempted, a fine and moving story of the negro race.

"Hallelujah," to me, is a great picture—a monumental story of the American negro told with feeling, understanding, good taste, dignity and artistic sincerity. Watching Daniel Haynes and others of this splendid cast they seem to be not really acting at all, but actually feeling and experiencing the emotions they were seeking to portray.

The drama and humor of the colored race are shown in "Hallelujah," and it is as absorbing as it is picturesque. It is one of the greatest dramas ever made and surely will be ranked among the outstanding productions of the singing-talking screen.

Ernest Crum,
2401 Edwards St.,
Granite City, Ill.

Too Many Theme Songs?

I cannot resist the temptation to express my disapproval of certain phases of our 'new' talkies.

Is it absolutely necessary that a person in love should sing to the member of the opposite sex in order to make it effective? In my estimation, theme songs injected in love scenes spoil the picture built up in a person's mind. It is not true to life and destroys the value of the play.

I witnessed a performance of "Montana Moon" a few nights ago and thought it especially good. Here, the story was the thing.

We are getting too many pictures just alike. Who cares to see a group of girls dance in every time the curtains are drawn? I, for one, am getting fed up on it—and plenty!

John B. Lemaire,
2 Oak Street,
Pana, Ill.

Every Screen Star in Hollywood
Knows the Magic Beauty Secret of
MAKE-UP
In COLOR Harmony
You, yourself, may now learn how to double your beauty and vividly accent your personality . . . from Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, Max Factor.
DO you want new beauty . . . new magnetism of personality . . . new fascination . . . quickly, almost instantly . . . then listen to this message from Hollywood . . . learn about the one make-up that's used in all the famous motion picture studios; by all the glorious stars who have entranced you with their loveliness . . . discover why beauty is always perfect in every picture released from Hollywood.
A discovery by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, revolutionized the use of cosmetics in filmland. Make-Up to really work wonders in creating and enhancing beauty must be in color harmony . . . Cosmetics must blend perfectly in the make-up ensemble. Off-colors ruin beauty . . . often produce unattractive, grotesque effects. All this Max Factor learned in his work with motion picture stars during twenty odd years.
Then came the revolutionary idea . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and other make-up requisites . . . all in color harmony to blend with the complexion colorings of each individual type, whatever the variation in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And each color tone in each cosmetic created to some living type . . . to harmonize with such matchless beauty as typified by Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Billie Dove.
Imagine what amazing new beauty this discovery means to you . . . and now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret, for in Society Make-Up, Max Factor has created powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for every woman, for every day, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. A sensation in Hollywood . . . it will be a beauty revelation to you.
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Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.
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Address
City
State
COMPLEXION
Light
Fair
Medium
Ruddy
Dark
Sallow
Olive
COLOR EYES
COLOR LASHES
COLOR HAIR
AGE
Answer with Check Mark
LIPS
Moist
Dry
SKIN
Oily
Dry
Normal

ALL QUIET ON THE BROADWAY FRONT — *Continued from page 21*

on the ice.

Playwrights, authors, stage directors, leading men, chorus men, producers, playbrokers, artists' agents, bandmen and badmen—even Singers' Midgets had taken the trail in the rush for Hollywood gold. Hal Skelly was the only actor on Broadway—and he'd just returned with a special car attached to carry his last week's salary. There was nothing left but the Flea Circus. And even the fleas were understudies to the original Broadway company which had gone out with some of the actors.

The Great White Way, itself, had turned yellow, with orange-juice stands, Chinese chop-suey joints and the flamboyant lights and posters of the talkies. What was the Rialto (not a theater) in the good, and even the fair-to-middlin', old days now was strung with cinema cathedrals like a laundry-man's abacus. Between Times Square and Fiftieth Street, eighteen movie theaters stretched end on end reached directly from the box-office to the purse strings of the multitude. Coney Island come to town a-ridin' on a talkie! Each day of each week 200,000 persons going to the movies just along the Chow Mein Stem — and the theater with its vaunted legitimacy played to Tammany Young and Cain's Warehouse!

Even Al H. Woods, Forty-second Street's sweetheart, bade Joe Le Blang good-bye and forsook his art to sell take-a-movie-of-yourself dinguses. Next door to where Rothstein started on his last ride, stenogs and shipping clerks took voice-tests. In the sacred precincts of that vaudevillians' Valhalla, the Palace, movie stars—Estelle Taylor, Esther Ralston, brunette or blonde—headlined the bill.

Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, sisters, have been on a vaudeville tour. Their new picture is appropriately titled, "Sisters."

The choice ring-side tables once reserved for Belasco, Gest, Zieggy and the rest, were sacred to Lasky, Sheehan, an odd Warner Brother or two. The revolution all over again. The Russian revolution with an assortment of Irish included. The Grand Dukes of the old days trembled while the new Nabobs decided their fate. Death in the Deserted Village—or Exile to Hollywood.

Each day the Century carried all but the very bricks of the streets out of the Grand Central toward the setting sun and the cinema city. Transcontinental commuting became the vogue. If you met a pal he was either coming or going—never staying—and usually talking loudly about being a Native Son of old California.

It's hard on we old fellers to try a re-adjustment. You can't give an old dog a new kick.

Now the familiar faces from Central Park to Central Islip are those shadows of the cinema suddenly and mysteriously come alive. Movie folks here for a 'rest'—or Europe-bound—or to make a picture in the Eastern studios. Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll, Maurice Chevalier, Lillian Roth. Or those like Claudette Colbert, who to ameliorate her defection, comes back home to star on the stage for a season between pictures. Dapper directors: Eddie Sutherland, Monte Brice, Victor Schertzinger, bringing a new patter. A language with which New York is becoming a little more familiar since Broadway got it in the 'toccus'—which, according to Willie Howard, is the way they say talkies these days in the theatrical profession.

FOUR-A-DAY AT 69! — *Continued from page 23*

have no artistic appreciation.' *Pfui!* These Americans, I tell you, are the grandest people on earth. When they go to hear something new in music, they say, 'Now we are going to hear something we will enjoy.' They look forward to it as something grand and beautiful. But the Europeans they sit themselves down in their seats and say: '*Nun*, let us just see what this is all about.' The difference is, Americans go to enjoy; foreigners to criticize. But, of course, America is looking forward; Europe backward. That is their tragedy.

"But here I must make a complaint of America. Every American city, even the little cities, should have opera. Why not? The town supports everything else. You have Kiwanis, Rotarians, Masons. The town council will raise a hullaballoo if there's not a light in every dark little street. But they don't give a hang if the light burns out in the breasts of thousands of talented young people. They don't care that thousands of boys and girls are starving for help in music, in painting, in writing. Americans should think more of that and pay less attention to these politics.

"If American people heard more Brahms, and more Beethoven, there would be less murder. Gangland would be reduced. Too much drinking would subside. When one is listening to a Beethoven sonata or a Brahms cradle song, there is no room in the human heart for strife and hatred. I have lived a long time now. I have seen many people, many countries, and this much I can tell you: Music, of all the arts, is the most satisfying. And when one hears it, he is lifted up and away from this world into something different, better, finer.

"Another thing, too, I should like to see Americans learn—and that is tolerance.

Richard Dix in a pensive mood. Maybe it's because a suitable heroine for "Cimarron," his next picture, has yet to be found.

The youth is the future of America, and they should be taught it. Tolerance for Jews. Tolerance for Catholics. After all, England was such a particular country, and they had a Jew for premier, the great Disraeli. And I wish I could think that one day there would be a Jew in the White House. And a Catholic, too. This country was founded for religious freedom. Let us have it!"

Madame got up from her seat and went out into the hall, looking for a chair in which her accompanist might sit. "No, no, no!" she yelled, as somebody tried to bring her a stool from the ballet room. "Don't take that stool from the little dancing girls away. Those children are tired when they finish their work. No, I tell you!

"*Ach*, so it goes—always somebody trying to take something from somebody else." She sat down again. "I can never retire now," she concluded. "Now that I have sung once again when I had almost decided that my singing was over, forever. Now I can believe anything when this dream of mine, of singing for the movies, has come true.

"It looks now as if I would keep on singing, for I have been asked to make a talking picture.

"My hope is that I shall have the voice and strength to go on singing until I die. I should like to die singing, out before a great, loving, appreciative audience. And then as the last tone of my voice faded away and the curtain fell, I, too, should like to go out, on the wings of my last song!"

WHAT HAPPENS TO STAGE STARS

Continued from page 27

Bannister, and I were usually in different shows; one would be on the road while the other was in New York. We had no home life."

Since coming here, the Bannisters have lived in a big country house near Van Nuys, but now they are building their own place on an acre and a half on a hilltop near Hollywood. They drew up the plans themselves, employed no contractor, Harry superintending the building, buying materials and hiring men. Whenever Ann isn't working, you can find her in overalls very busy about something connected with the new house.

The thing Ann and Harry like most about it is that there is no danger of their being separated again. They are very much in love and devoted to their infant daughter, so they insisted that Pathé give them a joint contract. The option of one cannot be taken up unless that of the other is also exercised.

"I have everything any girl could ask from life," says Ann.

Speaking of homes, John McCormack bought a whole canyon which he calls *Rancho San Petruchio* (Spanish for St. Patrick's Ranch). This is the 'other perfect spot,' according to John, who will divide his time between it and Ireland.

A group of former New Yorkers have gone completely suburban. Robert Montgomery and wife; Elliott Nugent and his wife, Norma Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hackett; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris are the regular 'crowd' who play bridge, tennis and golf, dine, dance and swim together and drive off for week-ends, just as other young couples all over the country might do.

"Talk about wild Hollywood!" says Raymond, "we live a most unsophisticated life. Early to bed, early to rise, kind of thing. I know it sounds like something to appeal to Babbitts and bromides, but boy, it's grand!"

Kay Francis has scored a hit both on the screen and in Hollywood. At present rumor has it that she has even won the heart of that untouchable, Ronald Colman. If so, any other impossible thing she may do will be greeted with no amazement here.

Her first act upon arriving in our town was to buy her first pair of trousers, a Ford roadster which she calls the Rabbit, and a Scottie dog and install them and herself in a bungalow. Her first vacation consisted of a motor trip to San Francisco in the said Rabbit, clad in trousers and accompanied by the pup. A first-rate hotel refused to admit her because she wouldn't part with her pet, so she drove around the corner to a second-rate hostelry where he was accorded hospitality.

Kay was known as one of New York's 'best dressed women.' But that, as she says, was before she knew the joys of the great outdoors.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, his wife, have a home in Beverly Hills where they do a great deal of entertaining, chief among their cronies being Kay Francis, Kay Johnson and husband John Cromwell, Mary Astor and Harlan Thompson. Fredric says that Hollywood has wrought great changes in him personally. He has gained weight, shaved off his moustache and become athletic.

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"How I hate Hollywood!" was Kay Johnson's moan while she was making "Dynamite." Charles Bickford used to join in the chorus when she strafed the place, too.

"Pictures are simply unspeakable! I get myself worked up and into a scene and just as I feel I'm good, a camera man says: 'There's a light on her chin!' or the sound crew breaks in with 'Watch that mike!' and it must all be done over. Then we go into the 'dejection room' and I see myself up there unbelievably bad. What a business!" she would say.

"A factory—not an art!" Charles would growl.

Conrad Nagel would smile. "Oh, how familiar! I used to talk like that once!" he would murmur.

His is the last laugh, for today Kay Johnson admits that talkies are not so dreadful, and that her Beverly Hills home and garden are ideal. She says she makes the best chocolate pie ever tasted and swings the meanest tennis racquet on the courts. New York knew her as an ultra-smart sophisticate. "But you live and learn!" smiles Kay.

As for Charles Bickford: Talking pictures, he has discovered, don't interfere with his greatest love, the sea. He owns a controlling interest in two Pacific Coast whaling ships and spends much time in San Pedro Harbor. He also owns and manages four garages and filling stations, a restaurant and an animal farm which rents animals for pictures. He lives right on the ocean front and swims every morning, summer and winter, wears sneakers, white ducks and sweater, drives a low-slung topless roadster and snarls when anyone suggests his going back to New York. However, being still an independent thinker, he disagrees with everything anyone says on any subject. So I suppose he's happy.

Marguerite Churchill, famed as the youngest leading lady in New York, had never stepped off a pavement in her life until she came to the film city. Now she is living in a tent on the floor of a great desert, or in a cabin among high mountain crags for Raoul Walsh's "Big Trail." She is still sweet and dignified and delightful and has as many beaux as any girl in Hollywood.

"This home life stuff," as Marjorie White puts it, seems to have the most tremendous pulling power for all stage stars. Marjorie has lived all her life since going on the stage at the age of four in 'the top of the trunk' and can't get over the wonder of having a lawn to sprinkle, a kitchen to cook in and a house to play with. Her idea of a wonderful time is to fix up shelves, make a cake or plant something. Even if the shelves have to be taken down next day, nobody can eat the cake and the stuff she plants dies, Marjorie adores it.

Can it be that Charlie Ruggles is inebriated again? Anyway, it's all in the interests of "Queen High," his next comedy.

Chorus to above consists of Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck, his wife; Fannie Brice; El Brendel; and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette says the special thing she doesn't like about Hollywood is early rising. She used to go to bed at one a. m. and get up around noon next day when the stage claimed her. In spite of having to be on the set at the studio at nine a. m., she's never really awake before afternoon. What to do? What to do?

The dark side of the page was turned to Paul Muni, one of the finest of American actors, whose two pictures flopped badly. Whether he will continue in talkies or return to the stage is not yet decided.

Success averted her face also from Catherine Dale Owen, who seems unable to live down the cruel treatment of a New York reviewer: "Lawrence Tibbett's glorious voice poured out in adoration of the Spirit of Frigidaire."

Everett Marshall observes that it is much harder to work in Hollywood, because there are so many other things to do. It's easy to put on weight, and it's difficult to get in enough practice with the voice.

John Boles, though, likes the California ease. He says he used to struggle so hard in New York to get nowhere that it's grand not to have to slave and yet to keep on mounting higher.

Another group of ex-Broadway-ites now chanting paeans of praise of home life with patios, swimming pools and other accessories, are the James Gleason family, Robert Armstrong, Anthony Bushell and Zelma O'Neal, Ralf Harolds, David Manners and Alexander Gray.

Bernice Claire and Dorothy Lee are California girls who merely spent a year or so in New York. Bernice found it stimulating there, but Dorothy felt as if she were living on a merry-go-round where everybody hurried all the time.

James Rennie says it costs less to live well in Hollywood and life is less monotonous here. He spends his leisure in his car and thinks it will take a quantity of leisure to cover all the interesting places he wants to see. If the screen likes him as well as he likes California, he's staying.

Joining the gang that warbles of the happiness of homes, Robert Woolsey of RKO set out and bought one on a hilltop. Then he acquired a Lincoln car. After the Woolseys were settled, it was discovered that the Lincoln was too big for the garage.

"So I guess I'll have to put the Lincoln in the house and move into the garage!" sighs Robert.

A SINGING LESSON — *Continued from page 29*

for the reinforcement of the vibration. Therefore, one should study the elimination of muscular interference before trying to develop breathing power.

Why lay stress upon breathing until the instrument through which the breath must pass is open and controlled? Breathing is one of the most natural things in the world but the over-development of it is one of the most dangerous factors. This over-development forces more breath through the vocal instrument than there is room for. Muscular contraction is the result; thereby developing muscular action instead of eliminating it. It is not the source of breathing which should be controlled at first, but the outlet.

To get the tone really forward, clear and silvery, is then a matter of elimination. One by one all interferences must be eliminated, until there is a clear open passage through which the vibration can flow. This can be done by slow, careful, and well-thought-out work.

Next, in our singing lesson, comes diction, a result of the activity of the jaw. We cannot enunciate clearly without action. The mouth must open and close *vitally* (that ever-important word) and quickly. For example, one can not dance gracefully if one drags one's feet. They must be vital. Just as each step has its own position, so has each word its distinct and definite position. One word is not carried into the next. There is a separate action for each word. It almost resolves itself into athletics, doesn't it? These same athletics are what we call technique. We can never afford to lose our technique in singing.

Singing is really a self-creative art and much mental work must be accomplished with the control of the physical in order to interpret intelligently the creative art of the poet and composer.

Learn to sing and speak with vitalization and relaxation, and sooner or later you will be a singer. The correct position of the mouth is one of the secrets that all great singers have known, yet it is something that many teachers neglect to stress. Long lectures are given about the nasal cavities and passages so that the voice will be *forward*. Real forward placement will follow as night follows day if the mouth and throat are open and the breath is allowed to flow freely.

Practice the exercises given here on the vowel sound between the Italian "AW" and the American "AH" (I admit I am giving you something hard to do, but it can be done!) Practice the scales on do-re-me, etc.; think constantly of the vitalization of your entire being, and you will attain your singing dreams.

COOKING FOR THE FUN OF IT

Continued from page 93

cadilly. All these recipes with others, are given here.

If Zelma ever tires of a career she vows she'll go into the candy business. And if she did, there would be no doubt of her success. Not only could she handle the manufacturing end, but she could attend to the distribution as well, throwing in free, a little dance step with every purchase of her two dollars a pound candy!

JELLABLIES

Mix two cups water, three cups flour, two tablespoons sour milk, one tablespoon corn flour and two tablespoons ghi(Indian butter which is like a vegetable oil). Let mixture stand overnight to rise. The next morning add a pinch of soda. Fry in ghi and drop in syrup.

ICE BOX FUDGE

Beat three eggs five minutes. Add two cups powdered sugar and beat for five minutes. Stir in one pound melted milk chocolate. Add one cup nuts broken in small pieces, one-half cup raisins and vanilla to taste. Let stand in ice box eleven hours, then slice or cut in squares.

DIVINITY

Place in a saucepan two and a half cups sugar, one-half cup white corn syrup, and one-half cup hot water. Cook until mixture forms a hard ball in cold water, or hard enough to make a clinking sound on the side of a tea cup, take from fire and beat in two egg whites which have been well beaten. When stiff, add one cup chopped nuts.

COOKED POTATO FONDANT

Mix one-half cup potato which has been cooked and forced through a fine seive with two cups of sugar. Add the unbeaten white of one egg, then thin with two-thirds of a cup of milk.. Place pan on an asbestos mat over the fire and cook until thick. Pour on a cold, damp slab of marble or large platter. Knead small quantities at a time until entire quantity is smooth. Pack in tins which have been lined with waxed paper. Combine portions of fondant with fruit or nuts as wanted.

TOFFEE

Combine one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup white sugar, one-fourth cup corn syrup and one-half cup cream in pan, place over fire and stir until it reaches the boiling point. Add one tablespoon butter and cook to 249 degrees F. Remove from fire and add one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla and one-half cup chopped nut meats. Pour out on greased marble or large platter. When cold, cut in sections one and one-half inches long by one-half inch wide.

The golf bag offered by Arthur Lake in the June issue of SCREENLAND has been awarded to:

E. M. GRAVES,
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"Kleenex... the only *safe* way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man". . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!

More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin . . . with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up . . . not only every trace of cream and oil . . . but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

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Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee *Lipstick,* $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact,* 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

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RONALD COLMAN — *Continued from page 33*

strange people at a party *en masse* and having to talk to them is one of his ideas of what hell might be like!

His private life he guards as carefully from the public as possible. It is said no writer has ever entered his house. He prefers lamplight to elecrticity and that is why he has it in his beach house, although the last time I saw him he told me he was going to have it wired in case he wanted to rent it while he was away. "Not many people have my countrified tastes," he smiled.

There are two reasons why he fights shy of publicity. One is a business, the other a personal reason. "When a man has been in pictures as long as I have there isn't very much the public doesn't know about him. After all, when a story has once been told what is there to add to it? Once having read that Ronald Colman is an Englishman, smokes a pipe, likes solitude, likes to read, likes tennis, wears white flannels in summer, they can't be interested in hearing it again. Repeated stories are wearying, and the subject of them becomes wearisome, too. As long as I am in pictures I think a little publicity is very good, necessary even, but too much is the worst thing that can happen to an actor.

"The other reason is that writers are insatiable in their demands. They want to know the things that have nothing to do with a man's work and only concerns himself. If sorrow or joy touches us surely it is our own affair, to be shared with our personal friends, perhaps, but not with the whole world. There are some things in this life that are, or should be, sacred to each of us alone. They are our problems to be worked out by us.

"What I do after I leave the studio seems to me to be my own business, unless I break the peace or become a public nuisance. What I think on certain subjects cannot possibly interest other people, I feel. The desire to know what an actor or actress likes or dislikes, does or does not is prompted, not from real interest, I feel sure, but by idle curiosity alone, and I can't see the advantage in gratifying it.

"Acting is an illusion and the actor should, to my way of thinking, be an illusion, too. He is not himself when he is acting. If he is a good actor he tries to do the things as the man in the story would do them, not as he himself might handle the situation. The public admires the man in the picture. If it knew the actor as a man it might not like him at all. If he plays a villain he is hated, and yet the public might like the actor who played the villain very much if it knew him as a man.

"What difference does it make whether they do or don't know anything about him? The man should be separated from the artist.

"I know, of course," said Ronnie with his charming smile, "that what I think won't matter in the least to the public or anyone else, but they are my views and I can't help them."

Ronnie isn't violent on the subejct—he doesn't wonder why everyone doesn't think as he does—it doesn't even annoy him that they don't. His is a large tolerance of thought that desires to live and let live.

When he is working he dodges interviews, though he is always cordial to visitors on the set. When the picture is over he turns himself over to the publicity department for offstage pictures that we are always howling for, and anything they may want him to do within reason for a week. Although he has often been begged to do so he has only twice made a personal appearance in connection with his picture. Once in New York for the opening of "Bulldog Drummond" and once in San Francisco for the same picture, because "it seemed to mean a lot to Sam." (Samuel Goldwyn).

Ronnie thinks personal appearances are very bad business. "Curiosity again. The public forms a concept of what the actor is like as a man through his work on the screen and the parts he has been cast in. It is an exaggerated picture naturally, imagination being limitless. An actor, therefore, could not possibly live up to what the public imagines him to be, and it can't help but be disappointed when it sees a flesh and blood individual step out upon a stage and say a few trite sentences. At once the illusion is broken and it seems to me just a little of the pleasure gone from the next performance given by that individual.

"Yet that is not altogether why I dislike making them. It is a terrible ordeal. I feel so absurd—like an animal up for a blue ribbon!" And Ronnie's eyes smiled even before the laughter lines crinkled about them.

There has never been a word of scandal spoken against Ronald Colman. No one has ever known him to pay marked attention to any woman. He is occasionally seen in the company of a woman, sometimes of the screen world, sometimes unknown to it, but never often enough to excite comment, and it doesn't take much to do that in Hollywood. Believe you me!

Because of this it was both surprising and amusing to hear rumors, as soon as it was known that he was on the boat bound for London, that he was making the trip to have another try for a divorce from the wife from whom he has been separated for years. It was said that he would then marry Kay Francis, who was his leading woman in "Raffles," his latest picture. Kay Francis denied the report as well as

Rosita Moreno was a Follies and vaudeville dancer before the talkers but now she has a Paramount contract and will appear in both Spanish and English pictures.

Little Jane Harriet Brown is too young to talk but if she could she'd tell you all about her favorite actor—her daddy, Johnny Mack Brown.

she could for laughing. "We were friends, but there wasn't any sentiment to the friendship," she declared.

The next week the rumor was that Gloria Swanson was the lady Ronnie was to be divorced for. All we can say is that he must have done some stepping, and worn an invisible hat. However, in Ronnie's absence the Goldwyn office denied both rumors officially and unofficially declared that they personally thought the rumor that Ronnie was trying to get a divorce 'all hooey!'

One might imagine, remembering his preference for detachment, that Ronald Colman lives in a terraced fortress removed from the haunts of man, yet that isn't the way it is at all. His Hollywood home is right on the street. A seldom travelled street, but still a street. There aren't even trees between it and the cathedral-like windows. And his tennis court is quite open to the public gaze. At Malibu, heaven knows, nothing could be clubbier. Each house down there is smack up against his neighbor, and one's front yard is a strip of sand and then the ocean. There is nothing fortressed about any Malibu house, least of all, Ronnie's.

He is not secretive, therefore, just reserved. He has not the passionate desire for solitude that John Gilbert has, for instance, only to find that when he is too much alone he becomes restless and lonely. Ronnie simply knows that a certain amount of aloofness from the hectic throng is necessary for his peace and happiness and he takes it. He doesn't overturn the world to bring it into his life. He is not a recluse. In a perfectly effortless manner, quite quietly and pleasantly he refuses to have his peace disturbed. For the ability to do this he can thank that executive quality of mind spoken of before.

Through all his success Ronald Colman has kept his sense of humor—has not lost his sense of balance and has, perhaps, more real contentment than any individual who earns his or her living in this seething caldron of joy and sorrow, achievement and disappointment, vaulting ambition and grim despair, glamour and shadow, sudden wealth and still more sudden poverty, that is Hollywood.

Jo-cur offers $1000.00 for Beautiful Hair!

FIRST PRIZE
$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE $100.00

2 Prizes $50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each
10 Prizes $10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip — a new outfit — or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest — **and enter today.**

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. **ALICE WHITE,** First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. **CHARLES B. ROSS,** famous painter of lovely women. **HAZEL KOZLAY,** Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and **easy to finger-wave.** It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
491 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.

SCIENCE
points the way to LOVEABLE BEAUTY

•

BEAUTY ADVICE

by the famous MADAME BERNHARDT

•

Has sea, wind and merciless sunshine wreaked havoc upon your "Complexion Appeal"? If thru carefree neglect, you have developed a "summery" skin, course and reddish, with tiny frowning "danger lines" around the eyes and mouth, blackheads or pimples, freckles and sunburn, read on *attentivement*. I will try in a few brief words to point the way to *beauté enchantante*. I will let science show you the sure path to a silky, tempting complexion free from conspicuous pimples, blackheads, freckles! And a glorious, vivid hair beauty as well as sparkling, *magnetique* eyes!

How to Remove Pimples, Freckles Blackheads

There are many approved ways to remove these ugly blemishes. Internal lubrication, less iron in the diet, home remedies, fruit and skin emolients. These are all good, but not positive in their results. Besides, mademoiselle, much, much time, perhaps months, must be spent before results can be seen.

If, however, you want quick, safe results, follow Science and use either a good skin bleach or, much better, a good Skin Peel Lotion. Of course, care must be exercised in the selection of these. Not any bleach or Peel will do! Some are too strong—others too weak. I would recommend a new product: ARVA, perfected after years of careful experiments. It is a *combination* Bleach-Peel and is the *ultime mode* amongst the smarter set—and theatrical stars, too! ARVA is entirely different from other peels. It does *not* contain acids or harsh ingredients. And its results are truly wonderful. Pimples, freckles, frowny lines, blackheads, sallow complexion, roughness—all go in a few days' time. A new, fresh and beautiful skin will grow in its place! This is the only sure, safe way I know. The manufacturers, a gigantic company of chemists established many years, sell this product under a $1000.00 safety bond!

Lovely Skin in 5 Days

You too can have an enviable, lovely and *loveable* skin in 5 days! Think of the thrill of a soft, alluring skin made possible by science! It will be *"irresistible"* as we say in French. Popularity, admiration, even LOVE are its rewards! And the manufacturers' price (never, never to be repeated) is only $1.98! Imagine, $1.98 for a treatment I myself would charge $25.00 in Paris!

Eyes and Hair Important Too!

No, I didn't forget the eyes, the mirrors of the soul. And the hair is just as important an adornment in 1930 as it ever was! Space does not permit me to say all about these here. But the manufacturers of ARVA authorize me to offer FREE, a 35c size of EYE-YOUTH Lotion and also a 50c box of powdered ERBAL Shampoo (No. 1, blondes; No. 2, brunettes) together with a regular 75c jar of ERBAL Hair Tonique. ERBAL Tonique and SHAMPOO are the result of 35 years' experience in manufacturing hair preparations. They stimulate luxuriant hair growth and give hair that hallucinating natural sheen. A 25c cake of CUTICLE Fruit Soap and a box of Parisian powder (imported, any shade) will go in the package. And to cap it all, everything is absolutely GUARANTEED to satisfy you, or your money comes right back.

Write me for PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

My many years in the International Beatuy Field enable me to offer accurate advice on beauty problems. I will gladly answer any question *personally*, without charge. By all means do not fail to avail yourself of the wonderful opportunity package offer. **You are getting every bit of $7.35 for $1.98.** Such an astounding offer will positively never be repeated again. Science points the way to *Loveable Beauty* and its rewards: popularity, success, love! Will you follow? Write me today, care of the NEW YORK LABORATORIES. Do not send me any money. Merely write me a short, frank letter telling me of your difficulties. Since no two beauty problems are alike, I will dictate *individual* instructions and advice with EVERY package sent out. Remember that this exceptional introductory offer is for a short time only. You need only pay $1.98 for ALL, plus a few cents postage, on delivery! Therefore write TODAY, without further dalay. Address your envelope as follows: Madame Bernhardt, NEW YORK LABORATORIES, Box 14 Station T, Desk 203-S, New York City.

WAYS AND MEANS TO BEAUTY—*Continued from page 65*

with moistened baking soda or an antiseptic salve that relieves the pain and heals the inflamed tissue.

Bleaching preparations, to be effective, should remain on the skin for a considerable length of time. If possible, apply the bleaching cosmetic at night before retiring; and use a good astringent in the morning after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed. For the more obstinate and deep-seated freckles and tan of long standing, double-strength bleaches may be applied. These usually occur on shoulders, arms and hands, and these parts of the body are less sensitive than the face and neck.

There are few complexions that cannot be improved by an occasional bleaching treatment. Some bleaches come in two strengths; others in one strength to be diluted, if necessary. On tender, sensitive skins it may be better to use a mild bleach daily, the constant drop of water that will wear away the stone—while on others a double-strength bleach may be used with quicker results. In using any preparation, follow the directions faithfully. Best results are obtained by using their preparations in the way the manufacturers direct you to use them.

While repairing the ravages of summer, don't neglect the neck which so frequently takes on that horrid weather-beaten look so at variance with a well-cared-for complexion. Your becoming furs that you will begin to wear on the first cool days collect dust and dirt and will be rubbed into the pores of your neck and even the best of furs sometimes discolor the skin. Once a week give the neck a bleaching treatment, either with a bleach suited and diluted to your need or with lemon juice.

Speaking of lemons, I would like to tell you of another use for them. As you may have noticed, I am strong for internal treatments. Dissolve a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the juice of a lemon and take every morning before breakfast, for a week. It tones up the liver, aids digestion, and these are natural aids to a lovely complexion. I'm not recommending this as a cure for tan or sunburn but it will help banish sallowness. It's not at all unusual to find one's digestive apparatus upset by irregular living while camping or motoring and to find that even though one has succeeded in getting rid of the ugly tan that the skin underneath is sallow.

When the bleaching treatment does not sufficiently refine the texture of the skin that has been coarsened by severe sunburn it should be given a treatment that will stimulate the relaxed pores to function normally. To accomplish this we have massage, the patter, electric apparatus, astringents, stimulation ointments and liquids and pore creams.

Eyes need attention, too, especially if the skin about the eyes is all puckered and lined because of eye strain caused by too much glaring sun on the tennis court, beach, or golf course, or too much driving in the sun over hard glistening roads. A good eye tonic should be used night and morning with an eye-cup or dropper, also during the day when the eyes feel tired. At least twice a day, if possible, give your eyes a rest treatment. Use small bags of herbs or other soothing ingredients steeped in hot milk or they may simply be dipped in hot water. Lie down to rest for at least fifteen minutes, renewing the warmth several times. Replace with pads of absorbent cotton drenched in witch-hazel or skin tonic. Have ready a bandage dipped in ice water and place over the eyes to keep the pads in place. Relax fifteen minutes. If you give this treatment just before retiring, pat into the skin, very gently, an eye wrinkle-cream to nourish skin and tissues. This treatment will result in rested strengthened eyes, and the lines will have softened or entirely disappeared. Exercising the eyes helps, too. And the eye exercises, of which I have sent out so many hundreds of copies, are still available.

Hair, too, shows the effects of too much sun just as surely as does the face. A sunbath for the hair after a shampoo is fine, but too much sun is almost as bad for it as not enough. Salt water as an occasional tonic for falling hair is good, but too much salt water on the hair is very bad.

Perhaps you had a permanent early in the summer, thinking that it would cover all hair difficulties until fall. You neglected brushing and scalp massage; you sat on the beach every day after bathing, letting the hot sun dry your hair into a sticky, gummy mass instead of rinsing out the salt in fresh water. You forgot all about tonics and oil treatments and the regular care that hair needs regardless of season, permanent or no permanent. And here you are with dry, faded, brittle and lifeless hair. What to do?

Ring for the emergency kit! The first thing is massage; the next is a brush or better still, two brushes. The third is a tonic. Massage loosens the scalp, quickens the circulation, and so nourishes and strengthens the life in the cells. A tight scalp means undernourished hair—no lovely sheen, no falling about the face in becoming lines; just dank, scraggly locks. Brushing exercises the hair and gives it life and luster. You always can tell who has brushed and who has used brilliantine. There's a difference. A bit of brilliantine on the brush occasionally, helps, but it doesn't take the place of brushing.

Tonics are useful in several ways: to tone up the scalp to greater activity; to cleanse the hair so that the natural oils the scalp sends up to the hair will not all be washed away by too-frequent shampooing. The last reason is psychological. It is easier to massage the scalp if we have a tonic to massage with.

Oily hair needs a nourishing tonic every day for awhile and later, two or three times a week, and twice a week an ointment massaged in at night. Wash once a month but brush thoroughly every day.

For dandruff, massage regularly with a good disinfectant tonic and take a hot oil treatment every week or ten days. Cleanse the hair and scalp every day with tonic. Massage night and morning.

Give careful attention to your make-up. Summer complexions call for darker powders than are used the rest of the year. Your regular powder will make your tanned skin look whitewashed, so match your skin tone as nearly as you can, a bit darker rather than lighter, if you can't match it exactly.

The trend now is toward a natural effect in rouge. The medium shades are best for general wear, although brilliant red is considered smart and is becoming to certain types.

In applying rouge remember that it calls attention to the place where you put it. Placed high on cheek bones, it makes them more prominent. Placed low, it makes your

lower face seem wider. Placed in toward the nose it narrows the face; farther out toward the temples it widens it, and on the chin it shortens it. If you want to rival natural color, avoid edges. Paste rouge may be blended with cold cream, liquid rouge with water or skin tonic. Use the tiniest amount for each application while blending your rouge, as it is easier to add than to subtract.

When you powder, start with your neck. Fluff on the powder with a clean puff or cotton, then fluff it off. Be careful not to leave powder in the corners of your eyes or the crevices of your nose. Use a small brush for your lashes and eyebrows.

If your lashes break easily and are dry and thin, you can use on them an oily substance that makes them appear darker and encourages their growth. The tiniest suggestion of darkener along the upper and lower lid gives an illusion size to the eyes and of darkness to the lashes. One way to apply it, is simply to close the eyes and draw the pencil lightly along the lashes. Don't use too dark a shade of pencil; almost no one should use black eye make-up. Brown, blue or green are far more subtle.

Lipstick goes on last. Use more at the center usually, than at the outer corners of your mouth. A large mouth can stand less color than a small one and if the lips are full, use lipstick sparingly. And remember that lipstick and rouge should shade together if they are to get along well together on the same face.

If you want more up-to-date cosmetic news, write to me. And don't forget that my advice on good looks and good grooming are yours for the asking. I'll be glad to answer all questions confidentially and as promptly as I can. Address Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Virginia Bruce is a great bet for Technicolor, what with her big blue eyes and long blonde hair. A pretty picture.

. . . . the outstanding attraction of a LINIT beauty bath is that the results are immediate!

You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing, eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

THIS is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only— **Stillman's Freckle Cream** 50¢ *for* FULL OZ. JAR REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
8 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

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POSSESS THIS SECRET LURE—PERFUME to match your personality!

A Secret Lure which no other girl in the world can have! Fascinating, exotic perfume made to order—created exclusively for YOU! Simply send me a letter *in your own handwriting*, telling me something about yourself, your personality, complexion and height, your two favorite flowers, your favorite color, *the type of man most appealing to you*. and I will create a perfume that exactly expresses *you*—the real, charming, innermost YOU! Now, to introduce, I will send you a large two-ounce crystal bottle of your individual "Aroma-Interpretation" (regular price $5.00) for only $1.95 (C.O.D $2.19)

LOVELY BOX FACE POWDER FREE!

Powder Free! EXTRA SPECIAL: Also a beautiful box of Finest Individual Face Powder to match your type and perfume FREE if you write at once. Your money back instantly if not delighted. *Address me personally:*

ALPHONSE duVALOIR, *Chief Perfumer*
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NEW Discovery GROWS EYELASHES and EYEBROWS

LONG, luxuriant eyebrows and lashes—now yours in 30 days! Just apply Lashgro—my wonderful new discovery for growing thin, scanty lashes and brows to thick, lustrous beauty.

SEND TODAY Send name, address and 50c for large compact of wonderful Lashgro. (For additional 50c I will include my lovely compact of Eyelash Beautifier together with directions for making up brows and lashes). Write TODAY. Address: Nancy Lee, Dept. V-9, 55 East 11th St., New York City.

QUEEN MERRY

Continued from page 31

And Nominee Dressler has plenty of chuckles to her credit. Forty-four years on the stage and never lost a laugh, that's Miss Dressler's platform. Away back in b. t., when Custard was making its last stand, she brought her first laugh to the screen in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand; but comedies were just comedies in those days and Nominee Dressler went back to her first love, the stage. About a year and a half ago she came to Hollywood to enjoy the climate but instead was lured to the screen in "The Callahans and The Murphys." Since then she has been responsible for many of life's brighter moments, as well as contributing a great deal of glory to the talkies with such characterizations as *Old Marthy* in "Anna Christie" and as the haughty, royal lady in "One Romantic Night" with Lillian Gish. But Marie can be depended upon to wring all of the drollery out of any characterization. And her latest picture, "Caught Short," should bring in the votes like magic. Three rousing chortles for Nominee Dressler!

What's that? Nominee Dressler casts her vote for Polly Moran?

Yoo-Hoo, Polly! Votes for you, Polly. Polly Moran on the Queen of Comedy ticket. Polly is known everywhere anybody laughs and that is almost everywhere. Many remember her in the silent films when she was "Sheriff Nell"—when comedy was comedy and no disguise, let the pies fall where they may. Others remember her as a popular vaudeville single touring three continents; but for years Polly has been one of the brighter comedy lights of the movies. Her very latest is supporting John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." There's prestige for Polly!

And now that comedy is getting more refined, here's Louise Fazenda, who has long harbored ambitions to emote instead of playing short stop to a pie. She has emerged successfully from slap stick to featured rôles. With already something over 25 successful talking pictures to her credit, Louise should be away ahead of the field. As she herself admits, she used to caricature a rôle, but now she characterizes instead. And why shouldn't she have a good voice? Anyone would develop great vocal powers giving vent to emotions when a great deal of the movie is thrown in her general direction. That's what Louise says. See Louise in "Finger Prints" and judge for yourself where Louise ranks among the pretenders to the throne.

Here's a surprise. The things these talkies have done! Zasu Pitts, the lorn, sad maiden who portrayed slavies and did such splendid dramatic work in "Greed," remember, now a comedienne! Yes! Anyone who saw her as the abused wife in "This Thing Called Love" or in "Honey" where she achieved the title of 'first wailer of the screen' will agree. She takes her place on the ballot.

"Are You There?" Oh, I say, are you there? Yes, you are there, and how! It's Beatrice Lillie, don't you know; Bee to her friends, Lady Robert Peel to the aristocracy of England. Nominee Lillie is an international star of Charlot's Revues and one of the latest additions to the glory of the talking screen. Although getting off to a late start, Miss Lillie should have no trouble keeping in the front row of the laughs. Those who remember her clowning in "The Show of Shows," or even her one silent movie attempt, "Exit Smiling," will be glad to give her a hand and a vote for the throne of Queen Merry. She's all there in "Are You There?"

Now we come to the youngsters, the newcomers who are pushing up steadily and fast. Well, there's Zelma O'Neal, who may prove to be a dark horse. The original 'varsity drag' girl of "Good News" on the stage, she has just completed her first rôle for Paramount in "Follow Thru." Zelma should poll a good many votes before the year is much older.

And there is that zippy, little black-eyed person, Lillian Roth, an accomplished blues singer, who got her first vote from Mr. Lasky himself when he discovered her singing with Maurice Chevalier in New York. Since her joyous antics with Lupino Lane in "The Love Parade," in "Honey" and "Paramount on Parade," there are those who will have no one but Lillian.

A blonde steps up to vie with Lillian for Queenly honors. One of the most promising of the younger talent, Marjorie White, who made a snappy *Bee* in "Sunny Side Up," and brought in her basket full of chortles in "Happy Days." Marjorie prefers to do comedy parts and apparently has no hankering after drama. A child wonder of the stage, she later toured in vaudeville with her sister and replaced a Duncan sister in "Topsy and Eva" when the Duncans left the show. Later a Broadway hit in "Lady Fingers." Now a Fox luminary. Many big, gilt votes for Marjorie!

Then there's that snappy Inez Courtney, one of Broadway's favorite comediennes, who made her few comedy scenes in "Song of the Flame" stand out like everything. Votes for Inez!

Perhaps the question of Queen Merry will be left undecided so long that little Mitzi Green, now nine, will grow up to the throne.

Well, there you have it, the question of Queen Merry. Who shall have the throne, and if so, why?

William Powell sans moustache. He had to shave it off for prison scenes in "Shadow of the Law."

PARIS PLUS HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 34

in the *beau monde.* And so, incidentally, that when these millions of women who model themselves after the screen stars step out on the streets, they will appear as well-groomed personages, not like the tragediennes in a third-rate opera company.

But before we go into the matter of fall fashions, let me give you one bit of advice. It is a point on which many women err. This caution should be the first definition in every girl's fashion dictionary:

Don't try to be different. Don't imagine that you are a vamp, try to black your eyes, wear long jet earrings and slinky, tiger frocks. Not one woman in a hundred has the taste or training to dress individually. To be on the safe side, do the accepted thing of the moment and don't try to 'express yourself' in freak clothes.

Now as to the fall fashions. Paris has decreed that femininity shall reign. Skirts will continue long. For sports, four inches below the knee. For street wear, they shall be one half the distance between the knee and ankle. Afternoon ensembles shall be somewhat longer. And evening dresses will just miss the floor by an inch or so. Their trains, if any, will not be too long.

And here is something else to remember. As skirts point longer and longer to the floor, more attention will be featured on your footwear. Shoes are really one of the most fascinating details of a woman's costume. If you will stop to hear the trim heels of the screen stars clicking in the talkies, you will see that these actresses have as much personality below as above the ankle. Try to buy the very best footwear that you can. Be sure that they are carefully cut and of excellent leather. No matter on what detail of your outfit you may have to economize, do not do so on shoes. A lady is known by her gloves and her footwear, and nothing is more distressing than to see a tailored girl wearing high-heeled satin shoes, or to observe a woman wearing a distinguished costume of silk or satin—with brogues. It is absolutely necessary that you have shoes for sports, shoes for the street, slippers for late afternoon, and slippers for evening wear. It also proves economical in the long run, to buy two pairs of each type of shoe needed—and alternate. This will ensure your being well-shod throughout the winter.

The fall suit, or coat and skirt, as tailors sometimes term it, should be clipped in a bit at the waist, and mostly will have a circular skirt. All long coats will be fitted at the waist line, or belted in closely to the figure, or wrapped around tightly and held in position with a button or tie.

One novel aspect of the coming autumn fashions will be the luxuriant velvet, fur and lace ensemble for afternoon. The dress will, of course, be of soft sheer velvet, with a touch of real lace and fur at neck and wrists and perhaps a vest of lace, and the three quarters or long fur-trimmed coat, with perhaps a muff—small and round, of the type which made such a timid debut last winter—to complete the picture.

Evening dresses will be either white, with long white kid gloves, black with long black gloves, or one of the tender pastel shades, pale pink, blue, green or yellow, for the younger girls, with some deeper and more violent tinges for the dashing young matrons; but with both should be worn long flesh or cream-colored kid gloves.

In the evening, naturally, jewelry will play a large part. Also flowers, both natural and artificial, placed on the shoulder or at the high waist-line. Curls, too, are modish again. Many Parisian women are permitting their hair to grow to a somewhat shorter than shoulder length where it may be worn short, subtly curled, or twisted into a soft knot at the nape of the neck.

As to fur coats and hats, these are points on which I am unable to give general directions. They must be carefully chosen to enhance the beauty of the individual face and figure. For unless a woman's outer garments please a man, he has no desire to see the face under the hat, or the figure under the coat.

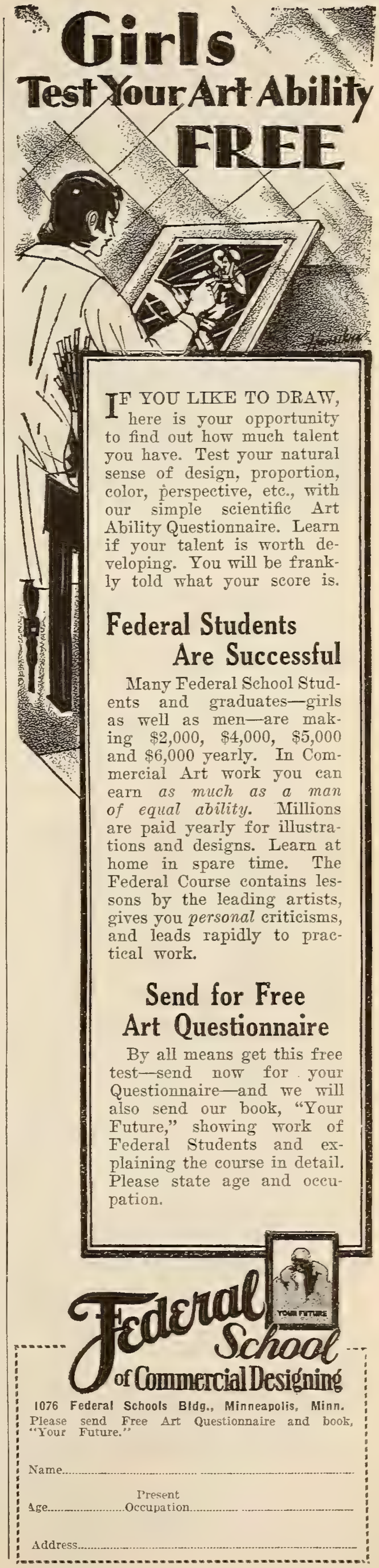
And now I expect you will want to know whom I consider the best-dressed women on the screen. Well, there are five or six who certainly are outstanding. Perhaps Lilyan Tashman, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Alice Joyce and Evelyn Brent are the first choices. Of course, Hedda Hopper is wonderful; and Florence Vidor, now Mrs. Jascha Heifetz, a joy.

Jean Arthur has made more improvement in clothes than any girl I ever saw. She has a real style flair now. But at first —well, the first day I saw her, she was standing alone on the lot, dressed in a way which certainly did not improve her. Pretty soon, she walked over to me and said: "I'm not so sure I know a lot about clothes. Take these shoes of mine," she said, gazing down at her small feet, "they look—just a little bit Hollywood. Won't you tell me what to do?"

Today Jean can hold her own at any luncheon party, soirée, or reception on earth. She has developed, mind you, a real, not an imitation style flair, because she has given time and thought to it. She has a lovely figure and has created a type for herself. It is not the ingenue type, but more what the French call *jeune fille.* She wears just the sort of thing any nice, distinguished young society girl would wear.

Evelyn Brent is one girl I have never had an argument with. At first, all her clothes had to be slightly spectacular because she was doing those wonderful underworld rôles all the time. It's only recently that Betty, as everybody calls her, has had a chance to wear real clothes, trailing evening dresses, smart afternoon ensembles and such things. She is easy to please, has a dramatic style of beauty which is a pleasure to design clothes for, and is one of the most popular girls in the film colony.

Ruth Chatterton is wonderful to work with. She gets more kick out of character parts than any other kind. When I did her clothes for "Sarah and Son," I got a tremendous thrill out of it myself because she was so excited. But when it comes to other clothes, she doesn't bother much: "I don't want a fitting, Travis, unless you absolutely must have it," she always says. And if I must, when the dress is on her, I say: "How is it?" She always answers: "I love it—are you through?"



Speaking of Girls—

Flo Ziegfeld

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NEWS! — NANCY CARROLL

Continued from page 55

Is reformed." But Nancy Carroll so transfigures the trite substance of this story by her acting, that she tears love, beauty, passion, out of thin air and presses it into your heart and hands. In other words, her acting knocks you right out of your seat into the aisle. And you don't come to until you stumble out into the street, into the everyday atmosphere of realism.

Nancy came to New York to make her next picture, "Laughter." And the editor sent me up to see her to find out how come this transformation. For Miss Evans was as impressed as anybody by the strength and beauty of Nancy's work. And when our editor gets excited over a motion picture, it's apt to be a pretty fine product.

But when I met Nancy at her hotel I didn't ask her anything. I couldn't. I sat there, chin dropping, eyes bulging, looking at Nancy's hair.

Now a man wouldn't know about such things, so at first I thought Miss Carroll's hair couldn't really be that shade of golden red. I thought it must be dyed. But it's not. I realized, after a little bit, that no human hairdresser could ever quite get that color into a person's hair. I don't even know now how to describe it. Maybe if you took the color in the red wings of a red-winged black bird and crossed it with the gold in the breast of an oriole, you'll get some idea of what that girl's hair is like.

All this time, Nancy was talking. But I couldn't make much sense out of what she was saying. We got in an elevator, went to the dining room, and Nancy ordered tea. But I still didn't take in much. My eyes were so full of looking, my ears weren't working.

Finally, after I had discovered that Miss Carroll had flame-red-gold-bronze-yellow hair, according to the way the light struck it, green-blue-gray eyes, according to the thoughts that were passing through her mind at the moment, a child's soft rounded nose, a child's soft untouched mouth, the words this actress was saying began to take form:

"From the time I first went on the stage," she was saying, as she drank her tea with lots of sugar and ate many little *petits-fours,* one after the other, "I wanted to be an actress—a character actress, not a chorus girl. But the moment I took off my hat, and that's the first thing a manager asks you to do when you go to apply for a job—every manager without exception would say: 'You must go into musical comedy. You're just the type. No chance for you in a dramatic production.'

"I was a cutie, they thought. And nothing I could do or say would convince them otherwise. And so I sang, and did my tap dances, in two Music Box revues with Fannie Brice and Lupino Lane. In 'The Topics of 1923' opposite Donald Brian. Musical comedies, musical comedies—one after the other. Summer and winter. Legs, songs, fluffy hair, and smiles—and at the end of it all weariness and disgust. Mad as I was about the theater, and I always have been and always shall be, I couldn't get a chance to do the one thing I wanted to do—or die——"

Nancy's quiet voice faded. She locked her slender fingers together and sat back. And here's a strange thing. Nancy's fingers aren't artistic. They are bent back at the ends like a banker's. And both her forefingers are as crooked as twigs. I am sure she is acquisitive, that no spendthrift blood runs in her veins.

And here's a second curious thing that struck me about Miss Carroll. Her voice! Usually when a person born in humble circumstances pulls herself out of poverty and obscurity, her background shows up most plainly in her voice. She may study and be drilled by the best experts in voice production and enunciation, but either a

James McHugh and Dorothy Fields, song writers. They have written some of the theme songs you've been singing.

too studied pronunciation will betray her, or an occasional lapse into the vernacular of her childhood. But not Nancy. Her diction is perfect, clear, natural. She speaks like a Boston Cabot (and you know the old verse says: "The Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God")—and makes you like it and think it's real.

There's a third thing I discovered about Nancy, too. She has a brain. An analytical brain. She figures out things quietly and clearly for herself. Uses few but forcible words, and I would be willing to swear, would sacrifice anything to attain a position on which she had set her heart. I don't mean that she's cruel. Ruthless, rather. She knows what she's worth. She's climbed up a steep trail. And it's put quicksilver into her brain and steel into her spine.

As Nancy sat there quietly and went on with her story I wondered what trouble could have so enveloped her with a tragedy so strong that it never leaves her eyes or her voice. I pondered this as she said:

"Two years ago I went to California wondering if anybody would give me a chance in pictures. Luckily for me, when talkies broke, I could sing and dance. That gave me my chance.

"But the opportunity I had longed for all my life—to do a real character part—did not come until I was given the rôle of *Bonnie* in 'The Dance of Life.' But when I started to work there was a peculiar atmosphere around the lot. As if everybody were saying: 'Poor Nancy. She's all right. But how can she hope to play that part?'

"I did play it. And loved it. But almost the next day I was thrust back into the same old singing and dancing rôles as before. But little by little I got my chance. And then came 'Devil's Holiday.' And certainly the credit for this picture goes to Edmund Goulding, the director. He is wonderful. He wrote it, and directed it. He can write, act, sing, compose—he can do anything," Nancy finished.

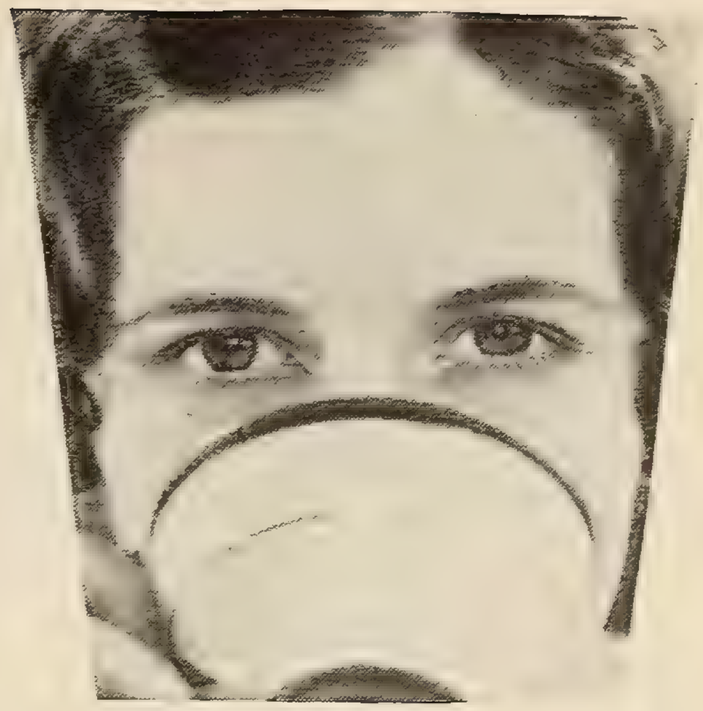
Nevertheless, even with a great director, "Devil's Holiday" would not have been such a fine picture without the pathos and sweetness Nancy pours into it.

"There's been a lot of talk about me lately," Nancy said, "about how high-hat I am, how hard I am to get on with, and all that. The whole thing discourages me very much. Particularly when people think I'm high-hat. Somebody will say: 'I passed you on the lot the other day and you didn't even speak to me.' The truth of the matter is, when I'm working I actually *don't* see people. I get so excited, so absorbed in my work, wondering how I'll handle that speech—that I actually go around in a daze. I wouldn't cut anybody. Nobody can get along without friends. A movie actress least of all. And every one I have I want to keep. So, please believe me when I say that it is only my eager absorption to make good for the fans who have made me, not any desire to separate myself from other people, that may have kept me from speaking to the friends I know and love.

"I'm really a terribly friendly person, by nature. At night I'm a regular tired business man. I could no more go home and go to sleep without some diversion—going to a party, or to some friend's house, or to see a picture, than any other working man. I love people—lights—music—dancing—that make you forget the worries of the day that is past."

And that's just what "Devil's Holiday" does to you. When we see and hear it, all the misery and trouble of our present is obliterated and instead, we find beauty, love, passion—all the things we have longed for—and sometimes vainly—right in our arms. In this film, Nancy Carroll drops the garments of her obscure past, and alone, on her own dramatic interpretation, rises to a height which has scarcely ever been reached before in silent or talking motion picture history. The little Broadway tap dancer becomes a Bernhardt of the talkies—at last, Nancy Carroll, the barefoot Irish girl of twenty years ago, becomes a dramatic actress.

Lillian and Anne Roth were joined professionally for the first time in several years in "Madame Satan." They used to be a sister team in vaudeville.



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THEY WANT TO BE DIFFERENT — *Continued from page 53*

land" than anything else. But maybe *Alice* was esoteric and it's taken me all these years to find it out!

Dorothy Sebastian has an attractively furnished bungalow done entirely in the modernistic manner. "I like modernistic things. They make you feel you are progressing. Entertaining, for instance, used to be such a routine affair. You merely invited people to the house, fed them well from an over-laden table and offered a little music or cards by way of diversion. Now, the clever hostess may have no end of originality in her methods." True, indeed, Dorothy, for instance, invites people to luncheon. If, at the last moment, she decides it was a mistake to ask them, she simply disappears and leaves word that she has been suddenly called to the studio. If the guests are modernistic, they understand and take no offence.

On the other hand, if she decides really to go ahead and feed them, there are all the modernistic accessories with which to express her personality. "In the first place," she explains, "there's the table. The *moderne* influence has introduced gay-colored chinas and glasses. One evening you may use a dark blue plate and water glass idea for an informal dinner. The next may see brightly colored rose glasses on the table. It makes the home dinner a pleasure instead of a routine.

"In the second place, there's the drawing room. The new furniture tends towards intimacy and friendly chatter. It conforms more closely to the human body than the furniture of any other period. Besides, it's tremendously chic and smart." She paused and swept her own drawing room with her eyes. "I want only up-to-date things about me."

I hope I may be forgiven for showing her the diamond filling in my tooth as proof of my up-to-date-ness!

Where Mr. Gay Dog of the So-and-So Insurance Company might think he was being very daring by decorating his home in the futuristic black and white effect, Charlie Mack of the Two Black Crows has no such scruples. He has a modest little mansion of twenty-two rooms and eleven baths done entirely in cubes and oblongs, not to mention verticles and horizontals.

This sort of thing might make the other fellow a little dizzy, but Mr. Mack finds it refreshingly different. "Actors are among those chosen people of the earth who can do pretty much as they please. A business man is always handicapped by what people will think of him. An actor has only to hope that people *will* talk about him. Now, some folks might think it was dizzy to have a living room done in a sort of coral-peach tone, with chairs of faded rose, gray beige. You see, over there I have a dull green divan and a black piano treated with red high-lights. The carpet is pictured instead of flowered. Even the bird cage is just a little crazy."

Crazy is right. It is so modernistic that instead of hearing the canary sing *The Echo Song* from "William Tell," which is what all good Swiss canaries sing, I expected to hear him burst into the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Lillian Roth came to the screen via the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities." With her, modernism (that is, going the other fellow one better) finds its outlet in jewelry.

"I love to wear something entirely different from anything possessed by anyone else she explained. I am much more flattered when someone comments on some unusual trinket of mine than when they admire a new gown or hat. Nothing makes a wardrobe more startling than novelty jewelry. I love this *moderne* idea of setting, for the simple reason that it is distinctive and beautiful without being overly expensive.

"It would take a millionaire to have jewelry to match every costume if we stuck to the old-fashioned idea of real diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Besides, those jewels are practically suited only to evening wear and how many of us go to enough formal functions to warrant such jewels even if we were lucky enough to be able to afford them?

"On the other hand, modern clothes are so simple they must have some sort of ornament to relieve the severity. With the coming of the ensemble, matching jewelry was a natural outgrowth. For instance, take this outfit I'm wearing. A genuine Chinese jade set consisting of necklace, bracelet, ring and ear-rings. It will go with any white or green costume and the complete set didn't cost nearly as much as a dinner ring. Zircon is another effective stone. Crystals. Russian lapis lazuli. Rose quartz. These stones adapt themselves wonderfully to a novelty setting—and it's nice to be distinctive, even in your jewelry, isn't it?"

Just as I warned you—no detail is too small to be overlooked in the creed of—and lust for—distinction.

When I started out to gather data for this symposium I thought I might find mental stimulation in the viewpoints of some of the stars. Believe me, it was all of that. But being different is just the usual thing in Hollywood!

Lupino Lane has what it takes to make a talking picture comedian. He sings, dances, and is really funny.

OTIS SKINNER'S FIRST DAY IN A TALKIE STUDIO

Continued from page 25

so meagre that they cannot be draped on the hangers, in which case ribbons tie them securely. Imagine it—filthy burlap shreds on velvet hangers tied with ribbon!

After a few minor adjustments by Skinner himself, such as recommending that the rags be shortened to B.V.D. length instead of coming down to his knees, and offering his opinion that one of the rags seemed too pretty to fit in with the *tout ensemble*, he departed for his dressing room.

Nelson helped him on and off with his costume, during which time he ran through a sheaf of mail a foot high. From there he went back to the make-up department to have his face made up. The first thing he did when he entered the room was to pull the curtains together.

Westmore, the make-up man, looked perplexed. Skinner suddenly reminded himself that he was not being made up for the theater but for motion pictures. For fifty-three years his first act in a dressing room had been to pull the curtains together and create the effect of artificial lighting. You never see daylight depicted on the stage. He apologized profusely.

And then began a two-hour job of painting and glueing. The application of cosmetics only needed half an hour, but the beard took longer. On the stage a beard is a mop of hair on a foundation of linen, the whole of which pastes on the face. This is not the way beards are put on screen players. The rôle of *Hajj* required a scraggly stubble of unkempt hair to roam over Skinner's features, varying in length from an inch to three or four inches.

First, Skinner's face was smeared with spirit gum. Then Westmore took foot-long strands of real hair, white, and stuck them to the gum. Just a few strands at a time were applied, and after an hour and a half Skinner had a flowing white beard one foot long that even on close inspection seemed to be growing out of his face. This was subsequently tailored and darkened to suit, and generally given the appearance of never having seen a Bagdad barber of the eighth century, let alone a Gillette safety razor.

By this time it was noon and Skinner partook of one bun and one glass of milk. He really wanted something more substantial, but his screen test involved eating a huge crust of bread, and for all he knew the rehearsals would have to run into loaves.

About one o'clock John Francis Dillon, who is directing "Kismet" for First National, poked into the dressing room, and they both left for Stage Four. It is Dillon's practice, although this is not general, to be present at the screen tests of his featured players. Robert North, production executive, was also present, a tribute indeed to Skinner.

Skinner squatted down, beggar fashion, on a slab of stone, and dozed. This was all rehearsal. From the deep Skinner chest came the most realistic asthmatic snores it has ever been the privilege of First National to record. Slowly Skinner yawned, a beautiful Skinner yawn, making the commonplace morning noises that seem so strange when acted by another. Supplicatingly, whining:

"In the name of Allah—day? Alms for the love of Allah! For the love of Allah, alms!"

The priest gives him a small round loaf.

"Verily, thy good deeds shall witness for thee on the day of judgement, O Mahmud." And on and on, through alternate ranting and pleading, praying and cursing, as difficult a sequence as one can imagine. The rehearsal is completed. Dillon suggests that the yawn come a bit slower. Immediately—for Skinner needs no primping and 'getting in the mood' interlude—Dillon cries, "Camera!"

Supplicatingly, whining:

"In the name of Allah—day? Alms for the love of Allah!" and so clear through the sequence; not one error, not one correction. Dillon and North just smile. Mr. Skinner is excused for the day. On the way out you hear the executives commenting. "Oh, well, fifty-three years of acting!"

Eddie Cantor and two lovely "Whoopee" girls. Broadway will probably miss Eddie for a while because he has become 'Hollywood-conscious.' "Whoopee" is a Samuel Goldwyn production.

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MISTER BROWN

Continued from page 51

be wrecked sooner or later anyway, told her lodgers that they might have anything in the house they wanted.

Joe chose a large grandfather clock that reposed in the hall. A fellow lodger helped him to drag it out into the street but he was unable to manipulate it successfully from there. Loath to leave his treasure he turned it up sideways and sat upon it while he thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle that took place before his delighted eyes. Although panic-stricken people rushed about him he was not in the least frightened.

Joe, like the best of comedians, has in his time fallen heir to his share of aches. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as you will, they were not of the heart variety. They usually occurred in the most tangible and painful regions.

There was the time after he had left the Ashtons to go with a manager who treated him very little better. The manager was the ground man in the act. He had decided upon a very difficult trick tumble he wanted Joe to execute.

The first night the tumble was used in the act Joe didn't do it the way the manager wanted him to. The next day Joe was told that if he didn't perform the tumble according to instructions something would happen he would long remember. And it did happen!

After Joe went into the tumble the second night the manager, who was supposed to catch him, turned and went off the stage. Joe fell on the floor and broke his leg. He can now truthfully say he has suffered for his art when he remembers being stranded in a tank town with a broken leg and no money.

Better times followed and Joe abandoned acrobatics for straight clowning. One summer he played professional baseball in St. Paul. He was still in vaudeville but he wanted to get into musical comedy. His first opportunity came in New York with a burlesque show. But from burlesque to Broadway musical comedy is a long jump. Finally he was given a good part in "Listen Lester" but an Equity strike was called and the show folded up after a week's rehearsal. Several weeks later when his first son was born he was out of a job and flat broke.

After months of idleness he was featured in "Jim Jam Jems," which was followed by rôles in "Betty Lee," "Greenwich Village Follies," and "Captain Jinks." His biggest Broadway hit was in "Twinkle Twinkle," during the run of which he was elevated to stardom on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the show business.

While on tour with "Twinkle Twinkle" he was offered a part in "Crooks Can't Win," an FBO picture produced in 1928. He immediately clicked as a comedian and appeared in "Hit of the Show" and other successful silent pictures. It was the talkies, however, that set him definitely among the big movie names. After his performances in "Sally" and "Hold Everything" he was put under long term contract to First National and is being developed as one of that company's biggest attractions.

Mister Brown—you'll forgive us for having lapsed into the familiarity of calling him Joe while telling about his childhood—is now on top of the talkie heap.

He is almost without a serious contender because his brand of fun is peculiarly his own. He is taking his place along with Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, and other big-time comic thespians who have individualized talent to offer to the great art of being funny.

Some people say he is conceited but his is an impersonal kind of ego that never offends. Joe E. Brown, the comedian, is a person separate and apart from the Mister Brown who lives on Harper Street in Hollywood.

He finds Actor Brown a business to be taken as seriously as a broker studies his bonds. For that reason he fights spiritedly for billing, fat parts, and any other consideration he thinks will get Actor Brown ahead. It's no secret that after the release of "Hold Everything" he succeeded in having the posters recalled and his name placed in a more prominent position.

He considers his name his most valuable asset and his ambition is to have 'Joe E. Brown' mean the same thing to a picture that sterling does on silver.

Although he appears to be much larger he is only five feet, eight inches tall and tips the scales at 145 pounds. He loves nothing better than an audience, which accounts for the fact that he is always very much seen and heard on the set. He likes to act as master of ceremonies.

He is a confirmed family man. Mrs. Brown is a thoroughly charming woman who is in every sense of the word pretty. His all-consuming interest is his two sons, Don Evan, aged 13, and Joe LeRoy, aged 11. He calls them his fellows.

His favorite foods are Chicken Knickerbocker Supreme and Neri salad, which is made with lettuce, grapefruit, tomatoes, oranges, and oil dressing. He thinks tripe the world's poorest excuse for food. His favorite author is Grimm, his favorite book the Bible, and his favorite song is "Home, Sweet Home." He likes Gloria Swanson's work better than that of any other actress and agrees with critics who call Charlie Chaplin the screen's foremost actor.

No matter how late the hour he arrives home he always has to read in bed before he can go to sleep. He recently ordered a specially-built foreign limousine which will cost him approximately $30,000.

Mister Brown is always smartly turned out. He looks very personable in his street clothes and one has to look twice to recognize Actor Brown. He hates being called ugly, and platitudes to the effect that "handsome is, handsome does."

Loyalty is perhaps his greatest virtue. He is tremendously grateful to everyone who has helped him in any way, no matter how inconsequential the favor. Ralph Ince, who directed his first picture, is one of his best friends.

He thinks acrobatics are valuable in developing character. He says if one has confidence in his ability to do what he pleases with his body he has the foundation of something fine.

He insists that it has no special significance, but Mr. Brown's favorite color is —brown!

HIGH SOCIETY IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 63

There was a charming Spanish orchestra, which played throughout the evening, in the patio where you danced under the soft lights if you wished; or if you preferred, you lounged on the comfy swings and other outdoor furnishings. The buffet supper was a Spanish feast, very delectable.

The very last thing was awarding of the prizes for the best costume. Every one paraded before the committee, made up of Robert Leonard, Herman Mankiewicz and Edwin Knopf. The judges seemed to take their task very seriously, looking each candidate over carefully, making them dance, singly and then in couples, after which, when the rigmarole had been going on a long time, they put their heads together, frowning, shaking their heads, seeming to argue—and then awarded the prize, a bottle of French perfume, to M. C. Levee, who had worn only his evening clothes and a tiny black lace mask over his eyes!

"Bebe Daniels has so many friends that she has received one shower — a deluge of showers, I'd say," remarked Patsy. "We're to go to one tonight at Mrs. George Fitzmaurice's. It's to be a general shower—everything, Diana says—you know Mrs. Fitzmaurice was Diana Kane before she was married—from safety pins to tiaras." Diana announced that she was giving Bebe her nightgown and negligée, and if only for that, if nothing else, we wouldn't miss the party for anything.

But Mrs. Fitzmaurice is a brilliant hostess, and lives in a perfectly gorgeous house, away on top of a hill in Beverly Hills, so there was every reason in the world for going. She and Bebe have been friends for many years, since they were little girls, in fact.

We found just everybody in the film world there, waiting to do honor to Bebe, with Bebe herself looking radiantly pretty in white.

Most of the guests were in the huge drawing room of the house, which is English, inside and out, with its drawing room giving on a vista of wide oak stairway, red-carpeted, and a great, red-carpeted reception hall.

"And I think," whispered Patsy, "that Diana is just as happy here as you would naturally expect her to be! For she has everything—a devoted husband, a lovely baby, and everything from a material standpoint that her heart can desire."

Bebe and Diana made a pretty pair, rushing about, making everybody welcome, and at the end of the room, as we turned to greet our friends, we espied a white bell suspended from the ceiling in an alcove, while great banks of flowers were on all sides of the alcove walls.

Naturally, Bebe showed us most joyously her wedding gift from Ben—a gorgeous diamond necklace.

We caught a glimpse of Colleen Moore, and went over to say hello to her. She recently separated from her husband, John McCormick, you know; but she was looking very pretty, and she said that she was having a perfectly wonderful time.

Leatrice Joy, looking very lovely, told us that she was taking lessons in 'metaphysical singing'—whatever that means. At any rate, in these days of complexes and inhibitions and psychological what-nots, one isn't surprised to hear that there is such a thing as metaphysical singing.

Dolores Del Rio was there, clad in Venetian green and wearing orchids. The dress, we learned, was from Patou's in Paris, and the orchids, we suspected, were from Johnny Farrow. Miss Del Rio buys all her dresses from Paris, and so well does Patou understand her sartorial (how I hate that word, but it is the right one, at that) needs, that she merely orders from him, and the things are shipped to her in California. She was looking exquisitely pretty, and very tanned from the beach.

Elsie Janis was lounging picturesquely on a sofa, though you usually find her standing for some reason or other. She said that she had been in the hospital eleven days, having her tonsils out.

"Why, I could have had a baby in that time!" she exclaimed comically.

Mildred Lloyd was there, dressed in pink, and Mildred can wear pink now-a-days, she has become so slim; and there were Julanne Johnston, Carmelita Geraghty, Mrs. Allan Dwan, Billie Dove, Pauline Garon, Blanche Sweet, Lois Wilson, Mrs. John Boles, Julia Faye, Lilyan Tashman, Alma Tell, Kathryn Perry, Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mary Ford, Mrs. William K. Howard, Mrs. Griffin, Bebe's grandmother, Marie Mosquini, Mrs. Skeet Gallagher, Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mary Eaton Webb, Mrs. Barney Glazer, Mrs. Henry King, Olive Tell, Mrs. Edward Knopf, Mrs. Harry Tierney.

And later, when the men arrived, these included all the famous husbands of the above, among them Harold Lloyd, Jack Ford, W. K. Howard, Henry King, George Archainbaud, Millard Webb, Henry Hobart, Skeet Gallagher, John Boles, and of course the husband of our hostess, George Fitzmaurice, and Ben Lyon.

Dolores told us she probably would go to the South Seas after "The Dove," which is to be her next picture. She says she has always wanted to see Tahiti and way stations.

Bebe came out bedecked with orchids, and we found that they had adorned the gift box which Julia Faye had brought her. Bebe said she was much too thrifty to allow the orchids to droop on a box.

Ben Lyon's mother and two sweet sisters from the South were among the guests, and evidently hugely enjoyed the whole proceedings, even as the guests enjoyed meeting them.

The buffet table from which we helped ourselves to delicious food was charmingly and amusingly decorated with a device calculated to express 'Daniel in a Lyon's den,' a figure of Bebe, in bride's outfit, in a candy den, while a lion devoured her! Our ice cream was made in the shape of lions, too.

After dinner we all dashed into the drawing room, and Bebe sat down in the alcove under the bell to open her gift boxes, which were a positive mountain by this time, while most of the rest of us sat about on the floor to watch her.

Bebe's mother, Phyllis Daniels, and Bebe's grandmother sat close to the gifts, and Bebe's grandma saved all the pretty ribbon, just as grandmas have done from time immemorial!

(*Continued on page* 126)

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ON LOCATION WITH ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Continued from page 89

marvelous performance, but it was not until years afterwards that Duse was acclaimed a great actress, and the others were in their thirties and early forties when they did their best work."

"Then I still have a chance to do something good if I work very hard," she said with a dreamy look in her brown eyes. Dorothy likes character work much better than leads. "They suit me better; and besides, character parts have more individuality than straight leads."

It was such a surprise to find that Dorothy Jordan is a Dixie girl, from the Blue Grass Country. If her soft southern drawl was present in "Devil May Care" it eluded me. I'll have to see it again now to find out if I missed anything. Dorothy lived at the Hollywood Studio Club until just a few weeks ago when her mother and sister came out to Hollywood, when she took a house so they could all be together. Dorothy is another youngster who has come into prominence during the last year and a half. Some one saw her do a bit and put her in the lead in a Ramon Novarro picture. She has appeared opposite him ever since, and now she and Bob Montgomery are co-featured in "Like Kelly Can." But she doesn't seem to think she has done much. She is a modest, lovable little thing and even though she has appeared in three leads she doesn't think she knows all about the moving picture business.

Allan Lane, the handsome young man who plays *Johnson,* one of the golf champions, took us out to the location, which was on the golf course that morning, in his new Chrysler. He drove his own car from Hollywood, having found by experience that it is a very comfortable thing to have your own car on any location, then you don't have to depend on company cars.

"Meet the Master Mind," said Bob Montgomery, introducing us to Chuck Reisner.

"Doesn't it feel lonesome to be one of those things?" we kidded him.

Oh, well, you see I'm getting used to it now!" he laughed.

The first day on location Bob Montgomery tried everything once: the surf board, the sulphur baths, both swimming pools, the lake and the running track. "Yes, and I never saw anyone going so many different places in so many different bath robes in my life," laughed Harry Sheridan, the production manager. "It was like a Sennett comedy to see Bob emerging from his room, darting about from one end of the hotel to the other, and every time he had on something different."

Bobbie grinned. "Well, I didn't want to miss anything!"

A half dozen grips were trying to spread an enormous piece of canvas over a truck to protect the contents from the sun which hadn't come out yet, though everyone had hopes. "What's that?" someone asked. "Oh," said Bob, "that's Marie Dressler's shawl!"

The sun straggled out after awhile to encourage everyone to try for a scene, and then everything became very busy. Benny Rubin groaned as he swung a heavy bag of clubs to his shoulder. He plays caddy to his friend Bob. "I've been carrying this for *days,*" he told us, "and I'm really worn out. We've gone miles over this course."

In the scene played that morning Benny was supposed to have been all fed up with helping his friend train for the championship. The dialogue is Benny Rubin special, coined as he went along. He never said the same thing twice, just being careful to stick to the sense of the scene. When Bob asks for a 'spoon' Benny blows up. "Spoon, is it?" he yowls. "First I am a baggage man and now you want I should be a vaiter! I von't do it! I am going to quit, and rest my bones. You spend all my money and now you spend all my

(*Continued on page* 128)

The Ziegfeld family—Flo, daughter Patricia, and wife Billie Burke. Mr. Ziegfeld is going to bring "Simple Simon," his latest Broadway success, to the talking screen.

STUNTING TO STARDOM

Continued from page 66

made the leap at just the right moment and landed in the car. But this time the driver was too slow and the locomotive crashed into the rear of the automobile, again ruining the scene. Hoot's injuries, this time, included a broken ankle.

The final attempt was successful. He landed in the tonneau of the automobile and the car cleared the tracks just in time to be missed by the engine. Many of you boy fans who are now grown up will remember that picture. But maybe you don't know about the hundred dollar bonus Hoot was to receive. Well, he doesn't either, for he never received it. He was brave enough about little things such as leaping in front of trains and driving motorcycles from forty foot bridges, but he was not brave enough to ask for his extra pay!

Hoot's first job before the camera was to do falls from a racing horse. For each *good* fall he received fifty cents!

Hoot's second job was better. In the morning he was an Indian in full war paint. He rode a bareback horse at full gallop all morning. In the afternoon he was a cowboy and raced another horse at equally breakneck speed over the same ground. The sequences were so arranged that the cowboy chased the Indian when the picture reached the screen. For this, Gibson was paid two dollars per diem.

Of course, in those days there were no studio projection rooms. No one, not even the actors, knew whether the pictures were good or bad until they were shown in the theaters, when actors and public alike flocked to the nearest cinema houses. Much water has flowed under the bridge since then. Today, every film is carefully reviewed and edited by experts before it leaves the studio.

In his early career, Hoot endured many hardships. When scenes were to be made on location, Hoot would travel all night on horseback with five or six men and a hundred head of cattle to a lonely spot in the hills or on a prairie to be ready next morning when the principals and director arrived in automobiles. He slept on the ground with a blanket rolled about him and cooked his food over an open fire. His pay for such a one-night trek was one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Hoot's progress was next marked by a job as a double that paid him twenty-five dollars weekly. Quite a princely salary in those days, particularly for one who had nothing to do but risk his life and limbs whenever a dangerous stunt was needed!

It was on this job that he performed what he considers his most dangerous stunt. Not on a horse, but riding a motorcycle straight off a drawbridge. As Hoot raced for the bridge, it was lifting in the air. His speed was to have caused his motorcycle to leap into the air, breach the open space and cause him to land on the far side of the stream. Twice he fell, motorcycle and all, into the water. The third time, Hoot leaped off the end of the bridge, forty feet in the air, and landed with terrific impact on the other side of the water. A momentary wavering and he rode away with a flourish. All this was many years ago but it was all a part of the making of one of our most popular stars.

Hoot began starring in pictures about ten years ago, but even then he was a man-of-all-work. Not only did he do his own riding and acting, he often doubled for other members of the cast who were not

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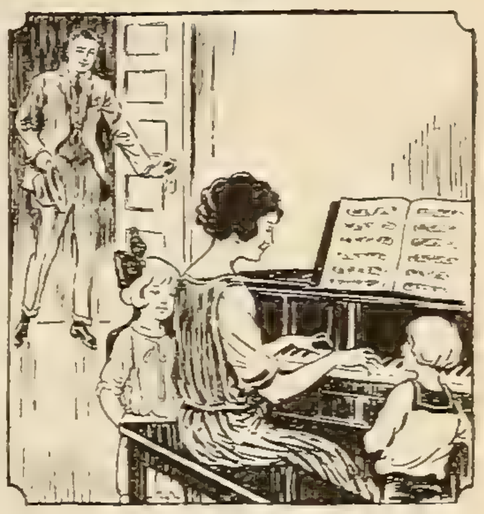

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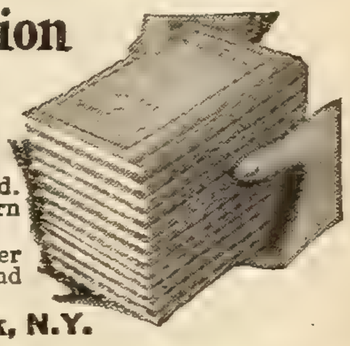

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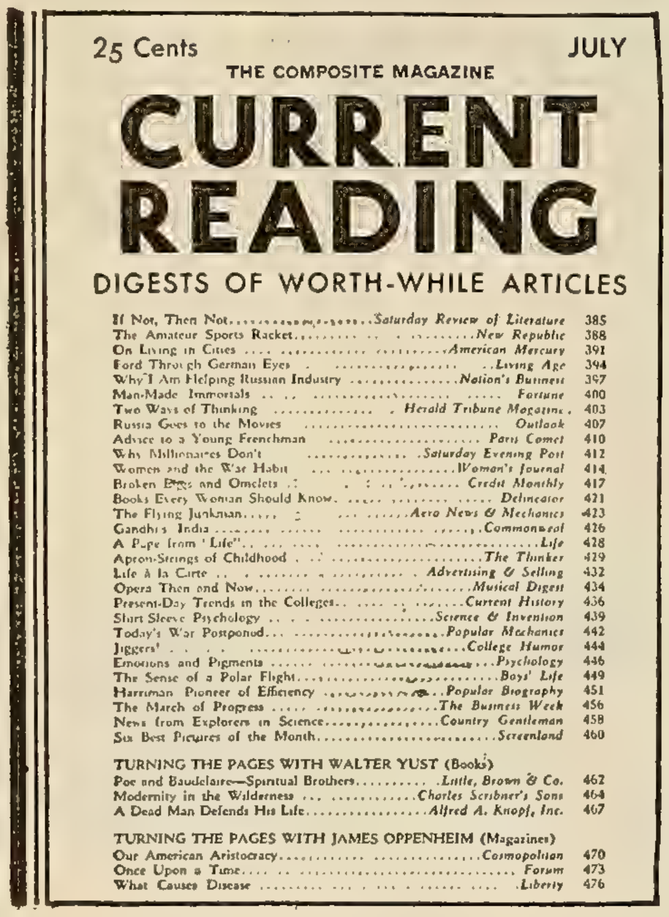
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at home on horses. He wrote his own stories, directed them, and helped cut, edit and title them. He continues to do this, and he now heads his own producing company and supervises the work of his entire staff.

With the advent of talking pictures, nearly every Western star except Hoot Gibson was thrown out of work because most film producers thought that sound pictures doomed outdoor productions to a dismal death. But Hoot did not agree. It was his theory that sound would bolster rather than lessen the popularity of Westerns. So, while other stars were learning to speak and to sing before the microphone, Hoot Gibson was perfecting arrangements to go fifty-fifty in the financing of a series of natural sound Westerns. The result was a financial success and the cowboy star's popularity has soared even higher.

"The popularity of Western pictures lies in the general appeal of the open country," Hoot explained to me as we rode back to location camp. "The natural, God-given scenery of the prairies, the mountains, the sea and the deserts strike a sympathetic note in nearly every heart.

"Western pictures appeal to the average person because it is the very nature of man to like motion and action. The picturesque background, the dash and daring of an expert horseback rider have a universal attraction, and only in stories of the west can riding be given fullest play. Therefore, what more natural than that the sounds accompanying the actions of the west should serve to make pictures and stories more interesting?"

Hoot Gibson's success is well deserved. Today, he is one of Hollywood's wealthiest and most popular citizens. Off screen he is quiet and well mannered. He dresses in the best of taste. His mansion in Beverly Hills is one of that community's most beautiful homes. He is a popular addition to any dinner party. His favorite diversions are tennis, airplaning and bridge.

Summing it all up, Hoot Gibson is a real son of the west—sincere, genuine, fair-minded and honest. To Hoot, a spade is a spade and a six-gun a six-gun. He believes in every man until he has reason not to. Small boys have selected a worthy idol in Hoot Gibson!

HIGH SOCIETY IN HOLLYWOOD—*Cont. from page* 123

Dolores Del Rio's gift to Bebe was two lovely silver statues of deer.

Diana went about on the edge of the gifts, pretending to be picking up things and hiding them!

Elsie Janis showed us her satin what-you-may-call-ums. They were embroidered with red roses, and Elsie explained that they were theatrical—she said that she had worn them on the stage in Paris, and had lured all France with them!

Other gifts included wonderful lingerie, rare perfumes, table linens worth fortunes, vases, and other beautiful things.

There was a fortune-teller upstairs, and we found Lilyan Tashman, Colleen Moore and some of the other guests waiting outside the door to come in, so we decided to wait below stairs and say hello to the the men; and Colleen dashed down later, saying that she had just been told a perfectly swell fortune, but she wouldn't tell us what it was.

Downstairs we met Eddie Lowe, who told us about the marvelous time he and Lilyan had had during their recent trip to New York. He said they even did Coney Island, and that the night they were down there they caught sight of a weighing machine, such as was used in "The Cock-Eyed World," and that the man running it spied him, beckoned to him, and Eddie went up and did his stuff as a shill for the machine, with the result that they did a thriving business.

George Fitzmaurice was a most admirable host, both he and Diana having that radiant something which makes each guest feel that he or she is the favored one. Diana looked too lovely and slim for anything in a belted white gown.

Ben Lyon came up and put his arm around Bebe and kissed her, and looked as proud as punch about the gifts, while somebody told him that there were three or four things among them, like cigarette sets, that he himself could use. We wished both of them happiness, and departed, awfully late.

STAGE IN REVIEW — *Continued from page 91*

in London.

The three old timers are Theresa Conover, Helen Raymond and Grace Huff. They roughed their parts to the limit. Robert Perry and Billy Lynn add to the excitement. You will certainly see this show on Will Hays' Circuit.

"The Tavern"

George M. Cohan, the perennial, the popular, the oddly *gracile* Cohan, staged a return to Broadway to the tumultuous clatter of ear-splitting applause, which indicates that George is clearly destined to be the Patti of the comedy stage: there will be revivals and farewells while the last Friar and Lambkin can still beat their palms.

He first of all gave us that superb comedy, "The Tavern," which is the human comedy itself seen from the higher dimension of a super-sane man known as the Artist-Aesthete-Spectator. Produced ten years ago with Arnold Daly as the Vagabond, it immediately became a classic. It will still be seen when my bald head shall be ashes. It is gorgeous fantasy stemming from an eternal idea—that only the Great Human Comedy is seen in its proper perspective by the intelligent non-participator.

After seeing Daly as the Vagabond, the sentimental interpretation of the Vagabond of Mr. Cohan does not register with me. He plays it down to the box office, which, of course, is the Big Cohan Idea after all —*n'est-ce pas?*

"The Song and Dance Man"

Cohan's other revival—which is to be country-wide, I understand — was "The Song and Dance Man." This may have pulled in the shekels way back in the pre-Lysistrata days of 1923, but today it looks like a terrible piece of sentimental ham-fatting; and no one but Our George could get away with it on Broadway.

It is all about and how a song-and-dance man went down and out and came back—a sobby, ridiculous, nauseating piece of plumduff which ought to be looked at while nibbling on your old nursery teething-ring.

I do not suppose anybody could play the central character more convincingly than Cohan—in fact, the part was written by him for him. Like Lincoln, *Hap Farrell* the hoofer, now belongs to the ages.

PRIMA DONNA — *Continued from page 83*

the first two for professional use. Her father was a theater electrician who had naturally to be away from home in the evenings. Her mother's health has long been poor so all through her grammar and high-school days Bernice stayed with her in the evenings instead of running about to the numerous dances, parties and club meetings that characterize social life in high-school. She enjoyed parties as much as the average girl but since she couldn't well participate in them she, in time, learned to do a capital job of entertaining herself.

As a child, she didn't go in much for dolls because to do so made her lose caste in the eyes of the little boys who were her favorite playmates. She rather gloated in being just a bit tomboyish.

She conducted a dancing class during her last two years of high-school. Her pupils were mostly young children. She enjoyed teaching the brighter pupils but instruction of the less nimble-footed youngsters proved to be the direst drudgery. She says what with her own dancing and voice lessons and her high-school work, she probably wasn't noted for patience.

Miss Alice Eggers, supervisor of music in the Oakland schools, discovered that Bernice had an unusual voice and took her as a private pupil. When Emil Polak, accompanist and coach for Mme. Maria Jeritza, visited in San Francisco Bernice went to him for an audition. He told her that there was then a shortage of personable prima donnas in New York and advised her to try her luck there as soon as she had finished high-school.

Bernice Claire arrived in New York with a tremendous ambition and several hundred dollars she had made from her dancing class. For a time she studied with Mr. Polak before she was given a contract by Schwab and Mandel, producers of musical comedy and operetta. She was scheduled to take the place of an unsatisfactory singer in the New York presentation of "The Desert Song" but the producers did not succeed in breaking the actress' contract so they rented Bernice out for a turn in vaudeville until such time as they could use her.

She was shortly after recalled from her vaudeville tour and placed in a "Desert Song" road company opening in Detroit and subsequently toured from Canada to Texas. The season over, she went to Hollywood for the summer since there was little activity in New York. She was selected for the prima donna rôle in "No, No, Nanette," opposite Alexander Gray with whom she had played in "The Desert Song" and was given a First National contract. Since that time she has played the lead in six pictures.

Her mother has, more than anyone else, been responsible for Bernice Claire's attaining of her present position. Mrs. Jahnigan is a self-effacing woman who has devoted her life to seeing that her daughter has an opportunity to achieve distinction in her chosen field.

There is nothing of the managing mama about Mrs. Jahnigan. After having assured herself that Bernice possessed talent she provided dancing and voice lessons, firmly insisting that they be thoroughly mastered. She has always stayed very much in the background because, having once accomplished her purpose, she cherishes no desire to bask in reflected glory.

Bernice Claire is of the stuff of which prima donnas are made. In spite of the fact that many of the more unpleasant characteristics of famous divas are not apparent in her make-up, she is first, last, and always a singer. She sings well because she can sing no other way. Her musical background is wholly negligible but she has always instinctively had a taste for the best things in music.

She would like an operatic career and thinks she will probably have one in due time. Pictures are excellent training, and she knows of nothing else she would rather do while she is waiting for her voice to fully mature. She thinks it will be at least five years before she reaches her vocal prime. By that time she hopes to have saved enough money to be independent.

If the operatic stage is still extant then she intends having a fling at it, not because she considers pictures inferior, but simply to satisfy an ambition to feel a flesh-and-blood audience's reaction to the singing of several of her favorite rôles. She thinks the talkies are improving the musical tastes

(*Continued on page* 129)

Chorus girls and boys resting, between scenes of "Whoopee," in specially built rest forms to save their tight velvet costumes from being spoiled.

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ON LOCATION WITH ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Continued from page 124

strength. I am not going to move any more," and proceeded to flop down on the grass using the golf bag for a pillow while Bob entreated him to be a sport. "Cut! He'd go on like that for four reels," yelled Chuck, who was laughing at Benny's inimitable comedy.

There have to be a lot of tests for camera and sound between each scene and some one has to stand in as a model. "Who's resting?" asked Henry Sharp, one of the most popular camera men on the Metro lot.

"I'll stand in. I have nothing to do," said Chuck.

"Only direct the picture, that's all," said Henry. "Still, if you find time weighing heavily upon you, just park yourself under the mike for a minute or two."

And Chuck did, acting like a clown and airing a pretty nifty line of patter himself.

As Chuck Reisner is considered one of the finest directors of comedy in the business I wanted his opinion on what quality was essential to get it over.

"Tragedy," he replied quickly. "You have to have the two strongest opposing forces clash. The positive and the negative. Without tragedy there would be no comedy, no contrast. A boy falls down the steps under a load of vegetables. He breaks his leg. The crowd laughs because he looked so funny when he fell and because they themselves are not the victims. Sympathy for his distress is a secondary thought. Comedy is built upon the misfortune of the other fellow."

Someone hinted that it was about time for lunch. "We'll have lunch about six!" declared Chuck. "I'm staying on this job if it kills me—us I mean. I don't want it ever to be said that I'm not trying!"

Bob was wrestling with two or three of the bunch. "Hey, Bob, cut that out," said Chuck, anxiously watching the hero rolling and tumbling on the grass. "You're in the next scene, you know."

"Oh, well," Bob said cheerfully, coming up for air, "I could do with a broken arm."

"But not with a broken nose, my lad. Think, man, think of your public!"

Again the sun came out and Bobby trudged over the hill to begin the second scene. Fifteen times that morning he went back and forth over the hill and so did Benny—with the golf clubs!

In one scene, a close-up of Benny, Bob had to stand out of camera range and call to him. After the first take, the mixer called to Bob to stand further away and speak louder.

"There you go," said Bob jokingly, "making me strain my voice again!"

"Do you know the best way to strain your voice?" said Chuck. "Stand in front of a screen door and speak through it."

After lunch we went to another part of the golf course. Every afternoon a stiff breeze seems to spring up and we were nearly blown off the hill. For some reason or other a motorcycle cop was there and the girls had a lot of fun begging rides from him. He took them, too. The two Dorothys had to work but not in the first scene, so we sat on the grass and swapped stories. We all told what we liked to do when we were kids. Dorothy Jordan said she and her sister liked to take walks through the woods looking for flowers and ferns and go on buggy rides where five miles was a long drive. Dorothy McNulty liked to climb trees.

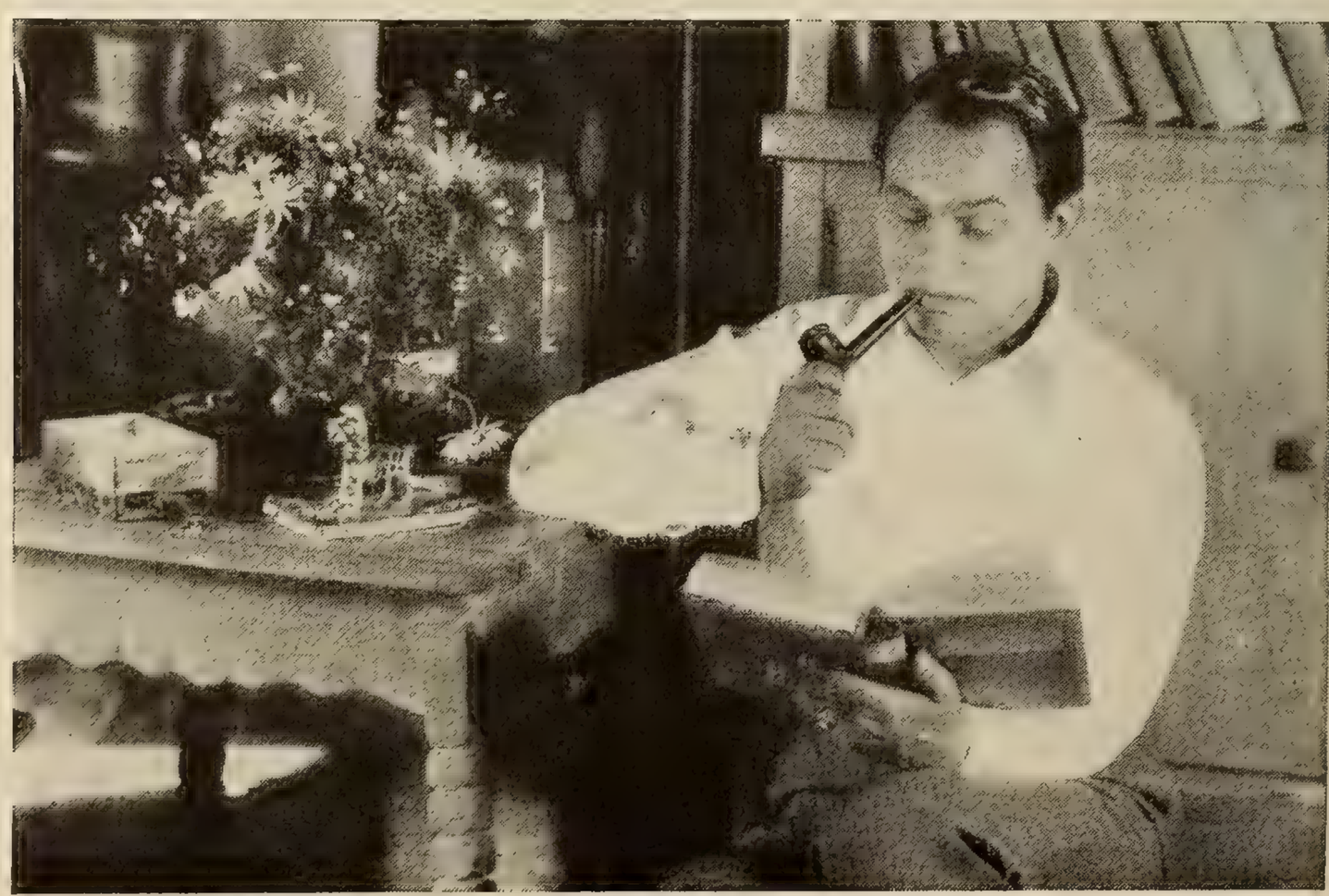
Benny had been holding down a place on the grass for an hour. "I'm right on my spot, see?" he held up a little wooden tee which he had put in the ground to mark the place he had to fall upon. And between scenes he just kept sitting there so no one would kick it away accidentally.

"Everything all right, Sugar?" asked Chuck.

"Why, Mr. Reisner!" exclaimed a young lady coquettishly.

"Aw, he means Shugart, the sound mixer," she was told disgustedly by her boy friend. "We all call him 'Sugar.'"

We watched until after Benny had started off the old dilapidated Ford which he insisted on driving around the golf course to save his bones. He gets into a lot of trouble with it, too. Runs it into a tree and everything. And after that excitement we departed, convinced that "Like Kelly Can" will be one of the funniest films of the season.



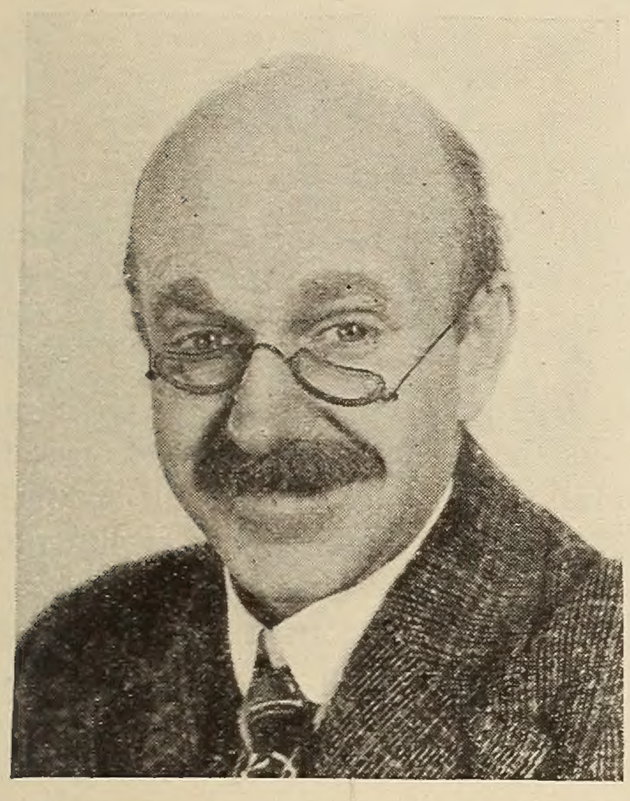
A character out of character—Edward Robinson portraying Edward Robinson at home.

PRIMA DONNA

Continued from page 127

of the general public by leaps and bounds and that it will be only a short time before producers will be casting rôles to satisfy the most vocally ambitious.

Bernice Claire has the complete disregard for clothes that charactertizes so many artists. She professes to like pretty things



Lucien Littlefield can make any part in a picture stand out. Proof —he has recently completed his 100th. film.

but she treats them as though they were merely incidental. Although she possesses as pretty a pair of legs as ever trod before a camera, she mostly wears long skirts and off-screen dresses always in a manner which makes her appear older than she really is.

While she is working, it is the business of her maid to see that her clothes are properly arranged for the camera. Unlike most actresses who must inspect themselves in a mirror before every scene is taken, she is careless about such things, preferring to spend all the available spare time in learning her lines or rehearsing new songs.

She never indulges in temperament of the fireworks variety. She is much too wise and even-tempered for such a display. She knows that producers no longer tolerate it. She has a much wiser and altogether more effective method. If she wants to have a scene changed or to do some bit of business differently, she starts in on the director and frequently reminds him about it. If she doesn't succeed she at least hasn't made herself absurd by refusing to do something that might later be required of her.

All in all, she is extremely pleasant and conducts herself in about the same way any normal girl of her twenty-one years would be expected to act. She does, however, have periods of obstinacy of which she is later ashamed and apologizes for.

She has worked for six directors without a single major disagreement. The unkindest criticism any of the six has to make of her is that she, at times, has difficulty in deciding when she wants to sing.

There are occasions when she would rather not sing in the morning because it is too early. About 11 o'clock she decides she would do better if she waited until she had had her lunch. Two o'clock is too soon after lunch and at five o'clock she's too tired. If, however, she is pinned down and requested to sing at any of those hours, she sings and sings well. Her delay is prompted only by the desire to do her very best.

She cares absolutely nothing for the superficial social life of Hollywood. She enjoys an occasional game of bridge and when she isn't working likes to have dinner in a small restaurant where well-prepared food is the main attraction. After dinner she sees a movie. On very rare occasions she likes to spend an evening dancing.

She has an attractive apartment in a Hollywood court. Her only objection to the place is that it isn't soundproof and the gentleman in the next apartment is much given to showers and rather doubtful vocalizing. Her Spanish living room contains a grand piano, a radio, a victrola, and a really fine two-manuel pipe organ. She owns a Ford coupé and saves money.

Someday she's going to take time off and have a swell romance. Thus far she's just never been able to get around to it. There have always been boy friends hovering in the background but none that she treats very seriously. Hollywood seems bent on marrying her off to Alexander Gray but they are merely good friends.

Fear is a quality absolutely unknown to her. She's afraid of nothing. She went to the winter quarters of a circus to take publicity pictures and amazed veteran animal trainers by quite unconcernedly posing with none-too-domesticated leopards, elephants, and a hippopotamus. She doesn't at all mind snakes and mice.

Her tendency to minimize her accomplishments has at times been construed as lack of color. She takes everything in a very matter-of-fact way. Her career requires hard work. She can see nothing glamourous about hard work.

She follows no particular rules for keeping her voice in shape. She eats all she wants and sleeps all she wants. She drives a hard bargain and knows how to save her energy so it will be seen to best advantage in her work. She will, in time, doubtless become more opinionated and better fit the public's conception of a great singer, but even now she is all the two words imply— prima donna.

Smiling Nancy Carroll — perhaps she is rehearsing for her next picture, titled "Laughter."

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WANTED— ANOTHER "GOAT"

Book review from *"Time"*:

Hollywood Harlequinade

QUEER PEOPLE—Carroll & Garrett Graham—*Vanguard* ($2).

Theodore Anthony White is a picaresque rascal, a newspaperman. He lands in Los Angeles about as broke as usual, gets a job on a morning paper, is taken drunk, loses his job, wakes up next morning entangled in Hollywood. Successively, never too successfully, he is scenario writer, press agent, blackmailer, entertainer in a bawdy house. To a friend who asks him if he likes the last job better than being in a studio, Hero White replies: "Well, you work with a better class of people."

As press agent he is once ordered by his temperamental employer, a woman, to give a tea for the press. With misgivings he obeys. After the tea is over, this is what he sees: "A beautiful Chinese urn had been smashed. A chair had been hurled through a studio window. Someone had danced on the polished floor with hobnails. There were nine burns from abandoned cigarets in the expensive rug. A drink had been spilled in the grand piano. Someone had left a lighted cigar on a mahogany side table. An entire bottle of ginger ale had been prankishly poured on a beautiful chair upholstered in brocaded silk. An arm had been chipped from a bit of statuary Mme. Clore had brought from Italy. A moustache had been pencilled on the lip of her late husband's oil portrait. Seven glasses were broken. Three spoons were missing. The second maid had been seduced. The cook had quit.

"The press had been entertained."

IT'S just too bad that tiddledy winks are not as popular as the movies. We would then be reading about the orgies of the tiddledy winks colony, the wild life of the tiddledy winks stars, and much of "The Truth about Dubuque"—assuming that Dubuque became the capital of Tiddledy Winkdom in the thorough manner Hollywood is the heart of Screenland.

¶ It really is a pity the public cannot work up a lather about tiddledy winks. A lot of books already circulated about Life Among the Movie Stars could be re-edited without any trouble and passed on as realistic pictures of the Private Lives of Tiddledy Winks Artists.

¶ In the meantime, Hollywood will continue to be the target. So long as the motion picture is bound up with the enthusiasm of 115,000,000 followers a week, it must pay the price.

¶ Motion picture stars long ago learned that their conduct off the screen was public and not private property. Due not so much to public curiosity as to a psychological reaction to the parts they play on the screen. The romantic illusion must be preserved.

¶ A minister cannot let his flock down by straying from the straight and narrow himself. In the eyes of his congregation he automatically ceases to be a man of the cloth. So with a picture star, except that it is the romantic, not the religious halo that is taken away.

¶ "Keeping faith with the public" is a familiar phrase, but the stars know its true significance. A growing significance, too. The talkies raised standards all around—talent, story material, direction, cost—until Hollywood's production budget for the coming picture year is $190,000,000. The talkies are responsible not only for bigger audiences, but better audiences.

¶ And as we remarked a few months ago, have you noticed that SCREENLAND pays *its* readers the compliment of *taking for granted* that they are intelligent and alert?

¶ We know that you wish, with us, that tiddledy winks would grow up so they can pick on some other stars, just for a change.

¶ And if not tiddledy winks, have you any suggestions?

THE PUBLISHERS

Another noted playwright signs to write for the screen. Frederick Lonsdale has adapted his play "Spring Cleaning," which will be called "New Morals" in its film version. He has also written an original story for Ronald Colman.

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